A 19 ILL. STATE HIS
TORICAL LIBRARY
STATE HOUSE 29 10
SPRINGFIELD ILL

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

OCT. 9, 1909 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

THE AMATEUR—By Richard Harding Davis

The Onoto has 12 distinct features:—

1. **Fills and cleans itself in 5 seconds.**
2. **Cannot leak, even when carried point downward.**
3. **Self-regulating ink flow. Writes just as fast or slow as you wish.**
4. **Instantaneous ink flow. Writes at the FIRST stroke.**
5. **Continuous ink flow. Never MISSES a stroke.**
6. **Exactly-even ink flow. Never blots, splatters nor floods.**
7. **14-K Gold Iridium-tipped points. Never catch or scratch and last for years.**
8. **Double ink feed—above as well as below the nib. (The secret of Features 3, 4 and 5.)**
9. **Barrel and cap made of finest quality polished black Vulcanite.**
10. **No dropper, clip or special ink necessary.**
11. **A point, a size and a price for every Hand, every Purpose and every Pocketbook.**
12. **Absolutely guaranteed in every way—in construction, in material and in operation.**

No other Fountain Pen, at ANY price, has ALL these 12 features.

Few have even ONE of them.

Yet the Onoto COSTS YOU NO MORE than the old-fashioned finger-besmearing leaky Dropper-Fillers or the new-fangled Rubber-Sack and Pump-filling kinds!

Get pen-wise and get your Money's Worth.

WHY is it that so few *women* own and use Fountain Pens? Stop and think! Doesn't it mean just as much to *you* as to the Men Folk to have *your* pen and ink always handy—always ready to use—and so exactly suited to your individual hand that you *must* always write well—a pen that makes writing real Fun, not a disagreeable Duty?

Think of the convenience this means!

Think of the time saved in getting ready, as well as in actually writing!

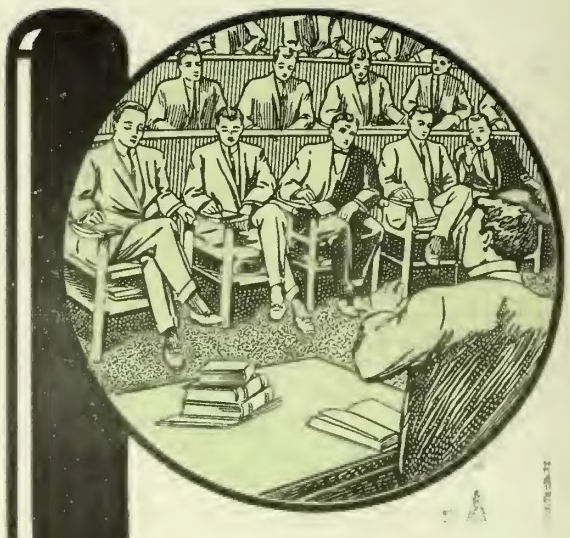
Think of the mental and physical strain you save by eliminating that continual dip—dip—dip—almost every other stroke!

Think of how much better you can express yourself, and how much better your handwriting *looks*, when you use a pen that always writes at the first stroke, never misses a stroke and never catches, scratches or blots.

And think of the *money* you save in the course of a year, by eliminating the continual expense for new pen-holders—new points—for dried-up ink you never use—and, perhaps, for the table covers, dresses and carpets you spoil when the baby, or you yourself, knock the bottle over! This last saving *alone* may be enough to buy ONOTO Pens for the whole family several times over.

FREE—Onoto Score Books for "Bridge" or "Five Hundred"

We have prepared an especially dainty and practical Score Book for "Bridge" or "Five Hundred." If you will send us the name and address of your favorite Stationery Dealer, (state whether Stationery, Drug or Dept. store) we will send you one of these Score Books post-paid.



Read this Letter—a Typical Onoto Testimonial.

Iowa State Teachers' College
Cedar Falls, Iowa

July 24th, 1909

Onoto Pen Company,
261 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Gentlemen:—Your ONOTO Pen sent me about five weeks ago has proven entirely satisfactory. Indeed, I am very much pleased with it and shall keep it. It has proved all you claim for it. The nib suits me to a dot, but that is not the most valuable part of the pen. It has never leaked a particle, no matter in what position it was left or carried. It is really a non-leakable pen. My fingers are no longer ink-smeared where the pen crosses them, as they used to be with other makes of pens. My ONOTO writes evenly until the last drop of ink is out and does not "slobber" when nearly empty as most other pens do. The flow of ink from the pen, freely or scantily, is entirely under my control. The self-filling device works nicely. The filling of the pen is a matter of but a few seconds, and as there is no rubber bag to get out of order, the self-filling device is as lasting and permanent as it can be made.

Lastly, both the pen and reservoir can be cleaned in a few moments by using the self-filling device as a pump or syringe in a little clean water.

I have tested all the above and therefore am speaking from first-hand knowledge.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. B. KNOEPFLER.

All we ask is that you see and try an ONOTO.

And this is all we *need* to ask.

Because Seeing means Trying, Trying means Buying, and Buying means Guaranteed Satisfaction.

Look for the word ONOTO before you buy. It appears on the barrel of every genuine ONOTO—your guide and our Guarantee.

The ONOTO is sold everywhere by leading Stationery, Department and Drug Stores.

Four Sizes—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

15 different style points in each size.

If no nearby local dealer is willing to supply *you*, write to us for Catalog 11, a free ONOTO Score Book and the name of the *nearest* ONOTO dealer—or order direct.

ONOTO PEN COMPANY

261 Broadway, New York

TO DEALERS:—Write us at once for Catalog 11, wholesale prices and full particulars of the ONOTO proposition.

Sweep With Electricity For 3c a Week

You Can Afford *This* Electric Suction Sweeper As Easily As You Can Afford a Sewing Machine

No more dirt or dust! No more back-aches on cleaning day! This wonderful little machine takes up all the dust, scraps and dirt from carpets, furniture, curtains and portières more perfectly than any of the big vacuum cleaners for the services of which you pay $35 to $50.

It works like magic. Simply attach the wire to an electric light socket, turn on the current and run the machine over the carpet as you would an ordinary carpet sweeper. Its rapidly revolving brushes loosen the dirt, and the strong suction pulls it into the dirt bag in the twinkling of an eye. Nothing escapes its marvelous cleaning influence.

So simple a child can do it.

So economical anyone can afford it.

Have your cleaning finished in one-fourth the time and with one-tenth the labor!

Hoover Electric SUCTION SWEEPER

For All Houses Wired for Electricity. Price $70; Extra Attachments, $15 per Set

Makes Carpets Bright as Well as Clean

The unique brush action of the Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, followed by the powerful suction, makes it the only *practical* cleaning device on the market.

The brush is like the one on an ordinary carpet sweeper, and is rapidly revolved by the little motor. *It is the only part of the cleaning mechanism which touches the carpet.* The brush loosens adhered dirt, sweeps up sand, dust, matches, waste paper, scraps of cloth, and similar dirt, and the powerful suction behind sucks *everything* up into the dust bag. It actually cleans the carpet, makes it look bright, fresh and new and leaves the pile of heaviest carpets standing upright. The Hoover Sweeper is the cleaning device that is generally preferred by rug and carpet merchants because it does no injure their goods.

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, by covering three times the surface at each operation, cleans a room three times as quickly as the inefficient vacuum cleaner.

Unlike Other Vacuum Cleaners

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper sucks up burnt matches, cloth cuttings, and large particles of dirt that clog narrow pipes of most cleaners. It is not necessary to use a broom first, as the suction opening is so large it takes up everything. No other vacuum cleaner is built on this principle.

The Hoover has no hard metal edged nozzles to press down the fibre of the carpet, and as the pile is *pressed down* instead of *raised up*, much of the dirt is held fast, and *rubbed deeper* into the carpet instead of being removed.

No Dusting Afterward

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper only handles the dirt *once*. It sucks it all into the bag, and saves you the extra time ordinarily spent in dusting afterwards when you sweep the old-fashioned way. So light you can carry it upstairs or move it easily, quickly to any part of the house. No noise like the large wagon outfits—only the soft purr of the little motor. It cannot get out of order. It is absolutely safe. It will outlast the house you live in.

Dust is Full of Disease

Doctors will tell you so. You stir it up with the broom, the air is filled with it, and you breathe in disease germs. Children fall sick from playing on the dusty, germ-laden floor. The way you can prevent this is to suck up the dust with a Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper.

Extra Attachments

enable you to clean curtains, portières or pictures without taking them down. You can get into places impossible with a broom—crevices, under radiators and under heavy furniture. It is not necessary to move anything. **There is a special brush for polishing hardwood floors.**

Blows Up Pillows and Mattresses

A special attachment reverses the action and the machine will *blow out* as strongly as it will *suck in*. You can air and clean pillows, mattresses and bed clothes with this strong air pressure. It drives out dust and foul air, replacing it with fresh pure air, making pillows, quilts and mattresses sweet, buoyant and clean.

Cleans House for 3c a Week

This insignificant operating cost for electricity gives you hours of leisure and comfort every week. The men have every convenience in doing their work—typewriters, adding machines, cash registers, etc. Isn't it fair that you should have this simple, economical suction sweeper and be saved the weekly carrying out of heavy rugs, and the back-breaking labor of sweeping the old-fashioned way?

We Can Supply You Now

Last spring we were forced to withdraw our advertising, because we could not fill orders fast enough. Since then we have built a larger factory and are turning out hundreds of machines a week. The demand is enormous. The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper is used in thousands of homes all over the country and a myriad of grateful women know the satisfaction it gives.

We have representatives in nearly every city where electric lights are used, who will be glad to demonstrate the Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper free of charge in your home. Write us for free booklet "Sweeping by Electricity" and name of nearest dealer.

Free Trial

Where we have no dealer we will ship you the machine on free trial. Send your name and address on the coupon. You pay no money until you prove to yourself that this wonderful little machine will satisfy you—that it will do your sweeping and cleaning in one-fourth the time. It *must please* you, or you can ship it right back at our expense.

But write at once. We expect a flood of orders. We were swamped before. So if you want your machine promptly fill out the coupon and mail it today.

An Opportunity for a Few Dealers

Heretofore we have not been able to keep up with the demand for these wonderful machines. Our new factory and increased facilities now enable us to supply a few more high-class dealers. Write today. First come, first served.

(2)

Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Department 33 New Berlin, Ohio

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
Dept. 33, New Berlin, Ohio

Please send me your Booklet, "Sweeping by Electricity," and full particulars of your Free Trial Offer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

"With Ivory Soap and Lukewarm Water."

A few months ago, one of our managers visited Pittsburg.

In the course of his stay in that city, he found time and opportunity to spend an hour or two at the Carnegie Institute.

The custodian was exceedingly civil. He not only showed Mr. X. the principal objects of interest but told how and where many of them had been secured.

Finally, Mr. X., accompanied by the custodian, entered one of the assembly halls, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with mural paintings.

These paintings were as clean and bright as if the painter had just finished them.

Mr. X. looked at them for several minutes, admired them greatly, commented on their really remarkable appearance and then asked: "How do you keep those murals so clean?" The reply was: "With Ivory Soap and lukewarm water."

"Yes?" said Mr. X. And there the matter ended.

"But," you say, "I have no mural paintings that need to be cleaned. What I want to know is, how to clean laces, shirt waists, blankets, curtains, cut-glass and things like that."

We answer, as did the custodian of the Carnegie Institute, "With Ivory Soap and lukewarm water."

That is the very best way that has ever been discovered.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it cleans but does not injure.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 9, 1909 — Number 15

THE AMATEUR

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

I

IT WAS February off the Banks, and so thick was the weather that, on the upper decks, one could have driven a sleigh. Inside the smoking-room Austin Ford, as securely sheltered from the blizzard as though he had been sitting in front of a wood fire at his club, ordered hot gin for himself and the ship's doctor. The ship's doctor had gone below on another "hurry call" from the widow. At the first luncheon on board the widow had sat on the right of Doctor Sparrow, with Austin Ford facing her. But since then, except to the doctor, she had been invisible. So, at frequent intervals, the ill health of the widow had deprived Ford of the society of the doctor. That it deprived him also of the society of the widow did not concern him. *Her* life had not been spent upon ocean liners; she could not remember when staterooms were named after the states of the Union. She could not tell him of shipwrecks and salvage, of smugglers and of the modern pirates who found their victims in the smoking-room.

Ford was on his way to England to act as the London correspondent of the New York Republic. For three years on that most sensational of the New York dailies he had been the star man, the chief muckraker, the chief sleuth. His interest was in crime. Not in crimes committed in passion or inspired by drink, but in such offenses against law and society as are perpetrated with nice intelligence. The murderer, the burglar, the strong-arm men who, in side streets, waylay respectable citizens, did not appeal to him. The man he studied, pursued and exposed was the cashier who evolved a new method of covering up his peculations, the dishonest president of an insurance company, the confidence man who used no concealed weapon other than his wit. Toward the criminals he pursued young Ford felt no personal animosity. He harassed them as he would have shot a hawk killing chickens. Not because he disliked the hawk, but because the battle was unequal, and because he felt sorry for the chickens.

"Do I Look as Easy as That, or are You Just Naturally Foolish?"

Had you called Austin Ford an amateur detective he would have been greatly annoyed. He argued that his position was similar to that of the dramatic critic. The dramatic critic warned the public against bad plays; Ford warned it against bad men. Having done that, he left it to the public to determine whether the bad man should thrive or perish.

When the managing editor told him of his appointment to London, Ford had protested that his work lay in New York; that of London and the English, except as a tourist and sightseer, he knew nothing.

"That's just why we are sending you," explained the managing editor. "Our readers are ignorant. To make them read about London you've got to tell them about themselves in London. They like to know who's been presented at Court, about the American girls who have married dukes; and which ones opened a bazar, and which one opened a hat shop, and which is getting a divorce. Don't send us anything concerning suffragettes and Dreadnaughts. Just send us stuff about Americans. If you take your meals in the Carlton grillroom and drink at the Cecil you can pick up more good stories than we can print. You will find lots of your friends over there. Some of those girls who married dukes," he suggested, "know you, don't they?"

"Not since they married dukes," said Ford.

"Well, anyway, all your other friends will be there," continued the managing editor encouragingly. "Now that they have shut up the tracks here all the con men have gone to London. They say an American can't take a drink at the Salisbury without his fellow-countrymen having a fight as to which one will sell him a gold brick."

Ford's eyes lightened in pleasurable anticipation.

"Look them over," urged the managing editor, "and send us a special. Call it The American Invasion. Don't you see a story in it?"

"It will be the first one I send you," said Ford.

The ship's doctor returned from his visit below decks and sank into the leather cushion close to Ford's elbow. For a few moments the older man sipped doubtfully at his gin and water, and, as though perplexed, rubbed his hand over his bald and shining head.

"I told her to talk to you," he said fretfully.

"Her? Who?" inquired Ford. "Oh, the widow?"

"You were right about that," said Doctor Sparrow; "she is not a widow."

The reporter smiled complacently.

"Do you know why I thought not?" he demanded. "Because all the time she was at luncheon she kept turning over her wedding-ring as though she was not used to it. It was a new ring, too. I told you then she was not a widow."

"Do you always notice things like that?" asked the doctor.

"Not on purpose," said the amateur detective; "I can't help it. I see ten things where other people see only one; just as some men run ten times as fast as other men. We have tried it out often at the office; put all sorts of junk under a newspaper, lifted the newspaper for five seconds, and then each man wrote down what he had seen. Out of twenty things I would remember seventeen. The next best guess would be about nine. Once I saw a man lift his coat collar to hide his face. It was in the Grand Central Station. I stopped him, and told him he was wanted. Turned out he *was* wanted. It was Goldberg, making his getaway to Canada.

"It is a gift," said the doctor.

"No, it's a nuisance," laughed the reporter. "I see so many things I don't want to see. I see that people are wearing clothes that are not made for them. I see when women are lying to me. I can see when men are on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and whether it is drink or debt or morphine ——"

The doctor snorted triumphantly.

"You did not see that the widow was on the verge of a breakdown!"

"No," returned the reporter. "Is she? I'm sorry."

"If you're sorry," urged the doctor eagerly, "you'll help her. She is going to London alone to find her husband. He has disappeared. She thinks that he has been murdered, or that he is lying ill in some hospital. I told her if any one could help her to find him you could. I had to say something. She's very ill."

"To find her husband in London?" repeated Ford. "London is a large town."

"She has photographs of him and she knows where he spends his time," pleaded the doctor. "He is a company promoter. It should be easy for you."

"Maybe he doesn't want her to find him," said Ford. "Then it wouldn't be so easy for me."

The old doctor sighed heavily. "I know," he murmured. "I thought of that, too. And she is so very pretty."

"That was another thing I noticed," said Ford.

The doctor gave no heed.

"She must stop worrying," he exclaimed, "or she will have a mental collapse. I have tried sedatives, but they don't touch her. I want to give her courage. She is frightened. She's left a baby boy at home, and she's fearful that something will happen to him, and she's frightened at being at sea, frightened at being alone in London; it's pitiful." The old man shook his head. "Pitiful! Will you talk to her now?" he asked.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ford. "She doesn't want to tell the story of her life to strange young men."

"But it was she suggested it," cried the doctor. "She asked me if you were Austin Ford, the great detective."

Ford snorted scornfully. "She did not!" he protested. His tone was that of a man who hopes to be contradicted.

"But she did," insisted the doctor, "and I told her your specialty was tracing persons. Her face lightened at once; it gave her hope. She will listen to you. Speak very gently and kindly and confidently. Say you are sure you can find him."

"Where is the lady now?" asked Ford

"Loves Me?" He Whispered, "Who Loves Me?"

Doctor Sparrow scrambled eagerly to his feet. "She cannot leave her cabin," he answered.

The widow, as Ford and Doctor Sparrow still thought of her, was lying on the sofa that ran the length of the stateroom, parallel with the lower berth. She was fully dressed, except that instead of her bodice she wore a kimono that left her throat and arms bare. She had been sleeping and when their entrance awoke her, her blue eyes regarded them uncomprehendingly. Ford, hidden from her by the doctor, observed that not only was she very pretty but that she was absurdly young, and that the drowsy smile she turned upon the old man before she noted the presence of Ford was as innocent as that of a baby. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes brilliant, her yellow curls had become loosened and were spread upon the pillow. When she saw Ford she caught the kimono so closely around her throat that she choked. Had the doctor not pushed her down she would have stood.

"I thought," she stammered, "he was an *old* man."

The doctor, misunderstanding, hastened to reassure her. "Mr. Ford is old in experience," he said soothingly. "He has had remarkable success. Why, he found a criminal once just because the man wore a collar. And he found Walsh, the burglar, and Phillips, the forger, and a gang of counterfeiters ——"

Mrs. Ashton turned upon him, her eyes wide with wonder. "But *my* husband," she protested, "is not a criminal!"

"My dear lady!" the doctor cried. "I did not mean that, of course not. I meant, if Mr. Ford can find men who don't wish to be found, how easy for him to find a man who ——" He turned helplessly to Ford. "You tell her," he begged.

Ford sat down on a steamer trunk that protruded from beneath the berth and, turning to the widow, gave her the full benefit of his working smile. It was confiding, helpless, appealing. It showed a trustfulness in the person to whom it was addressed that caused that individual to believe Ford needed protection from a wicked world.

"Doctor Sparrow tells me," began Ford timidly, "you have lost your husband's address; that you will let me try to find him. If I can help in any way I should be glad."

The young girl regarded him, apparently, with disappointment. It was as though Doctor Sparrow had led her to expect a man full of years and authority, a man upon whom she could lean; not a youth whose smile seemed to beg one not to scold him. She gave Ford three photographs bound together with a string.

"When Doctor Sparrow told me you could help me I got out these," she said.

Ford jotted down a mental note to the effect that she "got them out." That is, she did not keep them where she could always look at them. That she was not used to looking at them was evident by the fact that they were bound together.

The first photograph showed three men standing in an open place and leaning on a railing. One of them was smiling toward the photographer. He was a good-looking young man of about thirty years of age, well-fed, well-dressed and apparently well-satisfied with the world and himself. Ford's own smile had disappeared. His eyes were alert and interested.

"The one with the Panama hat pulled down over his eyes is your husband?" he asked.

"Yes," assented the widow. Her tone showed slight surprise.

"This was taken about a year ago?" inquired Ford. "Must have been," he answered himself; "they haven't raced at the Bay since then. This was taken in front of the club stand—probably for the Telegraph?" He lifted his eyes inquiringly.

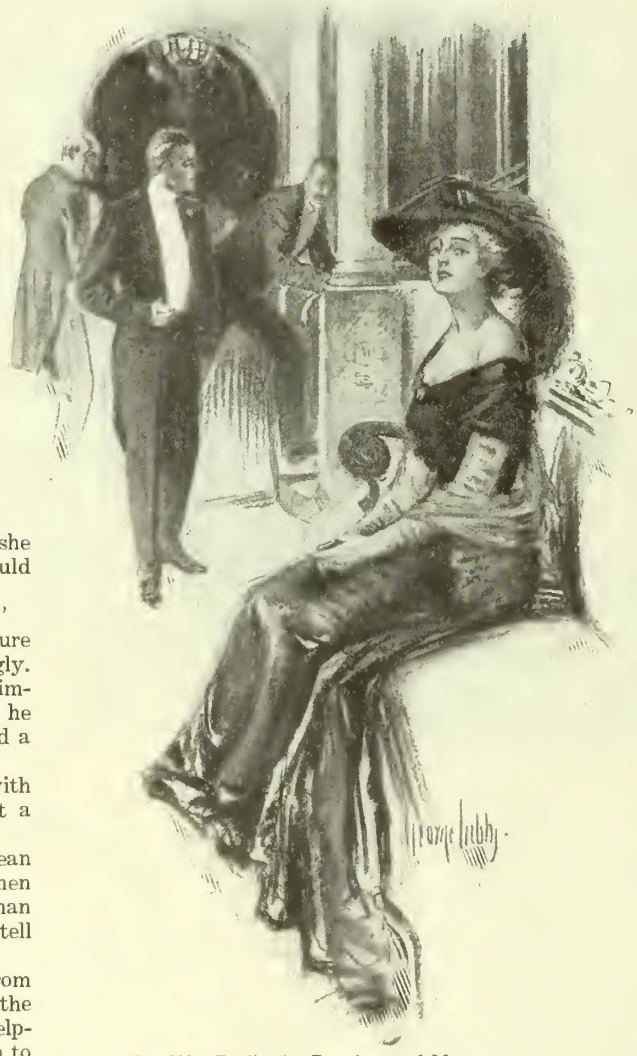
Rising on her elbow the young wife bent forward toward the photograph. "Does it say that there," she asked doubtfully. "How did you guess that?"

In his rôle as chorus the ship's doctor exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Didn't I tell you! He's wonderful."

Ford cut him off impatiently. "You never saw a rail as high as that except around a race track," he muttered. "And the badge in his buttonhole and the angle of the stand all show ——"

He interrupted himself to address the widow. "This is an owner's badge. What was the name of his stable?"

"I don't know," she answered. She regarded the young man with sudden uneasiness.



She Was Easily the Prettiest and Most Striking-Looking Woman in the Room

"They only owned one horse, but I believe that gave them the privilege of——"

"I see," exclaimed Ford. "Your husband is a bookmaker. But in London he is a promoter of companies."

"So my friend tells me," said Mrs. Ashton. "She's just got back from London. Her husband told her that Harry, my husband, was always at the American bar in the Cecil or at the Salisbury or the Savoy." The girl shook her head. "But a woman can't go looking for a man there," she protested. "That's why I thought you ——"

"That'll be all right," Ford assured her hurriedly. "It's a coincidence, but it happens that my own work takes me to these hotels, and if your husband is there I will find him." He returned the photographs.

"Hadn't you better keep one?" she asked.

"I won't forget him," said the reporter. "Besides"—he turned his eyes toward the doctor and, as though thinking aloud, said—"he may have grown a beard."

There was a pause.

The eyes of the woman grew troubled. Her lips pressed together as though in a sudden access of pain.

"And he may," Ford continued, "have changed his name."

As though fearful, if she spoke, the tears would fall, the girl nodded her head stiffly.

Having learned what he wanted to know Ford applied to the wound a soothing ointment of promises and encouragement.

"He's as good as found," he protested. "You will see him in a day, two days after you land."

The girl's eyes opened happily. She clasped her hands together and raised them.

"You will try?" she begged. "You will find him for me"—she corrected herself eagerly—"for me and the baby?"

The loose sleeves of the kimono fell back to her shoulders showing the white arms; the eyes raised to Ford were glistening with tears.

"Of course I will find him," growled the reporter.

He freed himself from the appeal in the eyes of the young mother and left the cabin. The doctor followed. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"That was fine!" he cried. "You said just the right thing. There will be no collapse now."

His satisfaction was swept away in a burst of disgust.

"The blackguard!" he protested. "To desert a wife as young as that and as pretty as that."

"So I have been thinking," said the reporter. "I guess," he added gravely, "what is going to happen is that before I find her husband I will have got to know him pretty well."

Apparently, young Mrs. Ashton believed everything would come to pass just as Ford promised it would and as he chose to order it; for the next day, with a color not born of fever in her cheeks and courage in her eyes, she joined Ford and the doctor at the luncheon table. Her attention was concentrated on the younger man. In him she saw the one person who could bring her husband to her.

"She acts," growled the doctor later in the smoking-room, "as though she was afraid you were going to back out of your promise and jump overboard.

"Don't think," he protested violently, "it's you she's interested in. All she sees in you is what you can do for her. Can you see that?"

"Any one as clever at seeing things as I am," returned the reporter, "cannot help but see that."

Later, as Ford was walking on the upper deck Mrs. Ashton came toward him, beating her way against the wind. Without a trace of coquetry or self-consciousness, and with a sigh of content, she laid her hand on his arm.

"When I don't see you," she exclaimed as simply as a child, "I feel so frightened. When I see you I know all will come right. Do you mind if I walk with you?" she asked. "And do you mind if every now and then I ask you to tell me again it will all come right?"

For the three days following Mrs. Ashton and Ford were constantly together. Or, at least, Mrs. Ashton was constantly with Ford. She told him that when she sat in her cabin the old fears returned to her and in these moments of panic she searched the ship for him.

The doctor protested that he was growing jealous.

"I'm not so greatly to be envied," suggested Ford. "'Harry' at meals three times a day and on deck all the

At Least, Mrs. Ashton Was Constantly With Ford

rest of the day becomes monotonous. On a closer acquaintance with Harry he seems to be a decent sort of a young man; at least he seems to have been at one time very much in love with her."

"Well," sighed the doctor sentimentally, "she is certainly very much in love with Harry."

Ford shook his head non-committingly. "I don't know her story," he said. "Don't want to know it."

The ship was in the Channel on her way to Cherbourg, and running as smoothly as a clock. From the shore friendly lights told them they were nearing their journey's end; that the land was on every side. Seated on a steamer chair next to his in the semi-darkness of the deck, Mrs. Ashton began to talk nervously and eagerly.

"Now that we are so near," she murmured, "I have got to tell you something. If you did not know I would feel I had not been fair. You might think that when you were doing so much for me I should have been more honest."

She drew a long breath. "It's so hard," she said.

"Wait," commanded Ford. "Is it going to help me to find him?"

"No."

"Then don't tell me."

His tone caused the girl to start. She leaned toward him and peered into his face. His eyes, as he looked back to her, were kind and comprehending.

"You mean," said the amateur detective, "that your husband has deserted you. That if it were not for the baby you would not try to find him. Is that it?"

Mrs. Ashton breathed quickly and turned her face away.

"Yes," she whispered. "That is it."

There was a long pause. When she faced him again the fact that there was no longer a secret between them seemed to give her courage.

"Maybe," she said, "you can understand. Maybe you can tell me what it means. I have thought and thought. I have gone over it and over it until when I go back to it my head aches. I have done nothing else but think, and I can't make it seem better. I can't find any excuse. I have had no one to talk to, no one I could tell. I have thought maybe a man could understand." She raised her eyes appealingly.

"If you can only make it seem less cruel. Don't you see," she cried miserably, "I want to believe; I want to forgive him. I want to think he loves me. Oh! I want so to be able to love him; but how can I? I can't! I can't!"

In the week in which they had been thrown together the girl unconsciously had told Ford much about herself and her husband. What she now told him was but an amplification of what he had guessed.

She had met Ashton a year and a half before, when she had just left school at the convent and had returned to live with her family. Her home was at Far Rockaway. Her father was a cashier in a bank at Long Island City. One night, with a party of friends, she had been taken to a dance at one of the Beach hotels and there met Ashton. At that time he was one of a firm that was making book at the Aqueduct racetrack. The girl had met very few men and with them was shy and frightened, but with Ashton she found herself at once at ease. That night he drove her and her friends home in his touring car and the next day they teased her about her conquest. It made her very happy. After that she went to hops at the hotel, and as the bookmaker did not dance, the two young people sat upon the piazza. Then Ashton came to see her at her own house, but when her father learned that the young man who had been calling upon her was a bookmaker he told him he could not associate with his daughter.

But the girl now was deeply in love with Ashton and apparently he with her. He begged her to marry him. They knew that to this, partly from prejudice and partly owing to his position in the bank, her father would object. Accordingly they agreed that in August, when the racing moved to Saratoga, they would run away and get married at that place. Their plan was that Ashton would leave for Saratoga with the other racing men, and that she would join him the next day in Saratoga.

They had arranged to be married by a magistrate, and Ashton had shown her a letter from one at Saratoga who consented to perform the ceremony. He had given her an engagement ring and two thousand dollars, which he asked her to keep for him, lest tempted at the track he should lose it.

But she assured Ford it was not such material things as a letter, a ring, or gift of money that had led her to trust Ashton. His fear of losing her, his complete subjection to her wishes, his happiness in her presence, all seemed to prove that to make her happy was his one wish, and that he could do anything to make her unhappy appeared impossible.

They were married the morning she arrived at Saratoga; and the same day departed for Niagara Falls and Quebec. The honeymoon lasted ten days. They were ten days of complete happiness. No one, so the girl declared, could have been more kind, more unselfishly considerate of her than her husband. They returned to Saratoga and engaged a suite of rooms at one of the big hotels. Ashton was not satisfied with the rooms shown him, and leaving her upstairs returned to the office floor to ask for others.

Since that moment his wife had never seen him nor heard from him.

On the day of her marriage young Mrs. Ashton had written to her father asking him to give her his good wishes and pardon. He refused both. As she had feared, he did not consider that for a bank clerk a gambler made a desirable son-in-law; and the letters he wrote his daughter were so bitter that in reply she informed him he had forced her to choose between her family and her husband, and that she chose her husband. In consequence, when she found herself deserted she felt she could not return to her people. She remained in Saratoga. There she moved into cheap lodgings, and in order that the two thousand dollars Ashton had left with her might be saved for his child, she had learned to typewrite, and after four months had been able to support herself. Within the last month

(Continued on Page 30)

When Greek Meets Grouch

A Siwash Tale—By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Martha Caused Some Mild Sensation When She Appeared at the Biggest Social Spasm of the College Year

IT'S a cinch that college life would be a whole lot more congested with pleasure if it wasn't for the towns that the colleges are in. I don't mean that a town around a college hasn't its uses. Wherever you find a town you can find lunch counters and theaters with galleries from which you can learn the drama at a quarter a throw, and street cars that can be tampered with, and wooden sidewalks that burn well on celebration nights, and nice girls that began being nice four college generations ago and never forgot how. All of these things about a town are mighty handy when it comes to getting a higher education in a good, live college where you don't have to tunnel through three feet of moss to find a faculty member. But even all this can't reconcile me to the way a town butts into college affairs. It is something disgusting.

You know it yourself, Bill. Didn't you go to Yell-again, where the police arrested the whole freshman class for painting the sophomores green? Well, it's the same way all over. No sooner does a college town get big enough to support a rudimentary policeman who peddles vegetables when he isn't putting down anarchy than it gets busy and begins to regulate the college students. And the bigger it gets the more regulating it wants to do. Why, they tell me that at the University of Chicago there hasn't been a riot for nine years, and that over in Washington Park, three blocks away, an eleven-ton statue of old Chris Columbus has lain for ages and no college class has had spirit enough to haul it out on the street-car tracks. That's what regulating a college does for it. There are more policemen in Chicago than there are students in the University. If you give your yell off the campus you have to get a permit from the city council. It's worse than that in Philadelphia, they tell me. Why, there, if a Pennsylvania student comes downtown with a flareback coat and heart-shaped trousers and one of those nifty little pompadour hats that are brushed back from the brow to give the brains a chance to grow, they arrest him for collecting a crowd and disturbing traffic. No, sir, no big-town college for me. Getting college life in those places reminds me of trying to get that world-wide feeling on ice-cream soda. There's as much spirit in one as in the other.

Excuse me for getting sore, but that's the way I do when I begin to talk about college towns. They don't know their places. Take Jonesville, where Siwash is, for instance. When Siwash College was founded by "that noble band of Christian truth seekers," as the catalogue puts it, Jonesville was a mudhole freckled with houses. The railroad trains whistled "get out of my way" to the town when they whooped through it, and when you went into a merchant's store and woke him up he started off home to dinner from force of habit. The only thing they ever regulated there was the clock. They regulated that once a year and usually found that they were two or three days behind time. Hadn't noticed it at all.

That's what Jonesville was when Siwash started. You can bet for the first forty years they didn't do much regulating around the college. The students just let the town stay there because it was quiet. The citizens used to elect town marshals over seventy years old, so their gray hairs would protect them from the students, and when the boys had won a debate or a ball game and wanted to burn a barn or two to cheer up the atmosphere at evening, nothing at all was said at least out loud. Jonesville was meek enough then, you bet. Why, back in the seventies the students used to vote at town elections, and once for a joke they all voted for old "Apple Sally" for president of the village board. Made her serve, too. Talk about regulating! Did you ever see a farmer's dog go out and try to regulate a sixty-horse-power automobile? That's about as much as Jonesville would have regulated us thirty years ago.

But, of course, having a real peppery college in its midst, Jonesville couldn't help but grow. People came and started boarding-houses. There had to be restaurants and bookstores and necktie emporiums, too, and pretty soon the railroad built a couple of branches into town and started the division shops. Then Jonesville woke up and walked right past old Siwash. In ten years it had street cars, paved streets, water-works, a political machine

and a city debt as large as the law would allow. And worse than that, it had a police force. It had nine officers in uniform, most of whom could speak English and several of whom could read and write and swing big clubs with a strictly American accent. Nice sort of a thing to turn loose in a quiet college town. This was long before my time, but they tell me that the students held indignation meetings for a week after the first arrest was made. You see, the students at Siwash always had their own rules and lived up to them strictly. The faculty put them on their honor and that honor was never abused. Students were not allowed to burn the college buildings nor kill the professors. These rules were never broken, and naturally the boys felt rather insulted when the city turned loose a horde of blue-coated busybodies to interfere with things that didn't concern them.

Still, Siwash got along very well even after the police force was organized. You see, after a town has had a college in its middle for about fifty years, pretty much everybody in town has attended it at one time or another. None of the police had diplomas, but it was no uncommon thing to see an ex-member of a college debating society delivering groceries, or an ex-president of his class getting up in an engine cab to take the flyer into the city. For years every police magistrate was an old Siwash man, and, though plenty of the boys would get arrested, there were never any thirty-day complications or anything of the sort. Two classes would meet on the main street and muss each other up. The police would arrest nine or ten of the ringleaders. The next morning the prisoners would appear before Squire Jennings, who climbed up on the old college building with his class flag in '54 and kept a rival class away by tearing down the chimney and throwing the bricks at them. Naturally, nothing very deadly happened. The good old fellow would lecture the crowd and let them off with a stern warning. Maybe two or three seniors would come home late at night from their frat hall and take a wooden Indian cigar sign along with them just for company. One of those Indians is such a steady sort of a chap to have along late at night. Of course, they would be arrested by old Hank Anderson on the courthouse beat, but it wasn't anything serious. They would telephone Frank Hinckley, who was editor of the city daily, and just convalescing from four years of college life himself, and he would come down and bail them out, and Squire Jennings would kick them out the next morning. Frank was the patron saint of the students for years when it came to bail. He used to say he had all the fun of being a doctor and getting called out nights without having to try to collect any fees. Frank was no Crœsus those days, and I've seen him go bail for fifteen students at one hundred dollars apiece, when his total assets amounted to a dress suit, three hundred and forty-five photographs and his next week's salary.

By the time I had come to college, getting arrested had gotten to be a regular formality. A freshman would go up Main Street at night, trying to hide a nine-foot board sign under his spring overcoat. Halvor Skoogerson, a pale-eyed guardian of the peace, who was studying up to be naturalized, would arrest him for theft, riot, disorderly conduct, suspicious appearance and intoxication, not understanding why any sober man would want to carry a young lumber-yard home under his coat at night. The prisoner would telephone for Hinckley, who would crawl out of bed, come downtown cussing, and bail away in sleepy tones. The next morning the freshie would go up before Squire Jennings, who would ask him in awful accents if he realized that the state penitentiary was only four hours away by fast train, and that many a man was boarding there who would blush to be seen in the company of a man who had stolen a nine-foot sign and carried it down Main Street, interfering with pedestrians, when there was a perfectly good alley which ought to be used for such purposes. Then he would warn the culprit that the next time he was caught lugging off a bill-board or a wooden platform or a corncrib he would be compelled to put it back again before he got breakfast; after which he would tell him to go along and try studying for a change, and the freshman would go back to college and join the hero brigade. It was a mighty meek man in Siwash who couldn't get arrested those days. Even the hymn singers at the Y. M. C. A. had criminal records. It got so, finally, that whenever we had a nightshirt parade in honor of any little college victory the line of march would lead right through the police station. We knew what was coming and would save the cops the trouble of hauling us over in the hustle wagon.

Martha Always Did Have a Pretty Keen Sense of Humor

Take it all in all, it was about as much fun to be regulated as it was to run the town. But one night Squire Jennings put his other foot into the grave and died entirely; and before any of us realized what was happening a special election had been held and Malachi Scroggs had been elected police magistrate.

Malachi Scroggs was a triple extract of grouch who lived on the north side two miles away from college in a big white house with one of those old-fashioned dog-house effects on top. He was an acrimonious quarrel all by himself. Sunlight soured when it struck him. I have seen a fox terrier, lying perfectly happy on the sidewalk, get up after Scroggs had passed him and go over and bite an automobile tire. He lived on gloom and lawsuits and the last time he smiled was 1878—that was when a small boy fell nineteen feet out of a tree while robbing his orchard, and the doctor said he would never be able to rob any more orchards.

This was the kind of a mental astringent Malachi was. Naturally, he loved the gay and happy little college boys. Oh, how he loved us! He had complained to the police regularly during each celebration for twenty years. He had expressed the opinion publicly that a college boy was a cross between a hyena and a grasshopper with a fog-horn attachment thrown in free of charge. He wasn't a college man himself, you see—never could find one where the students didn't use slang, probably, and he just naturally didn't understand us at all. Of course, we didn't mind that. It's no credit to carry an interlinear translation of your temperament on your face. So long as he kept in his own yard and quarreled with his own dog for not feeding on freshmen more enthusiastically, we got along as finely as the Egyptian Sphinx and John L. Sullivan. Even when he was appointed police magistrate we didn't object. In fact, we didn't bumpity-bump to the situation until we went up against him in court.

Part of the senior class had been having a little choir practice in one of the town restaurants. It was a lovely affair and there wasn't a more cheerful crowd of fellows on earth than they were when they marched down the street at one A. M. eighteen abreast and singing one of the dear old songs in a kind of a steam-siren barytone.

Now, they had never attempted to regulate mere noise in Jonesville, but that night a brand-new policeman had gone on the courthouse beat, and blamed if he didn't arrest the whole bunch for disturbing the peace—when they hadn't broken a single thing, mind you. They were pretty mad about it at first, but, after all, it was only a joke and when Hinckley got down to bail them out they were singing with great feeling a song which Jenkins, the class poet, had just composed, and which ran as follows:

As we walked along the street
Officer Sikes we chanced to meet,
And his shoes were full of feet
As he prowled along his beat.
He took us down and locked us up;
Left us in charge of a Norsky cop,
And we didn't get home till early in the morning.

Hold that "morning" as long as you can and tonsorialize to beat the band. Even the desk sergeant enjoyed it.

When the bunch lined up the next morning in police court there was Judge Scroggs. They felt as if they ought to treat him nicely, he being a newcomer and all of them being very familiar with the ropes; and Emmons, the class president, started explaining to him that it was all a mistake. Scroggs bit him off with a voice that sounded like a terrier snapping at a fly.

"We're here to correct these mistakes," he said. "You were all singing on the public street at one o'clock in the morning, weren't you?"

"We were trying to," said Emmons, still friendly.

"Ten days apiece," said the magistrate. "Call the next case."

If any one had removed the floor from under these seniors and let them drop one thousand and one feet into space they couldn't have felt more shocked. Even the clerk and the desk sergeant were amazed. They tried to help explain, but the human vinegar-cruet turned around and spat the following through his clenched teeth:

"Gentlemen, I have been appointed to sit on this bench and I don't need any help. Any more objections will be in contempt of court. Sergeant, remove these young thugs and have them sent up to the workhouse at once."

Maybe you don't think the college seethed when the news got out. There were the leading lights of the school, including the president of the senior class, the chairman of the junior promenade, two halfbacks, the pitcher on the baseball team and the president of the Y. M. C. A., all in the works for ten days, along with as choice an assortment of plain drunks and fancy resters as you could find in ninety miles of mainline railroad. The students fairly went mad and bit at the air. Even the faculty got busy and Prexie dropped over to police court to square it. He came out a minute later very white around the mouth. I don't know what Old Maledictions said to him, but it was a great sufficiency, I guess. He seemed as insulted as Lord Tennyson might have been if the milkman had pulled his whiskers.

There wasn't a thing to be done. The faculty appealed to the mayor, but old Scroggs had some regular Spanish-bit hold on him in the way of a short-time note, I guess, and he washed his hands of the whole affair. Our college great men were hauled out to the works and served their time. When they got out they were sights. They weren't strong on sanitation in workhouses in those days. Even their friends shook hands with them with tongs. Think of sixteen proud monarchs of the campus making brick in striped suits, with a cross foreman who used to haul ashes from the college campus lording it over them and tracing their ancestry back through thirty thousand generations of undesirable citizens! Nice, wasn't it? Oh, very!

That was the beginning of a sad and serious year for Siwash. For the first time Scroggs enjoyed college boys. Soaking students got to be his specialty. We did our blamedest to behave, but you can't break off the habits of generations in a week or two. Soon after the seniors got out the Mock Turtles, a sophomore society, capacity thirty thousand quarts, absent-mindedly tipped over a street car on their way home and were jugged for thirty days. They had to enlarge the workhouse to take care of them, and four of our best football players were retired from circulation all through October. Think what that meant! The whole college went up, just before the game with Hambletonian, and knelt on the sidewalk before Judge Scroggs' house. He set the dog on us. Said afterward he wished the dog had been larger and hadn't had his supper. A month later four members of the glee club tried to do our favorite stunt of putting the horse in the herdic and hauling him home, and it cost them twenty-nine days—just enough to break up the club. The whole basket-ball team got thirty days because they took the bronze statue off the fountain in the public square one night, laid him on the car tracks in some old clothes, and had the ambulance force trying to resuscitate him. Nobody had ever objected to this little joke before, but it cost us the state championship and two of the team left school when they got out. Said they'd come to Siwash for a college education, not for a course of etymology in a workhouse.

It was terrible. We scarcely dared to cut out our mufflers enough to whistle to each other on the street. By spring we were desperate. We had lost the basket-ball championship. The glee club was ruined. Muggledorfer had bumped us in football—that was the year before Ole Skjarsen came to school—and college spirit

He Looked at Me as One Might Look at a Bug

at Siwash had been gummed up until it could have been successfully imitated by a four-thousand-year-old mummy. Our college meetings resembled the overflow from a funeral around the front steps. We used to shut down all the windows, say "shsh" nine times, and then write out our college yell on curl papers and burn the papers. You could have swapped Siwash off for a correspondence school without noticing any difference in the reverberations.

That was Petey Simmons' first year in college. I've told you more or less about Petey before. He was the only son of one of these country bankers who manage to get as much fun out of half a million as a New Yorker could out of a whole railroad. Petey was a little chap who had always had what he wanted and would cheerfully sit up all night thinking up new things to want. He was just a freshman, but he could give points to all the college in the matter of explosive clothes and nifty ways of being expensive to Dad. He couldn't get along without coat-cut underwear before we had heard of it, and you could tell by looking at his shoes just what the rest of the school would be wearing in two years. That was Petey all the way through. He was first and Father Time was nowhere, forty miles back with a busted tire.

Petey took to college life like a kid to candy and just soaked himself in college spirit. He proposed his sixty-five-dollar banjo for membership in the club and went in with it of course. He was elected yellmaster before he had been in school two weeks, and if you ever want to know how much noise can come out of a comparatively small orifice you should have seen him emitting riot and pandemonium in the second half of a lively football game. Naturally, it worried Petey almost to death to see the dear old Coll. disintegrating under the Scroggs Inquisition, and he used to sit around his frat house with his head on his hands for hours, smoking his pipe, which had the largest bowl in school, and combing his convolutions for a plan. Then, along in March, he electrified the whole school by taking Martha Scroggs to the college promenade.

Martha was old Malachi's daughter. We hadn't known it, but she had been in school all that year. She was a quiet girl who was designed like a tall problem in plane geometry. While it was possible for a clock to run in the same room with her, still she was not what you might call a picnic to look at. She was the kind of girl a man would look at once and then go off and admire the scenery, even if it only consisted of a ninety-acre cornfield and a grain elevator. Martha was only about eighteen, and I never could understand how she got on to the styles of thirty-six years ago and wore them as fluently as she did.

Naturally, Martha had gotten along in her studies without being pestered by society to any extent. I sometimes think this helped old Scroggs to hate us. She was his only child, and he had taken all the affection and interest that most people distribute over their entire acquaintanceship and concentrated it on her. They had grown up together since she became a motherless baby, and they did say that while you could bombard the old man with gatling guns without jarring his opinions he would lie down, roll over, jump through a hoop or play dead whenever Martha wanted him to.

Naturally, Martha caused some mild sensation when she appeared at the biggest social spasm of the college year, with her sleeves bulging in the wrong place, and nothing but her own hair on her head. But what caused the real sensation was the fact that Petey had been released from the workhouse the day before. Yes, sir—just turned out with seven more days to serve. He had thrown a brick at a sophomore who was trying to catch him and dye his hair the sophomore colors, and the brick had annihilated one of the city's precious thirty-seven-cent street lights. Petey had gone to the works for ten days, leaving a new dress suit that hadn't been dedicated and unlimited woe among the girls, for he was a Class A fusser.

Petey was non-committal about his insanity. He had the best eye for beauty in the college, and yet he had been taking Miss Scroggs around to church socials and town affairs for two months. But college boys aren't slow, whatever you want to say about them. We had faith in Petey and we backed up his game. We gave Martha the time of her young life at the Prom.—pulled off three imitation rows over her program—and then we turned in that winter and gave her a good, hot rush—which is a technical college expression for keeping a girl dated up so that she doesn't have time to wash the dishes at home once a month.

I must say that it wasn't much of a punishment, either, when we got acquainted with Martha. She was a good fellow clear through and had a smile that illuminated her plain face like a torchlight parade. Of course, after you get out of school you learn that beauty is only skin deep and seldom affects the brain; but this is a wonderful discovery for a college boy to make when there are so many raving beauties about him that he has to take a nap in the afternoon in order to dream about all of them. At any rate, we took Martha to everything that came along, one of us or another, and before a month we didn't have to pretend very much to scrap for her dances, even if you did have to lug her around the room by main strength—she was as heavy on her feet as a motor-bus.

April came and the first baseball game with it, and Saunders, our pitcher, managed to draw a thirty-day sentence for stealing a steam roller one noon and racing off down the avenue with a fat cop in pursuit. We nearly fell dead once more when Saunders came walking into chapel three days later. He had been released by Judge Scroggs with a warning never under any circumstances to do anything of any sort at any time any more, and had been assured that he was nothing more than hangman's meat. But he had been released! That night he took Martha Scroggs to the Alfalfa Delt hop. And the next day he held Muggledorfer down to two hits and no runs, with Martha waving hurrahs at him from a tally-ho.

We wanted to elect Petey president of the college, for we laid the whole affair to him. But he wouldn't talk at all. If anything, he seemed a little sore about the whole thing. Martha didn't loosen up, either. She just smiled and told those of us who knew her well enough to ask questions that Saunders was a lovely boy and that she had had that date with him for ages—flies' ages, I guess she meant, for Alice Marsters, one of the school beauties, stayed home from the dance after announcing that she was going with Saunders, and never seemed able to remember him by sight after that.

About a week afterward Maxwell, the college orator, a very solemn member of the Siwash brain trust, was arrested for ever so little a thing. I believe he so far forgot himself as to help give the college yell the night his literary society won a debate. Anyway, he got ten days, and he was due in three days to orate for Siwash against the whole Northwest. It was the biggest event of the school year—the oratorical contest. We'd won seven of them—more than any other school in the sixteen states, and we stood a good show with Maxwell. We were crazy to win. Of course, nobody ever goes to the contests; but we all stay up all night to hear the results, and when we win, which we do once every other college generation, we try to make the celebration bigger than the stories of other celebrations that have been handed down. We'd been planning this celebration all winter and had everything combustible in Jonesville spotted.

Some of us were for going out and burning up the workhouse, but before we got around to it Maxwell appeared. It was the day before the contest. He'd only served two days, but instead of rushing right off to rehearse his oration, which he couldn't do in the workhouse owing to an unaccountable prejudice the tramps and other prisoners have against oratory, he took the evening off and went driving with Martha Scroggs—about as queer a thing for him to do as it would be for the Pope to take a young lady to the theater. But we didn't ask any questions. We cheered him off on the midnight train, and the next night, when he won and we got the news, we turned out and built a bonfire of everything that wasn't nailed down. And when the police got done chasing us they had nineteen of the brightest and best sons of Siwash bottled up in the booby hatch.

We didn't mind that on general principles. The bonfire was worth it, especially since we managed to get a few palings from old Scroggs' fence for it—but, as usual, the wrong men got pinched. There was the inter-collegiate track meet due in two weeks, and there, in the list of felons, were Evans, our crack sprinter, Petersen, our hammer heaver, and yours truly, who could pole vault about as high as they run elevators in Europe, even if he was only a sub-freshman with field mice in his hair.

Now, this was really serious. We could afford to lose an oratorical contest—it just meant no bonfire for another year—but we had our hearts set on that track meet. We were up against our lifetime rivals—Muggledorfer, the State Normal, Kiowa, Hambletonian, and all the rest of them. We had to win—I don't know why. Beats all how many things you have to do in college that don't seem so absolutely necessary a few years afterward. Anyhow, if we three point-gobblers had to spend the next ten days in the works instead of rounding into form, the points Siwash would win in that meet could be added up by a three-year-old boy who was a bad scholar. It was so desperate that we hired a lawyer and laid the case before him that night as we sat in our horrid cells—they wouldn't take Hinckley for bail any more.

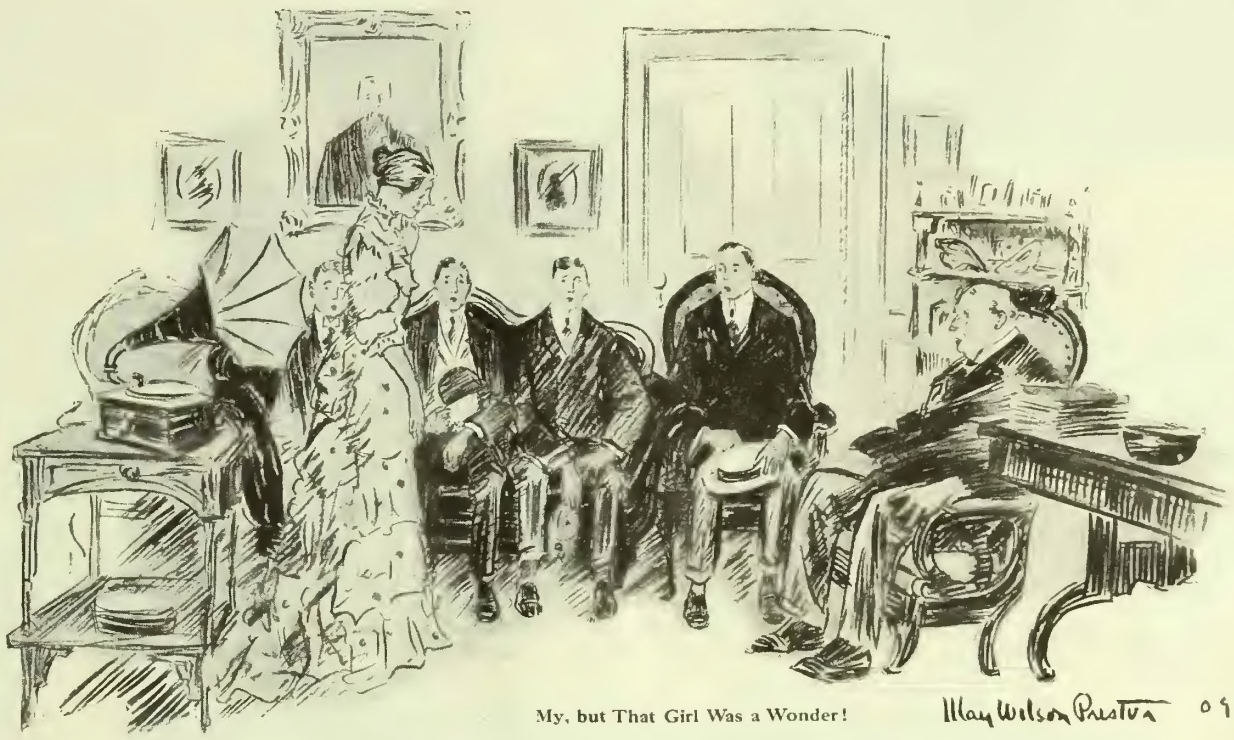
"Get a continuance," said he. And the next morning he appeared with us before the awful presence and demanded the continuance on the score of important evidence, lack of time to perfect a defense, other engagements, poor crops, Presidential election, and goodness knows what—regular lawyer style, you know.

Old Scroggs glared at us the way an unusually hungry tiger might look at a lamb that was being taken away to get a little riper. "I cannot object to a reasonable continuance," he said sourly. "And I don't deny that you will need all the defense you can get. The case is an atrocious one, and I propose to do my small part toward putting down arson and riot in this unhappy town. You will appear two weeks from this morning."

The field meet was two weeks from that afternoon! And we didn't have a ghost of a defense!

We three scraped up the required bail and went back to college feeling as cheerful as a man who has been told that his hanging has been postponed until his wedding morning. Of course, we sent for Petey Simmons. He arrived dejected. "No use, fellows," he remarked as he came in the door. "I know what you all want. You all want engagements with Martha Scroggs. It's no go. I've been over to see her and she's afraid to tackle it. The old man has told her that if she runs around with any more of this disgraceful, disgusting and nine other epitheted college bunch he'll show her the door. Says he's been worked and he's through. Says he's going to give you the limit and, if possible, he's going to give you enough to keep you in all vacation instead of letting you loose on a defenseless world all summer. That's how strong you are up at the Scroggs house."

There you were! Siwash College, the pride of six decades, mollycoddled by an old parody on a gorilla with a grouch against the solar system! We trained these two weeks in hopes that a chariot of fire would come up and take the old man down, but there was nothing doing. He remained abnormally healthy and supernaturally mad. On the morning before the fatal day we all wrote letters home, explaining that we had secured elegant jobs in the various emporiums over the city and wouldn't be home



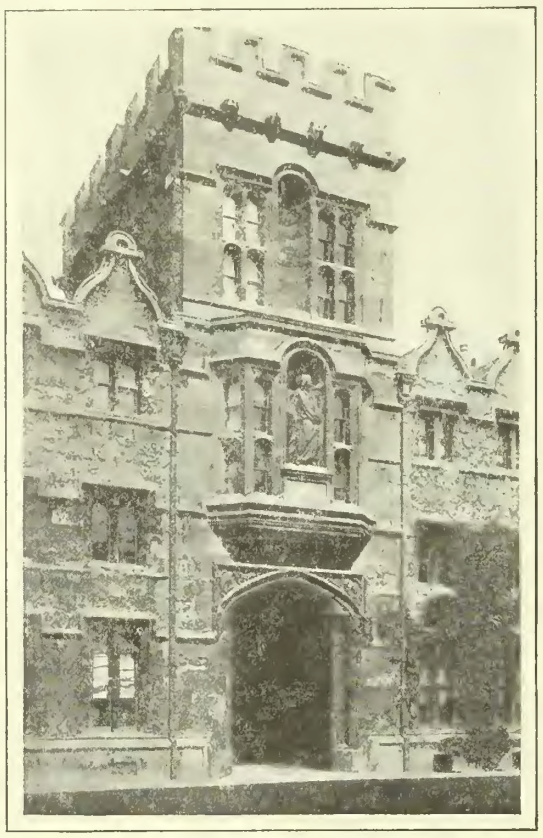
My, but That Girl Was a Wonder!

(Continued on Page 25

The English Young Man at the University—By Robert Barr

WHEN the English lad has finished with the public school and enters a university he instantly becomes a man. It is true that at some of the public schools the term man is applied to the student, but this assumption is not at all general; and every one knows that a person of twenty-five, if he still lingers at the public school, is merely a lad; while the youth of seventeen whose name is down on the university roll is undoubtedly a man.

To the ordinary individual it would seem that there are quite a number of universities to choose from in Great Britain, but when the Englishman speaks of "the universities" he has in mind only two institutions, Oxford and Cambridge. It seems odd that the universities in the capital cities of England, Ireland and Scotland should not be more prominent than they are, either in the architectural beauty of their buildings or in the celebrity of their scholarship.



In Radcliffe Quadrangle, University College, Oxford

Last week I strolled through the grounds of Trinity, the teaching college of Dublin University, and although there was a certain attractiveness about its green lawns, flower gardens and shrubberies, yet the undistinguished buildings were scattered here and there in a higgledy-piggledy sort of way that was most unimpressive. One modern erection, built in imitation of a Venetian palace, received, I am told, the rather rare commendation of Ruskin; but after all, it was merely a copy and not an original, incongruously placed at that—for a Venetian palace should be set on a canal. I hope if they rebuild Trinity College, Dublin, they will construct it on the plan of an ancient Irish monastery.

That distinguished writer and dramatist, Mr. J. M. Barrie, was my guide through the buildings of Edinburgh University, of which he is a graduate. All Edinburgh men are very proud of their Alma Mater, and I ran some risk of offending my guide when I told him that the building from the street reminded me of a banal wholesale warehouse in an American city.

Edinburgh, being the most picturesque town in the world, should possess, it seems to me, an equally picturesque university building.

Lost in London

LONDON University I have never been able to find, although I live only a few miles out of that metropolis. Up to within nine years ago it was merely an examining university, which made no pretense of teaching students. It has now, however, a college where people are taught; but, as I have admitted, I never could find it. I believe I stumbled on a section of it once when I kept an appointment with Sir William Ramsay, the discoverer of argon. I complimented him on the completeness of his laboratory, and he replied:

"Oh, this isn't mine; it belongs to the University of London"; so I must inadvertently have stumbled at least on the precincts of that institution.

So much for the universities of the three capitals.

The building that houses the university of that great commercial city, Glasgow, though modern, is much more impressive than that of the university of the learned and scholarly city of Edinburgh. The old university building in Glasgow, which Sir Walter Scott made the scene of events in some of his novels, has been destroyed, giving way, I believe, to a huge railway station.

One of the unique universities in England is that of Durham, which is housed in the ancient castle said to have been built by William the Conqueror himself. Indeed, Durham should be rather a militant college, for it was founded by that grim and successful warrior, Oliver Cromwell, who placed it in a castle that has seen its share of strife. This castle stands magnificently on a bluff overhanging the beautiful little river, and near it rise the massive twin towers of Durham Cathedral. It is difficult to imagine a school in a more romantic situation.

The English university dearest to the practical man's heart is at Birmingham. It is as modern as the Singer Building, and its Chamberlain tower, which somewhat resembles the Singer tower, and is named after Joseph Chamberlain, rises three hundred and twenty-five feet in the air.

There could not be a greater contrast between any two things in this world than between the buildings of an Oxford college and those of the University of Birmingham; or between the things taught in each.

"I never use the big, big D!" proclaimed an earlier Joseph—Sir Joseph Parker. Our present Joseph Chamberlain, as his opponents know, can use the big D with emphasis, so it is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the new college buildings, in whose creating he was the leading spirit, should be built in the shape of a gigantic D. An Oxford college takes the form of a square; and if a clock is shown, it is small and modest, as if time were of little account there. The clock in Chamberlain tower is so big—three men six feet high could stand upright, one on the head of another, within the circumference of the dial—that the electricity to light it at night costs five thousand dollars a year.

In a sleepy Oxford college the undergraduates nod over Greek and Latin, and gradually absorb learning pertaining to the past. Birmingham's classrooms resemble sections of a factory rather than wards of a college. There you can learn to make castings and steel ingots, to work forges and furnaces, to extract gold, silver and other metal from the ore, and refine them. There are complete installations for the production of electricity. In the grounds has been dug a full-sized coal mine, and in it all the necessary paraphernalia have been erected and are in working order. In this coal mine real explosions of gas take place, the effects of which students may watch through thick glass windows. In the college is installed the largest metal-testing machine in Europe, handling iron up to the weight of two hundred tons, pulling it apart, pressing it, and twisting it, in order accurately to determine its strength.

In the Oxford libraries are the priceless manuscripts of the old monks; in the museum of the Birmingham University stands the original dynamo made by Thomas Alva Edison, and those two relics show you the difference between the two universities.

I think the home of a celebrated seat of learning should in some measure balance the town in which it is placed. The not very impressive buildings of the University of Bonn used to be just about the right size for the city, but stopping off at Bonn last month I was sorry to notice that the town is much outgrowing its university. Heidelberg is a rather good example of the proportions that town and college should bear to one another, although, perhaps, Ann Arbor, in Michigan, would still better illustrate my viewpoint.

A university is lost in a large city. The University of Pennsylvania is a mere dot on the map of Philadelphia; and the average excursionist arriving in New York rarely sees Columbia College. The perfect balance is found only in Oxford and Cambridge. This is well shown by the never-ending contest between town and gown in Oxford. The two powers are so closely matched that both now try to avoid a disturbance, and thus the cause of peace is preserved. If I had my own way in this matter I should like the lights of learning to have just a little advantage in the continuous struggle, but not enough to produce arrogance in the scholastic combatants.

Old-time Battles of Town and Gown

THE first scrimmage recorded occurred back in the year 1214. The citizens of Oxford were victorious at the first blush, seizing upon two students and hanging them, but the university countered by setting an exorbitant value on the pair of unfortunate students, and this sum it made the town pay. By this one transaction, therefore, the colleges rid themselves of two obstreperous undergrads and fattened the collegiate treasury with good red gold.

The most serious contention between gown and town had its rise in a tavern over the quality of a flagon of wine which the vintner supplied to a couple of gownsmen. They said the wine was bad, and he replied that they were talking through their college caps, whereupon they dragged him out from among his barrels. This occurred in the year 1354. Oxford was not victorious until it had called to its aid the neighboring villages of Cowley and Headington. Then the battle was over, with forty students lying dead in the street against twenty-three townsmen slain. The town was compelled to pay dearly for this, and until nearly the middle of the last century the burgesses of Oxford were forced to attend annually at St. Mary's Church, with ropes round their necks, when mass was said for the souls of the dead students on the anniversary of their undoing.

The Quadrangle, Edinburgh University

The strange thing is that the bells of a church called out the townsmen to fight. The townsmen's church was St. Martin's, and its tower still stands and its bells still ring at Carfax, which you may call the very center of Oxford. The university church was, and is today, St. Mary's.

Both town and gown claim that these mêlées are things of the past; but this is not quite correct. The materials are there yet for an excellent explosion if the electric spark comes at the psychological moment. Two or three years ago, when the Oxford pageant was in full swing, there was a little difficulty. It is not to be supposed that where between three thousand and four thousand high-spirited young men are congregated in a small town, and not a dry town at that, everything is going to pass off as quietly as at a meeting of Quakers. I believe the undergrads themselves will not deny that they usually give the provocation.

A few years ago, one lovely Sunday evening in summer, a lover and his lass were walking peaceably down the Turl, a narrow street which runs between Jesus College and Exeter. Now, you must understand that Exeter College fronts two thoroughfares, the Turl and Broad Street, and presents to the public view an amazing number of windows. At one of these windows, facing the Turl, sat a party of Exeter students, whiling away the afternoon beside a table on which were placed several siphons of soda-water, together with decanters containing the supplement thereto. The boys, I understand, were rather gleeful, and one of them, looking down from the open window, espied the lover and his lass in sweet, whispering converse. This, together with the deep silence of the otherwise deserted street, presented a temptation that the gleeful student could not resist, so he grasped a full siphon of soda-water, and let it drop on the stone pavement some ten feet or so to the rear of the whispering couple.

The Soda-Water Riot

IF YOU do this sort of thing with a siphon of carbonated mineral water you will cause the whole town to imagine that dynamiters are abroad. The siphon explodes like a melinite shell. The pair in front were not hurt, but it is said they jumped clear into Broad Street with a yell that terrorized the town. The town promptly responded, and within five minutes the Turl and Broad Street held as angry a mob of citizens as the most reckless student could wish to see. Luckily the undergrads remained indoors, but before ten minutes had passed every window outside of Exeter College was smashed to flinders. Stones flew like hail, and enough of them went through to the undergrad's room to build a small college.

When the fervor died down the ratepayers of the town were filled with dismay. They were responsible for all the damage done, and the two fronts of Exeter College were dismal wrecks. No matter what provocation had been given, the citizens had no right to take the law into their own hands.

The authorities of Exeter College convened, calmly collected evidence, decided that they themselves were in the wrong, through the action of a party of their students, and declined to take their legal remedy against the town. On Monday every glazier for miles round was at work, and in an incredibly short space of time the leaded lights were replaced. From that day to this the college authorities have said nothing about the matter, but the gay young man who dropped the siphon disappeared forever from Oxford. The burst-up of the soda-water and of his scholastic career were simultaneous.

I have asked a college man who has just finished his course at Oxford to set down for me something of Oxford life from the inside, so that I might have the information as up-to-date as possible. On reading his contribution I had some notion of asking him to translate it, but it is possible that every one will understand the terms mentioned, as, for instance, that an "eights" man means one who rows for the college, and who may, if he is lucky, meet the Cambridge eight on the Thames in the annual race. Anyhow, I give the contribution just as written:

"The average student does not find himself plumped down suddenly in Oxford at the beginning of his first term a stranger in a strange land. On the contrary, he and his tutor or head master—if he is a schoolboy—have been in communication with the Dean or Rector (Ruggins) or Master or President (Pre)—whichever the Head's title happens to be—of the chosen college, for a year or more. His first visit may have occurred at any time during this period. It takes the form of a more or less strained interview with the Head, either by himself or in company with his tutor, or, perhaps, with three or four brothers in adversity. The visit is supposed to be complimentary, but its real purpose is very present in the minds of all parties—that is, that the 'Pre' is essaying the candidate and considering whether he wants him. If he doesn't it is perfectly wonderful what unforeseen and quite insurmountable obstacles will make their appearance in the ensuing correspondence. The interview is a purely personal affair, nothing in the nature of an examination.

"In my own case the Head scented my keenness for architecture and ancient art, and the interview extended from ten minutes to forty, during which the Reverend Doctor, at some trouble to himself, showed me how to manipulate the very ancient college seal. We also looked at books, and he was about to take me over the older parts of the college when he remembered that five other candidates remained to be interviewed.

"Different Heads judge by curiously different standards. A certain conscientious master of a particularly intellectual college was once much exercised about a candidate who seemed to be completely devoid of intelligence, but whose clear, blue eye and broad, straight back kept bringing before him a picture that was burned into his memory as Calais was graven on the heart of Queen Mary—the picture of a badly-defeated eight returning in silence to a silent barge. He had said to stroke: 'The fortune of war, Mr. Cholmondeley, the fortune of war.' Stroke had been about to answer, but had reconsidered. Yet the master, having been an eightsman, knew all the words that were not uttered.

"The master's gaze lingered upon the great muscular back of the fool as he made his clumsy departure. The master paced up and down his study for five minutes. Then he locked the door and drew a two-shilling piece from his pocket and tossed it. The florin came down tails. The master looked reproachfully at the silver piece, and then whispering, 'Best out of three,' tossed again. Again it was tails. The master sighed, and then exclaimed with indignation:

"'Are the gods to be dishonored that their priceless gift of freewill is to be set at naught by the spin of a coin?'

"Two years later the eight went up six places.

"So much for the first official interview. Then come the examinations. The first of these, which amount to entrance examinations to the university, are called Responsions, or Smalls. Now, as a man has but three—or, in some cases, four—years in which to gain honors in his Finals, it is desirable, though not necessary, for him to pass his Smalls before he comes into residence; for from the term in which he begins to reside starts the calculation of his years. So it happens that the student usually gets his second sight of the university before coming into residence. When he sits for Responsions, which last a week, he is lent a room in college—or rather two rooms, a bedder and a sitter adjoining.

The University Museum, Oxford

"On this occasion he dines in hall, sitting at a table set apart for those who are in the same uncomfortable plight as himself. Here is the foundation of a year's society. This table has much to do with the so-called Oxford cliquiness; for an acquaintance begun in trouble and unhappiness is apt to ripen. Every man at that table knows, as he looks along the rows of misery-faces, that its ranks are going to be decimated daily for seven days—for failure in one paper means total failure. If he is up in the statistics of the occasion he will know that of the ten or thirty or hundred or two hundred men that are called by his college, not more than twenty-five per cent will be chosen. When that poor remnant meets at the beginning of the following term they are shaking hands vigorously, and conversing as if they had known each other for years."

The Class That Went to Pieces

"THEY are extremely happy. What if they are only freshers? Are they not undergraduates? Very soon there will be a president, treasurer and secretary, and, within a week, they will be holding a meeting. They will be finding out who is who among themselves politicians, musicians, good talkers, debaters, drinkers, oarsmen, humorists, artists, litterateurs, sportsmen they will classify themselves; they will form new subdivisions and cliques and societies. These first few weeks are very critical in the social history of the year.

"My own year at my particular college was in a manner unfortunate. There were too many men qualified to lead, and too few to follow; too many strong opinions at variance. So, although we pulled together after a fashion for nearly a year, until we were assimilated, we then scattered and became absorbed among the other years, and even in a sense among other colleges. When, in the natural process of the drawing-off of our senior years, my year came automatically to the top, we found ourselves unorganized, and almost uninterested in the college. The junior common room was deserted, the eight went down, the college balls and concerts were half-hearted affairs, the dons were out of sympathy with us, and finally in the honors list at the end of the period the college came completely to grief. I don't believe that a single first-class was scored among them. And yet fully a dozen men of that year and that college were among the cleverest men in Oxford. In my last two years at Oxford, when I lived 'out of Coll.,' I became a sort of hanger-on at New College, and knew more men there than ever I did at my own. I never even met the Head during that time.

"Yes, if this early process goes wrong, it is apt to spell disaster to the college for a time. There are now two or three colleges that are only just recovering from the effects of such schisms that took place nine or

(Continued on Page 41)

Eights' Week on the River Isis, Oxford

FAMILY TIES

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Potash & Perlmutter Rediscover a Relation

"Abe Potash!" He Cried. "So Sure as You Live"

"YOU got to treat a customer right, Abe," said Morris Perlmutter to his partner, Abe Potash, as they sat in the sample-room of their spacious cloak and suit establishment. "You can't be mean with a customer, Abe. You got to take him, maybe, once in a while to theeayter, also to dinner, ain't it?"

"*That's* all right, Mawruss," Abe replied. "If the customer is the kind of customer what would sooner have theeayters with dinners to 'em as well-made garments with a snappy cut to 'em, Mawruss, such a customer I don't want to sell it."

"Well, we got to do it in this case, Abe," said Morris, "because we are up against some stiff competition. This here Small Drygoods Company, of Walla Walla, Washington, is a new concern and something big, I hear it from Sol Klinger. They start in with a hundred thousand dollars capital, all paid in. Sol says also their buyer, James Burke, what they send East, comes from the same place in the old country as Frank Walsh, Klinger & Klein's new drummer what they hire it as an experiment, and I guess we got to hustle if we want to get his trade, ain't it?"

"Because a customer is a *Landsmann* of *mine*, Mawruss," Abe replied, "ain't no reason why I shall sell him goods, Mawruss. If I could sell all my *J andsleute* what is in the cloak and suit business, Mawruss, we would be doing a million-dollar business a month, ain't it?"

At this juncture Morris drew on his imagination. "I hear it also, Abe," he hinted darkly, "that this here James Burke, what the Small Drygoods Company sends East, is related by marriage to this here Walsh's wife."

"Wives' relations is nix, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "I got enough with wives' relations. When me and my Rosie gets married her mother was old man Smolinski's a widow. He made an honest failure of it in the customer pedler business in eighteen eighty-five, and the lodge money was pretty near gone when I got into the family. Then my wife's mother gives my wife's brother, Scheuer Smolinski, ten dollars to go out and buy some schnapps for the wedding, and that's the last we see of *him*, Mawruss. But Rosie and me gets married, anyhow, and takes the old lady to live with us, and the first thing you know, Mawruss, she gets sick on us and dies, with a professor and two trained nurses at my expense, and that's the way it goes, Mawruss."

He rose to his feet and helped himself to a cigar from the L to N first and second credit customers' box.

"No, Mawruss," he concluded, "if you can't sell a man goods on their merits, Mawruss, you'll never get him to take them because your wife is related by marriage to his wife. Ain't it? We got a good line, Mawruss, and we stand a show to sell our goods without no theeayters nor dinners nor nothing."

Morris shrugged his shoulders. "All right, Abe," he said, "you can do what you like about it, but I already bought it two tickets for Saturday night."

"Of course, if you *like* to go to shows, Mawruss," Abe declared as he rose to his feet, "I can't stop you. Only one thing I got to say it, Mawruss—if you think you should charge that up to the firm's expense account, all I got to say is you're mistaken, that's all."

Abe strode out of the sample-room before a retort could formulate itself, so Morris struggled into his overcoat instead and made for the store door. As he reached it his eye fell on the clock over Wasserbauer's café on the other side of the street. The hands pointed to two o'clock, and he broke into a run, for the Southwestern Flyer which bore the person of James Burke was due at the Grand Central Station at two-ten. Fifteen minutes later Morris darted out of the subway exit at Forty-second Street and imminently escaped being run down by a hansom. Indeed, the vehicle came to a halt so suddenly that the horse reared on its haunches, while a flood of profanity from the driver testified to the nearness of Morris' escape. Far from being grateful, however, Morris paused on the curb and was about to retaliate in kind when one of the two male occupants of the hansom leaned forward and poked a derisive finger at him.

"What's the hurry, Morris?" said the passenger.

Morris looked up and gasped, for in that fleeting moment he recognized his tormentor. It was Frank Walsh, and although Morris saw only the features of his competitor it needed no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that Frank's fellow-passenger was none other than James Burke, buyer for the Small Drygoods Company.

II

TWO hours later he returned to the store, for he had seized the opportunity of visiting some of the firm's retail trade while uptown, and when he came in he found Abe sorting a pile of misses' reefers.

"Well, Mawruss," Abe cried, "you look worried."

"I bet you I'm worried, Abe," he said. "You and your wife's relations done it. Two thousand dollars thrown away in the street. I got to the Grand Central Station just in time to get there too late, Abe. This here Walsh was ahead of me already, and he took Burke away in a hansom. When I come out of the subway they pretty near run over me, Abe."

"A competitor will do anything, Mawruss," Abe said sympathetically. "But don't you worry. There's just as big fish swimming in the sea as what they sell by fish markets, Mawruss. Bigger even. We ain't going to fail yet a while just because we lose the Small Drygoods Company for a customer."

"We ain't lost 'em yet, Abe," Morris rejoined, and without taking off his coat he repaired to Wasserbauer's restaurant and café for a belated lunch. As he entered he encountered Frank Walsh, who had been congratulating himself at the bar.

"Hello, Morris," he cried. "I cut you out, didn't I?"

"You cut me out?" Morris replied stiffly. "I don't know what you mean."

"Of course you don't," Walsh broke in heartily. "I suppose you was hustling to the Grand Central Station just because you wanted to watch the engines. Well, I won't crow over you, Morris. Better luck next time!"

His words fell on unheeding ears, for Morris was busily engaged in looking around him. He sought features that might possibly belong to James Burke, but Frank seemed to be the only representative of the Emerald Isle present, and Morris proceeded to the restaurant in the rear.

"I suppose he turned him over to Klinger," he said to himself, while from the vantage of his table he saw Frank Walsh buy cigars and pass out into the street in company with another drummer *not* of Irish extraction.

He finished his lunch without appetite, and when he reëntered the store Abe walked forward to greet him.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "I seen Sol Klinger coming down the street a few minutes ago, so I kinder naturally just stood out on the sidewalk till he comes past, Mawruss. I saw he ain't looking any too pleased, so I asked him what's the trouble; and he says, nothing, only that Frank Walsh, what they got it for a drummer, eats 'em up with expenses. So I says, How so? And he says, this here Walsh has a customer by the name of Burke come to town, and the first thing you know, he spends it three dollars for a cab for Burke, and five dollars for lunch for Burke, and also ten dollars for two tickets for a show for Burke, before this here Burke is in town two hours already. Klinger looked pretty sore about it, Mawruss."

"What show is he taking Burke to?" Morris asked.

"It ain't a show exactly," Abe replied hastily; "it's a prize-fight."

"A fight!" Morris cried. "That's an idea, ain't it?—to take a customer to a fight."

"I know it, Mawruss," Abe rejoined, "but you got to remember that the customer's name is also Burke. What for a show did you buy it tickets for?"

Morris blushed. "Travvy-ayter," he murmured.

"Travvy-ayter!" Abe replied. "Why, that's an opera, ain't it?"

Morris nodded. He had intended to combine business with pleasure by taking Burke to hear Tetrazzini.

"Well, you got your idees, too, Mawruss," Abe continued; "and I don't know that they're much better as this here Walsh's idees."

"Ain't they, Abe?" Morris replied. "Well, maybe they ain't, Abe. But just because I got a loafer for a customer ain't no reason why I should be a loafer myself, Abe."

"Must you take a customer to a show, Mawruss?" Abe rejoined. "Is there a law compelling it, Mawruss?"

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"Anyhow, Abe," he said, "I don't see that *you* got any kick coming, because I'm going to give them tickets to you and Rosie, Abe, and youse two can take in the show."

"And where are you going, Mawruss?"

"Me?" Morris replied. "I'm going to a prize-fighting, Abe. I don't give up so easy as all that."

III

ON HIS way home that night Morris consulted an evening paper, and when he turned to the sporting page he found the upper halves of seven columns effaced by a huge illustration executed in the best style of Jig, the Sporting Cartoonist. In the left-hand corner crouched Slogger Atkins, the English lightweight, while opposite to him in the right-hand corner stood Young Kilrain, poised in an attitude of defense. Underneath was the legend, "The Contestants in Tomorrow Night's Battle." By reference to Jig's column Morris ascertained that the scene of the fight would be at the Polygon Club's new arena in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, and at half-past eight Saturday night he alighted from a Third Avenue L train at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and followed the crowd that poured over the bridge.

It was nine o'clock before Morris gained admission to the huge frame structure that housed the arena of the Polygon Club. Having just paid five dollars as a condition precedent to membership in good standing, he took his seat amid a dense fog of tobacco smoke and peered around him for Frank Walsh and his customer. At length he discerned Walsh's stalwart figure at the right hand of a veritable giant, whose square jaw and tip-tilted nose would have proclaimed the customer, even though Walsh had not assiduously plied him with cigars and engaged him continually in animated conversation. They were seated well down toward the ring, while Morris found a place directly opposite them and watched their every

"Yah!" He Jeered, "Five-Dollar Tickets for a Prize-Fight for the Likes of Youse!"

movement. When they laughed Morris scowled, and once when the big man slapped his thigh in uproarious appreciation of one of Walsh's stories Morris fairly turned green with envy.

Morris watched with a jaundiced eye the manner in which Frank Walsh radiated good humor. Not only did Walsh hand out cigars to the big man, but also he proffered them to the person who sat next to him on the other side. This man Morris recognized as the drummer who had been in Wasserbauer's with Frank on the previous day.

"Letting him in on it, too," Morris said to himself. "What show do I stand?"

The first of the preliminary bouts began. The combatants were announced as Pig Flanagan and Tom Evans, the Welsh coal-miner. It seemed to Morris that he had seen Evans somewhere before, but as this was his initiation into the realms of pugilism he concluded that it was merely a chance resemblance and dismissed the matter from his mind.

The opening bout more than realized Morris' conception of the sport's brutality, for Pig Flanagan was what the *cognoscenti* call a good bleeder, and during the first second of the fight he fulfilled his reputation at the instance of a light tap from his opponent's left. There are some people who cannot stand the sight of blood; Morris was one of them, and the drummer on Frank Walsh's right was another. Both he and Morris turned pale, but the big man on Walsh's left roared his approbation.

"Eat him up!" he bellowed, and at every fresh hemorrhage from Mr. Flanagan he rocked and swayed in an ecstasy of enjoyment. For three crimson rounds Pig Flanagan and Tom Evans continued their contest, but even a good bleeder must run dry eventually, and in the first half of the fourth round Pig took the count.

By this time the arena was swimming in Morris' nauseated vision, while, as for the drummer on Frank's right, he closed his eyes and wiped a clammy perspiration from his forehead. The club meeting proceeded, however, despite the stomachs of its weaker members, and the next bout commenced with a rush. It was advertised in advance by Morris' neighboring seatholders as a scientific contest, but in pugilism, as in surgery, science is often gory. In this instance a scientific white man hit a colored savant squarely on the nose, with the inevitable sanguinary result, and as though by a prearranged signal Morris and the drummer on Walsh's right started for the door. In vain did Walsh seize his neighbor by the coat-tail. The latter shook himself loose, and he and Morris reached the sidewalk together.

"T'phooie!" said the drummer. "That's an amusement for five dollars."

Morris wiped his face and gasped like a landed fish. At length he recovered his composure. "I seen you sitting next to Walsh," he said.

The drummer nodded. "He didn't want me to go," he replied. "He said we come together and we should go together, but I told him I would wait for him till it was over. Him and that other fellow seem to enjoy it."

"Some people has got funny idees of a good time," Morris commented.

"*That*'s an idee for a loafer," said the drummer. "For my part I like it more refined."

"I believe you," Morris replied. "Might you would come and take a cup of coffee with me, maybe?"

He indicated a bathbrick dairy restaurant on the opposite side of the street.

"Much obliged," the drummer replied, "but I got to go out of town tomorrow, and coffee keeps me awake. I think I'll wait here for about half an hour, and if Walsh and his friend don't come out by then I guess I'll go home."

Morris hesitated. A sense of duty demanded that he stay and see the matter through, since his newly-made acquaintance with the *tertium quid* of Walsh's little party might lead to an introduction to the big man, and for the rest Morris trusted to his own salesmanship. But the drummer settled the matter for him.

"On second thoughts," he said, "I guess I won't wait. Why should I bother with a couple like them? If you're going downtown on the L I'll go with you."

Together they walked to the Manhattan terminal of the Third Avenue road and discussed the features of the disgusting spectacle they had just witnessed. In going over its details they found sufficient conversation to cover the journey to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, where Morris alighted. When he descended to the street it occurred to him for the first that he had omitted to learn both the name and line of business of his new-found friend.

In the mean time Frank Walsh and his companion watched the white scientist and the colored savant conclude their exhibition and cheered themselves hoarse over the *pièce de résistance* which followed immediately. At length Slogger Atkins disposed of Young Kilrain with a well-directed punch in the solar plexus, and Walsh and his companion rose to go.

"What become of yer friend?" the big man asked.

"He had to go out, Jim," Frank replied. "He couldn't stand the sight of the blood."

"Is that so?" the big man commented. "It beats all, the queer ideas some people has."

IV

"WELL, Mawruss," Abe cried as he greeted his partner on Monday morning, "how did it went?"

"How did what went?" Morris asked.

"The prize-fighting."

Morris shook his head. "Not for all the cloak and suit trade on the Pacific slope," he said finally, "would I go to one of them things again. First, a fat Eyetalian by the name Flanagan fights with a young feller, Tom Evans, the Welsh coal-miner, and you never seen nothing like it, Abe, outside a slaughter-house."

"Flanagan don't seem much like an Eyetalian, Mawruss," Abe commented.

"I know it," Morris replied; "but that wouldn't surprise you much if you could seen the one what they call Tom Evans, the Welsh coal-miner."

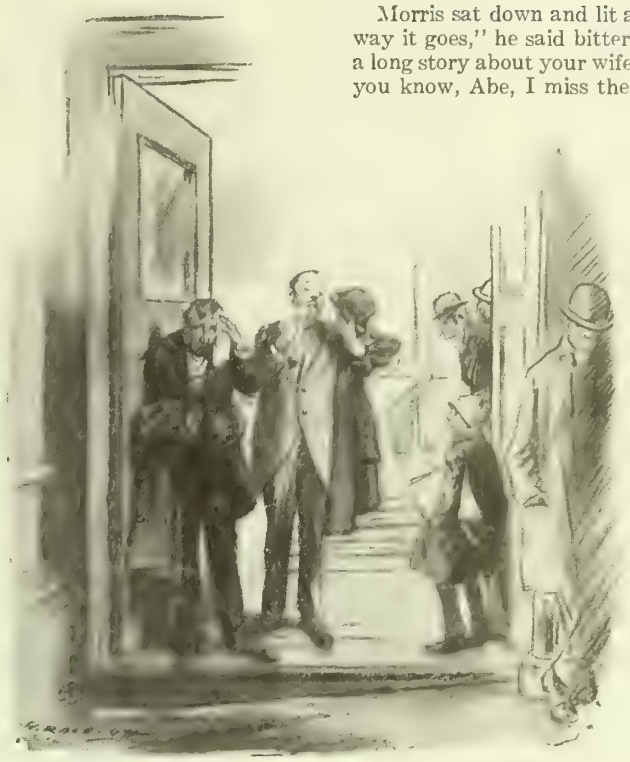
"Why not?" Abe asked.

"Well, you remember Hyman Feinsilver, what worked by us as a shipping clerk while Jake was sick?"

"Sure I do," Abe replied. "Comes from very decent, respectable people in the old country. His father was a rabbi."

"Don't make no difference about his father, Abe," Morris went on. "That Tom Evans, the Welsh coal-miner, is Hyman Feinsilver what worked by us, and the way he treated that poor Eyetalian young feller was a shame for the people. It makes me sick to think of it."

"Don't think of it, then," Abe replied, "because it won't do you no good, Mawruss. I seen Sol Klinger in the subway this morning, and he says that last Saturday morning already James Burke was in their place and picked out enough goods to stock the biggest suit department in the country. Sol says Burke went to Philadelphia yesterday to meet Sidney Small, the president of the concern, and they're coming over to Klinger & Klein's this morning and close the deal."



"T'phooie!" Said the Drummer. "That's an Amusement for Five Dollars"

Morris sat down and lit a cigar. "Yes, Abe, that's the way it goes," he said bitterly. "You sit here and tell me a long story about your wife's relations, and the first thing you know, Abe, I miss the train and Frank Walsh takes away my trade. What do I care about your wife's relations, Abe?"

"That's what I told you, Mawruss. Wife's relations don't do nobody no good," Abe replied.

"Jokes!" Morris exclaimed as he moved off to the rear of the store. "Jokes he is making it, and two thousand dollars thrown into the street."

For the rest of the morning Morris sulked in the cutting-room upstairs, while Abe busied himself in assorting his samples for a forthcoming New England trip. At twelve o'clock a customer came in, and when he left at half-past twelve Abe escorted him to the store door and lingered there a few minutes to get a breath of fresh air. As he was about to reënter the store he discerned the corpulent figure of Frank Walsh making his way down the opposite sidewalk toward Wasserbauer's café. With him were two other men, one of them about as big as Frank himself, the other a slight, dark person.

Abe darted to the rear of the store. "Mawruss," he called, "come quick! Here is this Walsh feller with Small & Burke."

Morris took the first few stairs at a leap, and had his partner not caught him he would have landed in a heap at the bottom of the flight. They covered the distance from the stairway to the store door so rapidly that when they reached the sidewalk Frank and his customers had not yet arrived in front of Wasserbauer's.

"The little feller," Morris hissed, "is the same one what was up to the fighting. I guess he's a drummer."

"Him?" Abe replied. "He ain't no drummer, Mawruss. He's Jacob Berkowitz, what used to run the Up-to-Date Store in Seattle. I sold him goods when me and Pincus Vessell was partners together, way before the Spanish War already. Who's the other feller?"

At that moment the subject of Abe's inquiry looked across the street and for the first time noticed Abe and Morris standing on the sidewalk. He stopped short and stared at Abe until his bulging eyes caught the sign above the store. For one brief moment he hesitated and then he leaped from the curb to the gutter and plunged across the roadway, with Jacob Berkowitz and Frank Walsh in close pursuit. He seized Abe by both hands and shook them up and down.

"Abe Potash!" he cried. "So sure as you live."

"That's right," Abe admitted; "that's my name."

"You don't remember me, Abe?" he went on.

"I remember Mr. Berkowitz here," Abe said, smiling at the smaller man. "I used to sell him goods oncet when he ran the Up-to-Date Store in Seattle. Ain't that so, Mr. Berkowitz?"

The smaller man nodded in an embarrassed fashion, while Frank Walsh grew red and white by turns and looked first at Abe and then at the others in blank amazement.

"But," Abe went on, "you got to excuse me, Mister Mister ——"

"Small," said the larger man, whereat Morris fairly staggered.

"Mister Small," Abe continued. "You got to excuse me. I don't remember your name. Won't you come inside?"

"Hold on!" Frank Walsh cried. "These gentlemen are going to lunch with *me*."

Small turned and fixed Walsh with a glare. "I am going to do what I please, Mr. Walsh," he said coldly. "If I want to go to lunch I go to lunch; if I don't that's something else again."

"Oh, I've got lots of time," Walsh explained. "I was just reminding you, that's all. Wasserbauer's got a few good specialties on his bill-of-fare that don't improve with waiting."

(Continued on Page 49

"Eat Him Up!" He Bellowed

WATER AS WEALTH

Where Land is Cheap and Water is Dear

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

THE ninety-seventh meridian bisects the United States from north to south, splitting the country into two great divisions of nearly equal size. Like the equator, the ninety-seventh meridian exists only as a black streak on the map. It is an imaginary creation of the geographers. Mortal eyes have never seen it; but, despite its unreality, this phantom line sharply marks a fundamental change in the country's most important industry. East of the ninety-seventh meridian the farmer gets the moisture needed by his plants free of charge, in quantities to suit the Weather Bureau. West of the dividing line the farmer pays cold cash for his rain. He has to buy the contents of the clouds and assume the cost of delivery besides. East of the line the farmer makes his plants grow with the aid of the water falling upon his own land. West of the line the rancher's crops are produced with the aid of the rain and snow descending upon land not his own. An irrigation ditch watering a hundred acres contains the concentrated precipitation of an area perhaps ten times as large. By far the greater portion of the country's western half must always give up a part of its already scant rainfall that the rest may drink its fill. If every drop of rain, every flake of snow west of the ninety-seventh meridian could be conserved and stored for irrigation, scarcely one-tenth of the total area could be supplied with artificial rain sufficient for its needs. In the arid West fertile irrigable land by far exceeds the available irrigation water. Beyond the ninety-seventh meridian possession of the land itself counts for but little; he is king who controls the water, who lords it over the rain that falls upon the other man's acres.

The ranchers of the San Fernando Valley, in Southern California, know by bitter experience what it means to have their rain pass into the possession of an outsider. Their land, more than a hundred thousand acres of it, could be made to support in comfort a population of ten thousand families. Only a few miles to the east the San Bernardino Valley, a checkerboard of orange groves, orchards, vineyards and berry-patches, furnishes a living to more people than any other rural territory of equal size in the country. In both valleys climate, soil and marketing conditions are nearly alike, yet one is covered with thousands of prosperous small farms, while the other, the San Fernando Valley, is cultivated only in scattered spots, with miles of sagebrush and cactus between them. It remains the playground of the jackrabbit and the rattler because the ranchers have lost control of the valley's rain.

The Hardships of the Water-Law

A RIVER rises within the valley, meanders along its full length and leaves it through a narrow gap in the encircling mountains. The river carries water throughout the dry season, but the ranchers may not use it. Underneath the surface of the valley Nature has stored a vast quantity of rain in subterranean beds of sand and gravel; but the ranchers must not touch it. They are not allowed to sink wells on their own land and raise the water to the surface, for they have lost possession of the rain that falls upon the valley and the mountains surrounding it. The ranchers own the valley's land, but the city of Los Angeles owns the valley's water from the surface down to bedrock. The few hundred wells sunk by the ranchers are operated only by permission of the city. Should Los Angeles choose to put its thumbs down tomorrow, should the city order pumping to be stopped, life in the valley would cease. The orchards would die for lack of water, the vines would wither and the berry-patches would be swallowed by the sagebrush.

PHOTO. BY C. C. PIERCE & CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Concrete-Lined Irrigation Ditch of Southern California, Carrying Water Whose Flow is Valued at $400,000

The cord which the city has fastened about the throat of the valley is the silver ribbon of the Los Angeles River, the stream rising within the valley's confines. Nine months in the year aspiring Carnegie heroes shun the river, for rescues out of the ankle-deep water are impossible. The city owns this stream. A hundred years ago the Spanish Crown gave it to the *pueblo* of Los Angeles, and the city's paramount right to the river's water was confirmed by the American courts. In 1906, when Los Angeles needed a larger supply for its ever-growing population, it extended its claim to cover not only the surface flow, but the water running under the stream's bed and on either side, from one side of the valley to the other, alleging that all the water in the San Fernando watershed was part and parcel of the Los Angeles River and therefore city property. The courts, recognizing the city's pressing need for more water, upheld these claims and left the valley dry.

Before the decision, while the San Fernando ranchers still lived under the delusion that they owned their rain, valley lands over the subterranean basin brought from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre. After the water had been judicially abstracted from the soil the price of the dry husk dropped to fifteen and twenty-five dollars an acre, with few takers.

The difference in these amounts represents the value of water in that particular locality. The purchaser of valley land at the old price virtually acquired two distinct and separate articles: dry land worth fifteen to twenty-five dollars an acre, and the water contained within the land, the value of the water exceeding the price of the land ten times.

Within the last two years the price of the best land in the valley has risen again to two hundred dollars an acre and more. Los Angeles, finding that it could not suck enough water out of the valley to satisfy its thirst, is extending a tentacle two hundred and fifty miles north, to another valley located on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, there to absorb the water of a real river and carry it to the city, passing through the San Fernando Valley on the way. Land prices in the valley remain at the old figure for the husk, but the purchaser is paying a hundred and fifty to a hundred and seventy-five dollars additional, not for water but only for the prospect of a permanent supply.

Since land in the arid and semi-arid region is plentiful and water scarce, water invariably commands the higher price. Settlers can obtain land from the United States for a dollar and a quarter an acre; but they have to pay from twenty to fifty dollars for the privilege of having the water, which is stored in the works the Government is building, turned upon each acre. The discrepancy in land and water values is still more pronounced in states that have accepted the Federal Government's gift of a million acres under the Carey Act. These states gladly part with the dry land for fifty cents an acre, but the private concerns building the reservoirs and canals receive from seventy to one hundred times the land price for the water.

The Miner's Inch

IS PLAIN water, most of it with a dash of alkali, worth these large amounts? The San Fernando rancher, whose dry land sowed to barley will yield not more than five dollars an acre on the average, while fruit groves depending upon irrigation will produce crops worth a hundred dollars and more on the same area, is thoroughly convinced of its great value. He is longing to exchange twenty-five hundred dollars in coin for the assurance of enough concentrated rain to irrigate ten acres. And he is also willing to pay the concentration costs, the expenses of operating and maintaining the water-works; for the most profitable crops cannot be produced without irrigation, even in those Western districts boasting a high precipitation in the winter months.

Water, concentrated rain, has a most active market in the arid West. To an extent undreamed of in the moist East, it is a commodity subject to barter and sale, theft, loan and exchange. The yardstick is used in measuring it and, according to the size of the supply, the demand and the price, it is sold by the foot or by the inch. The inch, or properly the miner's inch, is the popular standard of measurement for irrigation water. The purchaser of an inch of water receives, in technical language, a permanent stream issuing from an aperture an inch square under a head or pressure of four inches. Translated, an inch of water means a constant flow, day and night, year in and year out, of one and a half cubic feet or eleven gallons and a quarter of water a minute, or 16,200 gallons each twenty-four hours. It takes forty inches of water to yield a second-foot or a cubic foot of water a second.

Ancient Irrigation Ditch Near Los Angeles. It Contains 175 Inches of Water Worth $200,000

The River Which Supplies Water to 300,000 Inhabitants of the San Fernando Valley

A thousand dollars an inch is today the prevailing price in Southern California, that part of the arid region having attained the highest development and the highest prices. At this rate the buyer of dry land must pay out from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars an acre additional, besides the cost of delivery and maintenance of the works, if he wants to irrigate. One inch will supply artificial rain to a plot varying in size from four to six acres. The lowest price asked by the Reclamation Service is about sixty dollars a miner's inch.

An inch of water, a thousand dollars' worth of moisture, does not make an impressive showing in a flume or in the bed of a creek. I have seen a Saint Bernard puppy six months old take a bath in a ditch worth $150,000, and the water reached scarcely to his shoulders. When the tourist coming from the East enters Southern California through a gap in the San Bernardino mountains, he crosses one of the most valuable trout brooks in the world. Nothing distinguishes this brook from a thousand other trout streams in the East, except, perhaps, the scarcity of trout. It is just a common mountain rivulet, singing in the rapids and leaping joyfully over the rocks, a baby aristocrat among the streams, wholly unconscious of the fact that it is worth a cool million and a half. Four or five years ago the city of San Bernardino bought one-twelfth of this stream, a hundred inches, to be exact, at a bargain, the owner of the water-right accepting $50,000 for his claim. Since then water prices have taken a leap, and the city several times has been offered up to $100,000 for the water, but the offers were promptly refused.

PHOTO. BY PUTNAM & VALENTINE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Where Water is Plentiful and Cheap. Main Canal of Imperial Valley in California, Drawing Its Supply From the Colorado River by Gravity

Before the owner sold his portion of the mountain stream he made it work for him and hired it out by the day, the month or the year. All about in the neighborhood numerous fruit growers are forced to borrow their moisture from the water lords who do not care to sell their water-rights outright. From forty to fifty dollars an inch is the usual annual water rental in this vicinity, though for shorter periods than a year the rental often rises to twice this amount. Out in the corn-belt Hiram Snodgrass would paw the air and claw his whiskers were he forced to pay sixteen hundred dollars a year to have the rain turned on over his quarter section. In the orange belt of California ten dollars an acre is now paid cheerfully every season for the rent of concentrated rain. Wherever it is possible the waterless growers of fruit are forming mutual organizations, acquiring land containing moisture, installing pumping plants and supplying their needs without paying tribute to the water lords. One of the strongest factors in preventing water monopolies in California and in keeping the rates demanded for the use of water owned separately from land within reasonable limits was the discovery of oil. With an abundance of cheap fuel easily handled, the privately-owned mountain streams lost their dominant position and the vast underground water resources of the state were made accessible to individuals.

Where Lawyers Fatten on Water

DESPITE streams and wells, the area of the fertile, irrigable land everywhere in the West by far exceeds the total water supply. In the immediate neighborhood of Los Angeles 140,000 acres of good land are waiting for the ditch; but the water is barely sufficient for 15,000 acres. Every possible source has been drawn upon. The surface-flow of the mountain streams is piped, almost bottled, long before it reaches the valley. Into the dry beds of the creeks, shafts and open cuts have been driven; underground dams have been built to catch the flow beneath the surface. The mere suspicion of water-bearing strata in the hillsides has been sufficient for the construction of expensive tunnels and drifts through solid rock, in the hope of striking a pay-streak of living moisture. Whatever water escapes the pitfalls and sinks into the valley-floor is lifted from innumerable wells. Since the demand exceeds the supply tenfold, the lucky owners hang on to their water with bulldog tenacity. Their jaws need strength. Day and night the owner of dry land is evolving schemes of obtaining water, no matter from what source it comes. Give him the shadow of an excuse, give him one chance out of ten to get away with the goods, and he will begin operations. Whether it be the supply of a hundred thousand acres or of ten, eternal vigilance is the price of artificial rain. No rill is so small that some one may not try to run off with it. Not once but twice a dispute over the water of a diminutive spring north of Los Angeles was carried through all jurisdictions to the California Supreme Court. Dozens of water experts and hydraulic engineers took the stand on behalf of the owner of the twelve acres irrigated by the spring or testified for the water company that made away with it. Demurrers, objections, complaint motions and cross-complaints came thick and fast for more than four years, and yet the object of the litigation was but a trickle, a feeble stream which would scarcely be able to wash away half a day's accumulation of waste-paper in the gutter of an Eastern city. But it was the only supply the owner could obtain and he defended successfully every drop of it. In Ventura County, California, a Mexican and a German rancher fought an equally fierce legal battle over the possession of a small stream carrying only five inches, fifty-six gallons a minute, a driblet scarcely able to drag its poor body three miles from its birthplace before it died in the sand. Not until the Supreme Court of California had said the final word and divided the stream between them did the ranchers stop reaching down into their overalls for lawyers' fees. For ten long years the city of Santa Barbara and two private water companies kept the courts busy with a quarrel over fifteen inches of water, a quantity only half enough to keep the compressor of a medium-sized fire engine filled.

Even the scraps that fall from the table of those rich in water are eagerly snapped up. A thrifty German woman in Delta County, Colorado, dug a ditch along the upper edge of her ranch, caught the waste waters that seeped through from the fields of her neighbor after every irrigation and put his surplus to work on her land. For thirteen years she made use of this cheap water until one morning the neighbor paralleled her ditch on his land with a trench of his own, captured his own waste water, conducted it around the widow's land and used it on a tract he had bought below the woman's farm. Having feasted on her neighbor's bounty for thirteen years, the widow believed she had acquired a right to the goods taken from the owner, and she clung to that belief until the Supreme Court of Colorado disillusioned her.

Free grass in the West is almost gone, and free water has taken an even earlier departure. The lesser streams easy of access, the springs and brooks have practically all been preëmpted. Only the water of the largest rivers remains open, and these rivers cannot be harnessed except by corporations with millions of capital, or by the Federal Government. No matter where the new settler goes he must pay for the right if he wants to take water. Even if he buys with the intention of pumping water, the rain hidden deep in the ground has been charged in the purchase price of the land. Unless he pumps, buys a water-right or settles on land supplied by the Reclamation Service, he cannot get away from the corporations owning most of the larger irrigation systems. In some form or another, in water rent or in the price of land, he must pay them toll before they will turn on the rain. Like all rain makers, whether they operate in the African jungles or in the wheatfields of the Sacramento Valley, the private water companies are not in the business for their health.

Profits, dividends are their primary object; the thousands of homes, the square miles of fields and orchards in the former desert are but a by-product. Corporation money looking for dividends made possible the irrigation of a large portion of the arid region that without this capital would still be dry land, but the private ownership of the water also brought in its train the usual consequences. By building large reservoirs to store flood waters previously going to waste, by improving distributing systems, by taking over and uniting wasteful small works, the private water company rendered invaluable services. In a great measure these services were offset by disastrous speculation, extortionate rates, slipshod construction and over-capitalization.

The heyday of the private water-owner in the land of the ditch is past. His place has been taken by the Reclamation Service, and the influence of the Service is slowly correcting many of the evils brought about by the private ownership of irrigation water separate from the land on which it is used.

The Western Rain-Stealers

WHEN water becomes private property it adds to itself a quality passive in its nature which it did not possess in its wild state: it becomes the object of benevolent, though illegal, assimilation; it becomes subject to theft. Water-thefts are not uncommon in the West. They are divided into two classes. One is euphoniously called "illegal diversion"; the other is plain larceny. If an irrigator takes water out of a stream owned by others, conducting the water through the stream's natural bank, that act is illegal diversion and a civil suit is the only remedy; but when he takes the water out of a flume or canal after it has left the stream, when he opens his headgate wider or keeps it open longer than he should, he is guilty of larceny and may be imprisoned. *(Concluded on Page 46)*

Stream Worth $6000 Dried Up by Bush Fire. Purchaser of Right to Stream's Water Lost Price He Paid

Section of Aqueduct 250 Miles Long to Supply Los Angeles With Water. The Conduit Will Carry 20,000 Miner's Inches of Water, Worth $30,000,000

THE TRIALS OF TONY

An Excellent Opening

By STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"But as Soon as We Started Talkin' I Noticed Him Gettin' Queerer and Queerer"

"ARE you both asleep?" said Lady Custerd.

Two heads rose from the smoking-room lounges. At the same time Algie's feet dropped upon the floor, but Tony remained gracefully outstretched.

"No," said Tony, "only exhausted."

"But you've hardly been out of the house today!"

"That's just it," said Algie.

"Nothin's so tirin' as thinkin'," explained Tony.

He was now fully matured and already showed every sign of fulfilling the promise of his youth. Three years spent chiefly in London, Doncaster, Newmarket, and other centers of culture and enterprise had contributed greatly to this result. His mustache was trimmed and brushed up in the most approved fashion, he had almost totally divested his vocabulary of the letter g, his complexion was rosier than ever, and all these physical allurements were now enhanced by the most perfect tailoring.

His faithful friend resembled him, if possible, more closely than ever; though, as Lady Custerd always maintained, there was "a something" about Anthony that distinguished him from the most artistic imitation.

"Dear me," she answered sympathetically, "what have you been thinking about?"

"What dear Tony's goin' to do next," said Algie.

"Well, and what have you decided?"

The twain exchanged a disconsolate glance.

"Nothin'," said Tony, and closed his eyes with the air of a man who thoroughly deserved a rest.

Ever since he left Oxford it had been his own opinion that this was really what he required. His father and certain other of his kindred might talk away as much as they liked about the necessity for his finding some means of earning a livelihood; but, as for himself, he found the mere contemplation of the various occupations they suggested quite fatiguing enough. Being the soul of good nature, he had endeavored to satisfy his parents' aspirations by drifting in whatever direction his counselors suggested. But what was the use when he was never allowed to get any farther? He had drifted toward the army till an unsympathetic examiner barred his way. He had floated actually into the city, but somehow or other the next wave washed him out again. In short, he had done his best to please the dear old Guv'nor, and now all he asked for was to be left alone. Yet this interminable babble about livelihood still continued.

"I call it rot," he remarked, suddenly opening his mild blue eyes.

"What is?" inquired his aunt.

"Askin' me to think of something myself. I'll do anything the Guv'nor likes; I've told him so any number of times. Why can't he find me something without all this worryin'? Today's been wasted in thinkin', and what's the result? Simply that poor old Algie and me's dead beat. It's wastin' Algie's time and it's wastin' mine."

Lady Custerd sighed and went in search of her brother-in-law. He had grown more incomprehensible than ever of late, and she had no great hopes of obtaining satisfaction; but she resolved to make a very determined effort to stir him up. Of course it was his business to find a job for dear Tony.

At her entrance Lord Raymes looked up from a letter he was reading.

"We have a humorist in our family," he observed.

"Oh," she said, "who is it?"

"James Rutland. He asks me for a couple of hundred pounds!"

"James Rutland!" she exclaimed. "I call that rather cool; and I sincerely trust, Raymes, that you won't dream of giving two hundred pounds to your second cousin—isn't he?—while your own children remain hard up."

"I must remember that argument."

"But what does he want so much money for? I always thought James Rutland was one of those queer people who live simple lives and that kind of thing."

"So he is. He wants to start poultry farming."

"Well, why not tell him you'll buy his eggs? That's much more sensible than sending him money; because you've got to have eggs anyhow."

"I had already thought of that, but unfortunately James proposes to start this venture in New Zealand."

"Then tell him you are very sorry, but you can't help him," said Lady Custerd decisively. "And now, Raymes, I do want to ask you to set yourself to think seriously of Tony's future. You must find something for the poor boy to do. I don't believe in young men having no occupation whatever; even if it was ——"

He interrupted her by the liveliest exhibition of pleasure he had displayed for many years:

"I have found something!"

"What?" she cried.

"I'll send James the money if he'll take Tony, too."

"Raymes!"

"Yes, Gwendolen, two hundred pounds is a larger check than I ever expected to write again; but think of the satisfaction of feeling that one's youngest boy was only twelve thousand miles away! Hang it, it's only paying fourpence a mile for the sensation."

"You aren't serious?"

"My dear Gwendolen, it's the chance of a lifetime. James is much too hard up to refuse, and once Tony gets out there he'll never have the energy to come home."

"But poultry farming—for Tony!"

"Compare it with bankruptcy."

Lord Raymes rose and politely held the door open.

"Come," he said, "we'll launch him while our enthusiasm is at its height."

It seemed as though Anthony were never going to enjoy the repose he had earned. Within ten minutes of his aunt's departure she and his father again disturbed the quiet of the smoking-room.

"Tony, my boy," said Lord Raymes affectionately, "you are in luck's way."

"Whose way?" asked Tony.

"Luck's."

"But the race isn't run till tomorrow."

Lord Raymes merely raised his eyebrows.

"But Look Here, I Say, Don't You Know," He Protested, "Hens Ain't Very High-Class; What?"

"The result has been decided tonight," he replied.

Tony looked at him gravely.

"Some one's been stuffin' you up," he pronounced.

His father regarded him with an indulgence born of their prospective separation.

"I have found a billet for you," he said.

"By jove!" said Algie.

Tony took the good news in more slowly.

"For me?"

"Yes."

"A billet, you said?"

"I did."

"That's all right," said Tony, and threw up his legs again on the sofa.

"Tony!" exclaimed his aunt, "don't you want to know what it is?"

"Oh—er—by the way, yes, what is it?"

"You are going into poultry farming with your cousin, James Rutland."

Tony stared.

"James Rutland? Never met the fellow. Bit of an ass, isn't he?"

"I think you will find him excellent company," his father assured him.

Tony reflected.

"But, I say, look here, poultry farming you said; what?"

"The very thing for you!"

"But what I mean is—how d'ye do it?"

"You start with a nest egg, I believe."

"With a hen," corrected Lady Custerd. "You must get your hens first, Raymes."

Algie had been listening to this conversation with increasing consternation. At this point he could contain his feelings no longer.

"But look here, I say, don't you know," he protested, "hens ain't very high-class; what?"

"It depends on the kind of hen," said Lord Raymes with undiminished enthusiasm; "some are perfect ladies, I believe."

His sister-in-law seemed a little scandalized.

"I wish you wouldn't put it quite like that," she expostulated.

"Ah," he explained smilingly, "but then, on the other hand, some ladies are perfect hens."

"I—I don't quite follow," she hesitated.

Tony's practical mind gave the conversation a fresh turn.

"Do we eat them, or what?" he asked.

"Eventually, I believe," said his father, "but I should imagine it was optional."

"I don't want to seem a wet blanket," put in Algie, "but isn't it a little *infra dig.* for dear old Tony—after only just failin' to get into the Guards?"

"In this life, Algernon, one must often be contented with the next best thing."

"But I say, look here," said Tony, struck with a new and puzzling aspect of the case, "suppose they start layin' eggs; what?"

"My dear fellow," cried his parent, "that's just where you come in!"

"But hang it, I ain't a vegetarian."

"My dear boy," smiled Lady Custerd, "you sell the eggs. That's how you make your profit."

"Oh!" said Tony.

Algie remained dissatisfied.

"I call it a deuced risky kind of business, if you ask me," he observed.

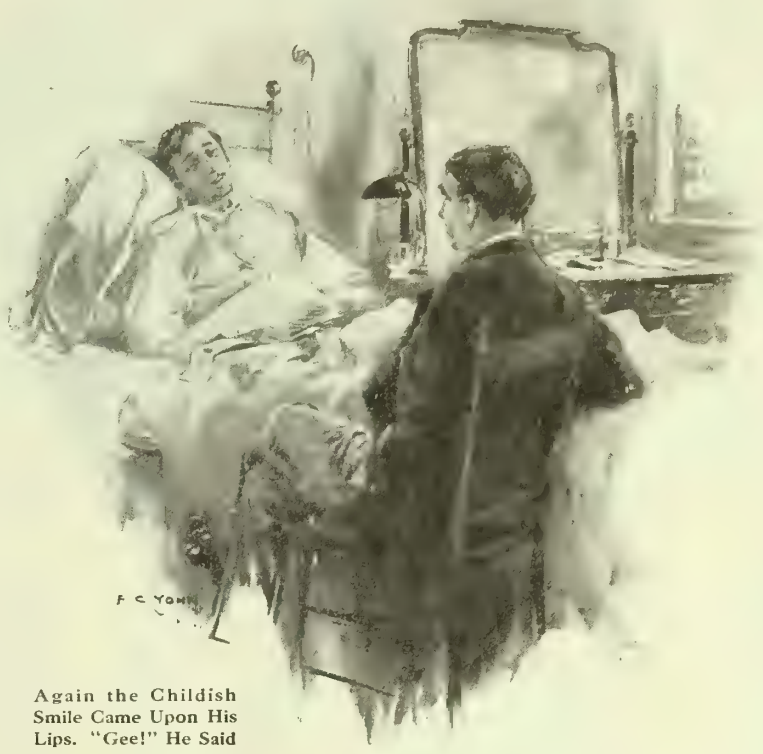
"Really?" said Lord Raymes. "Now if you ask me, I should say that an animal that can be persuaded to deposit a source of revenue every morning in your hen coop without even asking

(Concluded on Page 54)

The Boy Who Lost Weight

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN



Again the Childish Smile Came Upon His Lips. "Gee!" He Said

KING, nude and sparkling from the bath, pushed through the folding-doors and made for the scales set in a corner of the dressing-room. Standing upon the platform he slid the weight to the near end of the lever and then began to move it up slowly, in small tentative shoves, his eyes attentive upon the little perpendicular lines. Suddenly the gleaming bar shot upward, bringing up with a sharp click. King sprang off quickly, and with a flip of the finger obliterated the record. He walked toward the long bench upon which sat the men of the squad, pulling off their sodden football suits, and, standing, began to rub himself mechanically. A frown was between his eyes.

"By Jove, King, but you're in fine shape! Just look at you—not an ounce of fat!"

It was Drake who was speaking, looking up while, leaning over, he pulled off his shoes, his steaming jersey still on. Lithe as a harehound, he had won the big game the year before with a sensational run through a broken field. King envied him a bit. "Yes," he answered, looking down without satisfaction at the abdominal muscles that played, sharply defined, beneath his supple skin; "yes, I'm down."

"Don't overdo," Drake went on, a bit patronizingly; "it's early in the season yet, King; don't overwork!"

King's secret vexation broke from him. "Overwork!" he growled. "No fear. I haven't lined up for three days. Not for three days!" he repeated blackly.

His voice had filled the room; a silence followed it. And in this silence all the men along the bench found themselves with their eyes upon him, and with a movement that seemed as if concerted they turned their eyes to the ground. "Let me see those cleats of yours," said one of them to his neighbor. "How's your ankle standing it?" asked another. And Lewis, the tackle who had been moved to King's position at center and who for three days had supplanted him, throwing a towel across his shoulder, went out through the folding-doors into the shower-room. King suddenly felt much alone. It was as if all these men knew something about him, of which with delicacy they refrained from speaking.

But Henry, from his corner, was smiling at him, smiling a smile that was as a message and a reassurance. "Oh, you King!" he shouted across the room. "Oh, you Henry!" sang back King, his lips parting in a grin.

Leaving the fieldhouse King came to the door at the same time as McGregor, the big guard. They stood together on the porch a moment. McGregor looked down upon him, his big, bony features of a caveman lit up by the kind twinkle of his little, blue eyes. "How's the muscle?" he asked with the lightly paternal tone of the giant toward his physical inferior, and touched King's stiffened biceps. It was a customary little byplay between them. "Gee," he said; "just like iron; you're down fine."

"Yes," said King, smiling. But the smile left him abruptly as McGregor, turning, went on down the steps ahead of him.

That evening it took him a long time to go to sleep. He lay on his back, staring up at the invisible ceiling; across the darkness of the room there came to him softly Henry's peaceful and even breathing; and he could not rest. He was worrying about his weight. For two weeks now, slowly but with a steadiness that enraged him, he had been losing weight.

It was his last year at the University, and his last chance to make the Team; his last chance to achieve that upon which he had set his heart three years ago, when, a freshman, he had first come out upon the field. For three years he had worked patiently toward it. He belonged to the kind which, evidently not manufactured by Nature for the sole purpose of the gridiron, are a bit too light for the line, and a bit too slow to play behind it. Accepting the fact, he had toiled persistently for three years on the Scrub, his mind set upon achieving the 'Varsity in his senior year, determined that then the efficiency acquired through the long, hard days should overbalance whatever he might still lack physically. His calculation for a time had seemed correct. Each year, as he went out upon the field, he had found himself more valuable; his weight gradually had gone up till it was a bit above the minimum demanded of a lineman. At the beginning of this, his last season, the coaches had placed him at center on the 'Varsity, without question, as a matter of course. The prize at last was within his grasp.

And now he was losing weight! Now, just as at last everything else was right, he found himself confronted by that inexplicable and perverse treachery of matter. Each day as, hoping against hope, he stepped upon the scale, it was to see the shining and incorruptible lever snap up a bit sooner, one mark or two marks farther down the measure.

King growled, kicking off his blanket. And then immediately, remembering; "I must sleep," he said.

But now he was thinking of Lewis. What did it mean, this trying of Lewis at his position at center? He could beat out Lewis there, he felt sure of that. Lewis was not the man to gain in a few weeks the knowledge he, King, had won through years of toil. But why were the coaches trying him there? Did this forebode a series of attempts to fill the position with a heavy man? Had they decided they needed weight there? Did they know about him, King?

He rose, snapped on the light, and went into the bathroom for a glass of water. He stopped a moment as he returned, by Henry's couch, looking down upon the sleeping boy. He slept with his head upon his arm, his blond hair in a mop over his closed eyes, and upon his lips was his slight smile, the smile he always wore in the contest, while tranquilly trampling all the meannesses of the game; the smile that probably would be upon his lips always, disdainful in the bigger game of Life. "The darned kid!" King drawled tenderly, and snapped off the light and crawled back between his sheets.

But Henry had been awakened. "King?" he called out softly; "King?"

"Yes," answered King.

"You're awake, King?"

"Looks like it," said King, a bit brusquely.

"King," began the voice again, "you must sleep, old man. You must sleep."

"Yes," said King.

There was a long silence, across the darkness of which a subtle communication was passing. "How much do you weigh?" asked Henry.

"Sixty-five," said King.

"You'll begin gaining again soon," said Henry. "One is apt to lose at first. But you mustn't worry, King. If you do you're a goner. You'll worry, and then not sleep, and then lose weight, and that'll make you worry some more; you'll be in the endless chain. You must sleep."

"I'm going to," said King decidedly. "Good-night, Henry."

"Good-night," said Henry; "good-night, old man."

And after a while King went to sleep. But he dreamed of running around and around a circle; the circle was made of a chain, in the links of which his feet everlastingly caught.

. . . . . .

For a time the next day King smiled at himself for a worrying old hen. For Lewis, at the practice lineup, was drawn back to his old position at tackle, and King again placed at center. He played well that day, with the elasticity of sinew that comes of secret joy. It seemed good to feel again McGregor's elbow against his rib and to work beneath the approving twinkle of the giant's little eyes. But after the practice, as surreptitiously he tried the scales, he found himself confronted by the sullen bugaboo. He was a half-pound lighter than he had been twenty-four hours before.

For the next two weeks, though, he remained the 'Varsity center. Every day, as, standing in the center of the field, Stannard, the head coach, called out one by one the names of the men for the day's 'Varsity, it was King's name which came first. He was working well. The reward of his three years of plodding toil was now come to him in an effortless surety of judgment which at times astonished him. He handled the Scrub center without difficulty. He covered his territory well on the defense; he made the openings required of him on the offense; he was a reliable, steady, good, average center. The Team this year did not promise to be a brilliant one, anyway. It was light and developing but slowly. Already it could be seen that for success in the final big game it would have to rely upon speed, trick plays and surprises. King was doing as well as any one—with the exception of McGregor, Drake and Henry. The tremendous strength of the first he did not have, nor the lightning speed of the second, and the almost elegant unerringness of Henry, smiling through his work at right end was something subtle and fine-fibered which he knew was foreign to him. He was doing everything that could be expected of him, though, and he was on the 'Varsity. Keeping this in mind he tried to be satisfied; but all the time something was gnawing at him—the knowledge of his steady loss of weight. It was with him as a sense of defection, of secret treachery to his College, to the cause of the Team.

So that the bit of white paper fluttering upon the door of the clubhouse as he came to practice one afternoon faced him like an accusation. The notice ordered the men to report to the trainer for weighing. King's work that afternoon was listless. It was a hot, russet day of the lingering Indian summer, and the air was stifling with the odor of burning leaves. King sweated, panted and worried. After his shower he passed to the scales to be weighed by the trainer.

The man was a little apple-cheeked Irishman, with blinking eyes that never looked at you, and yet read you inexorably. "Light, eh?" he said with the slightest inflection as he wrote down in his little book the record of the scales.

"Never *was* very heavy," said King with attempted unconcern.

"Weighed more last year," sang the little man briskly, passing a sly, averted glance over King's naked form, "weighed five pounds more last year," he said, bending to the scales as McGregor stepped upon their trembling platform.

And King remained there a moment, aghast. The thing had not occurred to him in this guise before—that now he weighed less than the year before, the year in which it had been his weight alone which in the final consideration of the coaches had kept him out of the big game.

The team physician, a few days later, stopped him as he was leaving the dressing-rooms. "King, just a moment," he said. Then, taking him to a corner beneath the staircase: "Why don't you try eggs? Try raw eggs between meals."

"Eggs?" echoed King, with an astonishment more than half feigned.

"Your weight isn't right," said the physician hurriedly. "You've got to gain."

That night King did not sleep at all. The secret was out; they all knew it. The coaches knew it. How much difference would it make? How much importance did the coaches place, in their calculations, upon mere deadweight in the center of the line? And why did he lose; why, day by day, was his weight going down, inexplicably, inexorably? Had he worked too hard on that surveying party last summer? He did not know. He worried. It was as if the prize he had earned so well was now being jerked at tentatively as it lay in his hands. And he had to have it. He had long set his mind on it; it had become a fixed idea, he recognized now. With the coming spring he would leave his college forever, and if he did not make the Team this fall it would be with a sense of defeat that he would enter life. He would enter the big battle of life with a flaw

within him, with self-diffidence, with a secret sense of failure. No, he must make it. He must make the Team. But how? How was he going to combat this subtle, impalpable attack of Fate, this inexplicable treachery of his body. How?

And to his ears, like the rhythm of everything that is desirable, there came the easy, even breathing of the sleeping Henry, of Henry the lucky, who had made the Team when but a freshman, to whom all successes came without effort, heaping in his aristocratic hands as though returning dutifully to their master.

For another week, though, there was no change in the situation. If the coaches knew (and they must know), they had decided to give him a good chance. A chance! He made the most of it. But somehow, although he refused to face the fact, he did not feel so strong as he had been at the beginning of the season. He was no longer handling the Scrub center with ease. On the Saturday he played in the weekly game. It proved a disheartening day. The Team, in contest with that of a smaller college, performed soddenly. Only at the last minute did Drake, with a flash of brilliant form, convert the tie into a victory. It was a victory without satisfaction, however. The Team, plainly, was not "coming on." And King, with all his care and determination, knew that, after all, he had worked but indifferently. A vague listlessness had weighed upon him. He awaited the following Monday with the dread of an impending blow.

The Monday came, and soon the whole college was buzzing with the news of the sensational shakeup. Four of the 'Varsity men had been dropped; three others had been shuffled to new positions. King was among those affected, Lewis again having been moved from tackle to center. And to him the change meant more than it did to the others. Some of the changes, it could be seen at first thought, were disciplinary; they were calculated to restore determination in brilliant players who had become careless. But King knew that he had done his best. He was being beaten by the scales. They began to play a part in his nights; he could see them as he slept, squatting upon his stomach like a nightmare.

For seven long afternoons he sat idle on the sidelines. The last of the reluctant summer had gone, and it was raining now, raining every day, continuously. Seated on the bench along the sideline, motionless and taciturn within the blanket that wrapped him to the eyes, he watched the 'Varsity and the Scrub pounding each other soddenly upon a field that was as a wallow. To his right and to his left extended a line of men wrapped like him in dripping blankets and immobile as statues. At intervals, to the call of the coach, vague in the swelter of water, one of them sprang to sudden life; throwing off his mantle, he splashed joyfully on to the field and took his place on the Team, while the displaced man, with bent back and clodded feet, went drifting away toward the clubhouse. But King's name was never called. He sat there, isolated behind the slanting downpour, as if abandoned, forgotten of the coaches. He watched Lewis closely, and at times ground his teeth at the thought of the chance denied him.

On the following Monday an opportunity came to him in a form entirely unforeseen. He heard his name called by the coach, making up the day's 'Varsity, and found that he was to be tried out at left end, as mate of Henry.

"You see," said the latter that night as they lay on their respective couches, the lights out. "You'll make it yet. All that worrying of yours is useless. They can't keep you off the Team, if you'll stop worrying, and sleep."

"I guess you're right," said King, speaking upward to the darkness. "I guess you're right."

"Of course I am," said Henry, turning on his side.

"It's easy to talk about not worrying," King began again; "you made the Team when a freshman. You don't know what it means to me. It means a lot, whether I make that Team or not. It will make a big difference always—afterward."

"I know," said Henry; "I know, old man. That's why you mustn't worry. Go to sleep."

They held a private practice together in the morning, Henry trying to pass to his friend some of his perfect knowledge of the position. And after that hour's work Henry was also worrying. King had proved unexpectedly slow in covering punts.

It took the coaches just three days to make sure of the same fact. King was not fleet enough for an end. Henry beat him yards in getting down on a punt, and it was only this boy's phenomenal, long side-tackles that several times saved King from being circled. King went back to the sidelines.

"Coach," Said the Specter, "They're Not Squeezing His Knees"

Then they gave him a chance at fullback. He did better there. His long training at center had given him the faculty of "sizing up" a play, of diagnosing instantly an attack; on the defense now he showed up formidable at backing-up the line. Also he was a fair punter. For a time it looked as though he had made it at last. Then the coaches discovered that he was clogging up the offense. He was too slow for Drake and interfered with the latter's lightning dashes.

He went back to the sidelines, for good, it seemed this time. The season was nearing its end; the big game was in sight and the Team about made up. He sat on the bench along the sideline, a very fair statue of Desolation, though he was unaware of it, in the long blanket that covered his head and wrapped him to his feet, motionless in the cold blasts that screeched across the grounds from end to end. There were a lot of pretty sore hearts with his upon that bench. During the first part of the season, when the Team had been yet at the formative stage, the names called out each afternoon by the coach had been apt to be different each day, and before the end of each practice all the men had been given a trial. But it was not so now. The names called seemed always the same. Day after day, now, from the mouth of the coach issued the same inexorable roster, leaving day after day some pretty sick boys upon the bench. King was more hopeless than any; the scales, which he still tried daily, out of habit, were still telling the same tale; he was now at his freshman weight.

So that when, as an unexpected windfall, another chance came to him, he accepted it almost with indifference. Toward the end of a grueling practice the right tackle of the Team went out with a twisted knee. Lewis was dropped into his place and King was given back his old position at center. Immediately, though, he saw that he would not make good. What with the worry, the long, smothered raging at the perfidious trick of Fate, he found that he had lost strength. He could still, digging his cleats in the ground, stop an attack aimed directly at him, but whenever a quick, fierce bound to one side or the other was necessary he found himself wanting. He was not astonished when just a week before the game McGregor was moved to his position, and Dorn, a guard who had done promising work on the Scrub, filled McGregor's place. Right away the change was accepted by the whole college as final. The center trio thus chosen was the strongest combination possible with the material at hand.

"It's all off," said King that night.

"It is not," said Henry stoutly. "You'll play yet; you just see."

"It's all off," King repeated firmly, and for the first time in many nights went immediately to sleep. It was a heavy, torpid slumber that was not refreshing. With the final negation of a year's-long hope there had come to him an indifference, a stupor almost, at which he wondered vaguely.

The last week dragged interminably. The coaches had decided upon a full repertory of trick plays, and the practice was secret. The men worked in an ambient silence; there was no cheer of College voice, of warm human backing. The stands stretched empty to a cold, glazed sky in which a dead sun leered spectrally. The coaches looked worried and spoke to each other in whispers; the only sound was the shrill call of the quarter, a sudden drumming of feet, and the crash of the charge driven home. On the bench sat a long line of impassive figures frozen in their blankets.

On Wednesday, King, going to practice found a notice tacked to the door of the clubhouse. "The following men," it said, "will report at six o'clock at the station prepared for a trip." Followed a list of some thirty names—the line, with substitutes and three full strings of backs. The Team was going away to rest up for the game. King's name was not on the list.

Below was another notice: "The following men will report here at one o'clock Saturday." King's name was on this list.

This was a last humiliation. He was not even one of the first-string men.

He was at the station to see the Team off that night. All the men of the College were there; banked tight in the darkness at the foot of a gothic hall with flaming windows, heads bared to the cold drizzle, as the train pulled out they raised in a powerful surge of faith the soaring chords of their college hymn. King, standing on the station platform, saw one by one the cars glide by; at their windows were men with whom he had worked for months, some for years, but at the end he was not of them. He saw McGregor's face, for the flash of a moment, with its heavy features and twinkling eyes, then Henry's handsome and boyish profile; then there was nothing but a green light gleaming steadily down the track.

"I'd made it if I had been right," he muttered, as though answering an accusation spoken by himself. "I haven't been right. By Jove," he added, feeling his head with a vague wonder, "I don't believe I'm right now."

. . . . . .

The two days that passed before the game were long and strange to King. The cessation of practice had made a vacuum in his routine, and the departure of the Team had left him companionless. Besides, a listlessness weighed upon him. He dragged himself without interest from lecture to lecture, and then back to the dormitory, where he spent the night in heavy torpor. On the morning of the game he woke to find that somehow his head seemed to have swelled during the night, leaving it too heavy for his neck. By the time the game had begun and he lay on the ground by the sideline he was shivering in his blanket, though his face was very hot.

The game began auspiciously enough for the Team. Drake was having one of his brilliant days; fast as a hare and slippery as an eel, he was getting away time after time on long runs through a scattered field. The short onside kick and the forward pass learned in secret practice were working well. Henry was receiving them unerringly; with a smile on his lips he was walking all over his opponent, a man with a tendency to play foul. Within a quarter of an hour of play, Drake, with a long end run, placed the ball on the twenty-yard line, and on the next down sent it with a dropkick fair between the goalposts, netting the Orange four points. A few minutes later Henry, taking the ball on a long, forward pass, swerved by a Blue back, hurdled the next, and went over the line for a touchdown. When the goal had been kicked the Orange had ten points; and thus the half ended.

The Team, steaming like wet straw, trotted off with lowered heads to the high screech of the Stands. The clear yell dropped to an exulting thunder, then to a low, happy rumble, and the fluttering pennons came to rest like tired butterflies. On the sidelines old grads, heroes of bygone days, were slapping each other resoundingly. "Don't smile yet," the coaches were saying with deprecation, but the light in their eyes belied their warning. It was a fine moment for the Orange. The Team was working with a precision unexpected of it, and the heavy and strong Blue eleven, on the contrary, seemed half-paralyzed. Its quarter was running it miserably. Once only, in the middle of the half, had it suddenly displayed a flash of power; in a series of long, smooth leaps it had gone sixty yards down the field before its offense again dissolved into the half-chaotic ineffectiveness which had lasted to the end of the half.

But King was worrying. With the fever there had come to him a singular acuteness of vision; at times the struggle upon the field had seemed enlarged, as though he were looking at it through a telescope. And he had observed

two things: that the young guards of the Team were being outplayed by their heavier and more experienced opponents, leaving the thus poorly-supported McGregor, with all his strength, barely holding his own, and that the Blue quarter had not noticed the fact and had been sending all his attacks at the extremities of the Orange line. "By Jove, I hope they don't buck our center," he muttered to himself; "by Jove, I hope they don't do that." And in his mind, vivid as a hallucination, he had the picture of that long, smooth advance of the Blue team when once, for a moment, in the middle of the half it had got a-going. "By Jove," he repeated, "I hope they don't buck our center." And then, anxiously: "Here comes the rain; it's all off with Drake's long runs."

A gray half-sleet had begun to ooze out of the cold sky. Soon it was coming down in whipping sheets. When the teams came out for the renewal of the struggle they were vague in its swelter. "Good Lord, King!" said a startled voice; "what is the matter with you?"

King looked up to the doctor's face. "Nothing," he said with a twisted smile; "I'm all right."

"You're ill, King," said the Doctor; "you're a sick man. You ought to ——"

But his eyes and his attention had gone back to the field where Drake, receiving the kickoff, had ingloriously slipped, to disappear immediately beneath an avalanche of Blue jerseys. King, wrapping his blanket close about him, stretched himself again on the wet ground and resumed his watching.

He had been wrong in his fears. The game was going on much as before. The Blue team seemed the prey of some strange paralysis; its offense was disorderly and ineffective. Its quarter was still blind to the vulnerable point in the Orange line, to the weak guards, who, as they tired, were being more and more clearly outplayed; he was still sending his charges at the tackles and ends, who shattered them cheerfully. For a time the Orange pressed close to the last white line of the Blue. Then, little by little, an equilibrium was reached. The short onside kick which had gained much for the Team in the first half had been solved now; whenever tried it lit into the receptive basket of two curved Blue arms. And gradually, as the field became more and more slippery with the sleet, Drake's slashing dashes shortened and finally ceased. Three-quarters of the game was gone, and it began to appear as though there would be no further scoring; the stands had settled into a dripping immobility—of security on the Orange side, of hopelessness on the Blue. Unable to gain on each other the teams were now punting. Drake, though tiring badly, was putting the last of his strength in his kicks and was holding his own with Cole, the Blue fullback, so that the teams were oscillating from forty-yard line to forty-yard line. King felt the reality of things leaving him; the spectacle before him was no longer that of a battle of men, but the huge swinging of some cosmic pendulum behind a chaotic haze. Then this also disappeared; he sank into a droning doze.

He woke from it abruptly, every sense on the alert, to the sound of a voice. Right away he knew that voice, the sharp incisiveness of it, the vibrant call within its bugle note; he had heard it before on just such fields—the voice of the general, of the master. It was singing out numbers, just three numbers in succession, but each number was as a rat in the teeth of a dog. And King's eyes opened to see the Blue team going with humped back through the center for a clear five yards. The Blues had sent in a new quarterback.

A vague stir of impending change passed over the stands; the coaches, erect on the sideline, looked at each other uneasily, and King, shaking, raised himself on his right arm. A tremor as of quickening life went quivering through the Blue team. To the lashing call of its new captain it gathered itself like a big, elastic beast. It sprang, and the Orange line fell back in a whirling, disordered mass. And suddenly the Blue team was going again, as in the first half for a moment it had shown it had it in it to do, down the field in long smooth leaps that ate up the sod line after line.

They were using Cole, their great fullback, and punching the center, battering first one guard, then the other, and then sending an attack straight at McGregor, who, unsupported, could not quite hold his own. The signal rang out, the ball moved, and Cole, his bandaged head lowered, his two halves glued to him till the three made one man, came forward with heavy, flat-footed steps and struck the line. There would be a temporary check there as he was tackled, and then, keeping his feet, held up by his two mates, he wrenched himself loose with a powerful heave, and like a bombshell struck Kent, the defensive back, dragging him on like a piece of cloth for another five yards.

"They're letting him get to the line untouched," muttered King anxiously, "and they can't stop him. And Kent isn't squeezing his knees. If his knees were squeezed together he couldn't go on, no matter how much they held him up."

And behind the film of rain he saw the Team sweep by, going backward, a disordered, milling mass into which, with regularity, the Blue attack sank itself with the precise impact of a ram.

In the shadow of its goal-posts, though, the Team made a stand. In the silence which at this crisis had fallen upon the field King could hear its raucous breathing. It held thrice, and Drake, taking the ball, relieved by a long punt to midfield.

Right from here, without a pause, the Blue team started again with lowered head. It was Cole, Cole, Cole, all the time Cole, at the battered center trio. The signal call rang out, the ball moved and Cole, his two mates pasted up against him, his bandaged head very low, moved forward with heavy, flat-footed tread; he struck the line, was checked for an instant, and then, freeing himself with a powerful wrench, burst through like a bombshell, clear to Kent, whom he dragged on at his feet for several yards.

The head coach, squatting with teeth set into a black, extinguished cigar, watching impotently his team going to pieces before him, saw suddenly a white face with shining eyes thrust against his. "Coach," said the specter, "they're not squeezing his knees; let me in, Coach; I'll stop him."

"Good Lord, King," said the coach, the obsession of the crumbling team leaving him for a moment: "Good Lord, what is the matter with you? Lie down; here, lie down"—and turning to the substitutes in a frozen line behind him—"Phillips!" he called.

King moved back and lay down again in the cold muck. And again he saw the Team sweep by, vague behind the curtain of rain except where pale faces flashed.

Phillips, a lean sprinter, had trotted out to take Kent's place. And immediately it was worse. At his first buck, Cole broke loose from him and, staggering, went on to Drake, who had run forward to meet him, for a clear fifteen yards. A new man hastily was sent in. But he could not stop Cole, and a minute later the Blue team, like a juggernaut, had crunched over the last white line for a touchdown.

"Ten to six," said the head coach as the goal was kicked. His face was drawn and his body sagged as though in him were all the weariness of the Team. "Another touchdown does us. How much time? How much time is there left?" he asked tensely.

The assistant coach of whom he asked the question, a big fellow who ten years before had been all-American guard, scanned his stopwatch and then the card on which he had noted the cessations of play. "Eight, seven, five," he mumbled; and then, loudly: "Six minutes! Six minutes, Stannard!"

The head coach ground his teeth. "How are we going to hold them?" he muttered. "How are we going to hold them for six minutes!"

"Fresh men!" suggested the ex-guard vaguely.

"I haven't anything left," said the coach.

The Blue team had taken the kickoff; and now, compact and elastic, with an immense stubbornness within its lowered head, it was again coming down the field in great rammings, pricked at the heart with the feeling of waning time and hungry for the last white line, faint over there in the swirl of the sleet, the last white line, the crossing of which meant victory, adulation, the reward of months of patient toil; behind them, like an urging wall, was a tidal-wave of sound spilled from the high, delirious stands. The coaches of the Orange team, standing with heads close together, were sending out man after man in a last effort to check this advance; but they were at the end of their material; the boys now being sent out were inexperienced, and McGregor, Drake and Henry were fast being battered into exhaustion.

In the circle of their worried heads a spectral face arose. It opened its mouth. "Let me in," muttered King; "they're not squeezing his knees. Let me in behind the line; I'll stop Cole."

"Lie down," said the coach. "Lie down, King; you're sick. It's too late now. Lie—Oh, look at that!"

Cole, whirling like a top with two tacklers on his back, had landed with the ball on the ten-yard line.

"Let me in," repeated King, and his mutter suddenly rose to a cry.

The coach gave a swift look to the big ex-guard. The ex-guard nodded. "Go in, King," said the head coach.

But immediately he was holding back King with fingers sunk into his shoulder. The Blue quarter had tried an end run for diversion, and Henry had promptly spilled it without a gain.

"Two downs!" yelled the coach in King's ear. "They've got only two downs left to make it. Two downs, King!" he shrieked. "Go, now!"

King started toward the Team which, through the rain, seemed far off, and almost instantly found himself within the heat of palpitating bodies, reporting to the referee. His head was incredibly clear. He marveled at it. Henry, squatting at his end, smiled at him. "Give it to them, old boy," he shouted with his light tenor; "ram the Blue bellies!" And he laughed exasperatingly into the sullen Blue line. "They can't make it in seven years!"

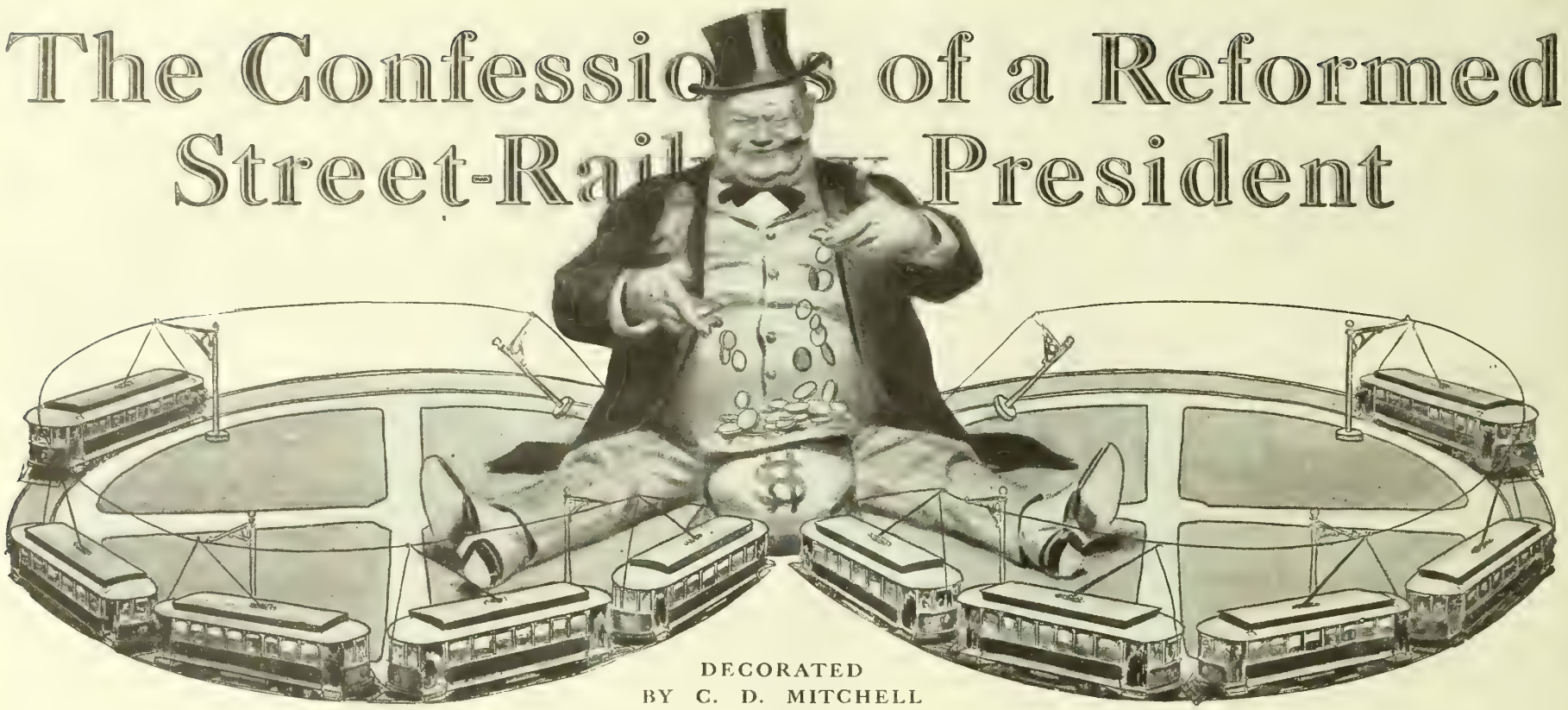
A peace had come to King as he took his position behind his Team, a peace as though after years of wandering he had come home. Slowly he paced along the entire line, from tackle to tackle, his voice toning, like a bell, words of grave exhortation, and his hand, passing from bent back to bent back, felt each stir to the touch. He returned to McGregor and placed his head next to his. "We've got to stop them twice," he whispered; "twice, McGregor! It's you and I; you and I, McGregor!" A low growl answered him. He took his position behind the big center, and beneath his hand, sliding from him, felt like a caress the heave of tensing muscle. Mouth to the sky, tense as a dervish, the Blue quarter was baying his signal. The ball abruptly left the ground and shot backward; Cole took a step forward. "McGregor!" cried King.

And he saw the giant, his two guards borne backward at his sides, hurl himself through the Blue line in a great leap and meet Cole head on. He saw before him the great, straight back straining horizontally, the two feet behind, sunk in the sod. Then the back slowly arched itself to the pressure, the head coming up; one of the feet left its place and came backward, then the other. King threw himself by McGregor's side, wrapped himself about

Cole Was Rising Again Like a Corpse From the Depths of the Sea

(Concluded on Page 53)

The Confessions of a Reformed Street-Railway President



DECORATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

II

FOR five years I was in charge of the property that I had determined to make an ideal street railway. I freely admit that never during the entire five years did I know of a single dishonest transaction by public officials in the town where the road was. Morally, the proposition was as clean as anything could be. During these five years I tried to live up to my ideals, the ones I adopted on the train, and I made a desperate effort to stick to them; but at the end of that time I was obliged to admit myself beaten and badly battered. I am sure that seventy-five per cent of the population of that city considered me a first-class liar and would not believe me under oath. Fully one-half of them must have been convinced that I was a black-hearted villain ready to do any dark deed, and I think twenty-five per cent of them were convinced that I was on the way to the penitentiary and perdition, and I fear some of them actually believe that I did go there.

I was obliged to admit to myself that doing business in a graft town has its advantages, and that there is only one kind of a town in which the electric-railway business can be conducted worse than in a place where graft is king, and that is a town where the officials are strictly honest. It all came about because the city fathers just had to have an object-lesson of their devotion to the "dear people," and because I was honest enough to try and make a success of the electric-railway enterprise placed in my charge, and to try to make a bid for public confidence as well. I certainly did not get it.

Immediately upon my arrival I looked over the situation. I found that the local city cars were the hole through which the owners of the company had been pouring their money—they were a frightful loss. The service had been fairly good; in fact, on most lines the cars were run every ten minutes, although no particular effort had been made to maintain a rigid schedule. The cars were simply started out from the carbarns at intervals of ten minutes, and if some got back three minutes apart and others fifteen, it made little difference.

A Thankless Job in a New Town

THE first problem that confronted us, then, was to try to stop the leak due to loss of operation in city cars, which was sapping the life-blood of the company. I had in mind the resolution I had made that everybody should have a seat, and that I should attempt to give an extra superior service; therefore, the first thing I did was to keep the cars on a rigid schedule, so that they were ten minutes apart all over the line and would pass a certain corner punctually at a certain minute. It took some hard work with the men to bring that about. They resented any such strict discipline. They had been allowed to do as they pleased in the past, and they could see no reason why they should cater to the whims of a foolish young manager. A good many of them insisted that to pass a certain corner at a certain minute could not be done, and it took some severe discipline before I got the fact impressed upon their minds that they had to do so, and could do so. It took a long time to overcome my personal unpopularity so engendered.

The public, on the whole, was rather indifferent. A few noticed the improved schedule, but most people did not. Complaints were just as numerous as they had been. They were glad to have the satisfaction of cussing out the company on any pretext.

Though the exact spacing of the cars and the running of them on a very strict time interval did do some good, and was a great accommodation to the public, it did not increase the number of fares. During the rush hours of morning and evening the ten-minute interval cars were overcrowded, and carried standing loads. At other times during the day the cars usually carried a passenger load of one-fourth their rated seating capacity; and some trips were made without a single passenger. I added, during the rush hours, all the cars I could possibly spare, but the number so added was limited because we did not have many extra cars. Not only were cars entirely too few, but many of them also were badly in need of repair, through past neglect. Occasionally it was impossible to get even enough to fill the regular schedule, not to mention extra cars to be run for the accommodation and relief of the standing passengers. I also discovered that the running of these extra cars for the accommodation of the standing load increased the expenses very materially without adding to revenues. When I made that discovery I immediately changed the schedule so as not to make a bad matter—like the already unbearable daily loss—worse.

I found then that I had struck a hornets' nest. Punitive and corrective ordinances began to be introduced in the city council; and some were passed. One of them compelled us to run cars every five minutes—that is, on paper. As a matter of fact, this same company, today, is maintaining a schedule of its own and running in contempt of the city ordinances, subject to a fine for every day it has done so. This has now been going on for several years. Of course, the city rulers must have realized that they had no chance of enforcing any such ordinance, inasmuch as it was unreasonable, and we did not have cars enough nor money to buy more. We could easily have convinced any court that we were doing all that could be done to satisfy the needs of the public. I mention this as a sample of the foolish and ridiculous laws that are passed on occasion all over the country, and that make an habitual lawbreaker of the average American citizen.

When I discovered that the maintaining of a good schedule did not increase receipts nor decrease expenses, I was obliged to do something else. The situation was becoming serious, and bankruptcy was staring the company in the face. We could not stand the drain any longer; so I decided to brave the fury of the storm and run the cars with the idea of at least stopping the loss. I reduced the schedule from ten-minute service to fifteen-minute service. In this way I was able to get along with a smaller number of cars and, as I gave them slightly more speed, I almost cut the expenses of operation in two. During the morning and evening rush hours I occasionally sent extra cars as they were needed; but at times the extra cars, as well as the regular cars, were jammed full, and there was no help for it. The fact that during the middle of the day, when business was poor, the cars ran less frequently, helped our finances materially.

That slight change in schedule really spelled the difference between bankruptcy and success for the company. Though it seemed to be a small thing to me, it aroused the fury of the public, as I expected it would; and they vented it first on the company, and subsequently on myself as the recognized representative of the company. The newspapers did not hesitate to insinuate that I was a narrow-gauge and measly cur and that I subordinated the public's interests to my own; that I did not care a hoot for anybody except myself, and that I had snapped my fingers in the face of the public and the city administration.

About this time I had a bright idea. I thought that I would convince the people that I was not such a bad fellow at heart. My plan was to gather all the orphans and waifs of the city and give them a lot of free trolley excursions during the middle of the day, when business was more or less slack and cars could be spared readily. I went to considerable trouble to round them all up and entertained them royally. Then I started with the inmates of the city poorhouse, and ended with the insane asylum patients and the old soldiers. Every time I gave one of these free entertainments the city newspapers had three lines about it, and went right on abusing the company and myself. I do not recollect ever having any one express anything except the most perfunctory thanks. I gave up the game of trying to convince the public that I was a human being.

And the Public Just Grinned

SOME time later I had another illustration of the same principle. One bitter-cold day in midwinter, one of my sons, who was then a schoolboy, came home and told me how some of the school children had arrived at school crying with pain resulting from exposure to the weather. Inquiry confirmed this statement, and I decided that here was an opportunity for me to do some real good. By this time I was no longer looking for recognition of humane motives by the public, and was not angling for popularity. I wanted to do something for those poor children, so I issued an order empowering school teachers to give free passes to needy children on cold and stormy days. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I prevented some suffering among the helpless poor, and I received the thanks of the teachers. They, apparently, were the only ones who did not ascribe some ulterior motive to my action; the rest of the public—well, to quote Tom Lawson—"they just grinned."

During the height of the public agitation over the change in schedule we had one of those fatal and unavoidable accidents, which, like a specter, continually haunt the peace of mind of every street-railway official. A child was run over by a car and killed. The fact that the child was a little Russian Jew, five years old, who had been in the habit of running around on the streets unaccompanied and crossing back and forth in front of approaching trolley cars for the purpose of "daring" the motorman, did not make any difference in the eyes of the mob that gathered at once and demanded that the motorman and conductor be hanged. These two entirely innocent persons were rescued with difficulty by a detail of police. The police, with characteristic stupidity, left the car standing in the street where it obstructed all traffic, and carted the conductor and motorman to the police station and locked them up. I was politely informed over the telephone that I was expected to come to the

police station immediately or the patrol wagon would come and fetch me.

From all of this it will readily appear that fatal accidents were not very frequent on this line of railway. If they had happened oftener there would have been less fuss made. An accident is always a cause of much distress to railway officials, for they must witness the suffering of the friends and relatives; besides that, accidents are a reflection on the discipline of the road and on the ability of the manager, and they cost a heap of money. Every accident, .trivial or fatal, causes some railway official many heartaches.

The conductor, motorman and myself were bailed out by trusting friends, and before the charge of willful murder could be lodged against us, the facts above named, to wit: that the child was well known to the crew, and had been in the habit of making faces at the motorman and running in front of his car just for the sheer deviltry of the thing, were brought out. In this case the child had tried to do the same thing, but had miscalculated and became a victim of his own folly.

After that accident no alderman would have considered himself worthy of his place if he had not introduced at least one ordinance designed to prevent future accidents and to make street-car operation absolutely foolproof. There were as many ordinances introduced as there were aldermen, and each one professed to have some sure and specific remedy against future fatalities. Some of them were so utterly absurd as to be actually laughable. Others had some semblance of merit, but no law can or ever will be made which will absolutely prevent accidents. Fenders we had provided long ago—the best that could be obtained; but, of course, after every fatality all the other fender manufacturers are ready to make affidavit that their fender would have saved the victim.

As a matter of course, one of the preventive measures introduced in our city council was the very common one demanding that all cars be equipped with air brakes. Any city in which this ordinance is not periodically introduced must be a back number; and any self-respecting alderman would consider that he had not done his duty unless, at least once during his term, he introduced an ordinance compelling the use of this panacea for street-railway troubles. It might not be amiss here to tell a few plain facts concerning the equipping of city cars with air brakes, as the amount of misinformation on this subject is stupendous.

Some Facts About Brakes

BEFORE Mr. George Westinghouse invented his air brake, trains had no means of interference with their natural progress except the application of hand brakes, which consisted of a regular set of shoes attached to a system of levers, these in turn being attached to a chain wound around a shaft located on the platform of the car. Whenever the engineer wanted to apply brakes he would have to toot his whistle, notifying the train crew of his intention to stop. If the brakeman and the conductor happened to be busy talking to a good-looking passenger in skirts the brakes were not applied until the conversation presented a convenient pause. So the engineer had to toot quite frequently. He not only had to toot every time he wanted to make a stop, but the conductor and brakemen were also supposed to put on the brakes when going down grade and to release them when ascending a grade. On the whole, the arrangement was rather unsatisfactory. If the brakeman in the first car happened to get to his brakes before the brakeman in the last car got through waving his hand at a girl in a farmyard, there was trouble and a disagreeable jolt. Sometimes three to five minutes elapsed before the brakes were set, counting from the time the engineer called for brakes until the train had come to a stop. Mr. Westinghouse, with his air brake, enabled the engineer to apply all the brakes at once, and with the same degree of pressure. There is a very well-known scientific law underlying the application of brakes. According to it, the total amount of pounds pressure applied by the brake shoes to the wheels must not exceed the weight of the car. That is all, but it means a lot. If the pressure should exceed the weight of the car, the brake shoes will lock and the wheels slide on the rails—a condition that may sometimes be observed on railroad cars when brakes are in poor condition. A car will slide a great deal farther than it will roll, so that the proper way to apply brakes is to apply just enough pressure, not too little or too much. Now, in an electric car in city service there is only one set of brakes, and one man to apply them. The correct pressure can be applied to the brake shoes on these cars a good deal more safely with the modern hand brake than with an air brake; in fact, the air brake has no advantage whatever over the newer types of hand brake when used on a single car of the type used for street-railway work. Air brakes, moreover, have disadvantages which are due, principally, to their complicated apparatus, for they require an electric motor, an air pump or compressor, a governor, an air cylinder, valves and piping, whereas the improved hand brakes apply the pressure by means of simple levers, having eccentric drums on which the chain is wound. On a city car a hand brake is safer than an air brake, but when two or more cars are run in a train the air brake is indispensable.

The local politicians took good care to keep my company and myself in hot water continually. They would not permit the company to be given credit for a single decent act. Once the city was building a new bridge across the river, and the car service across this bridge would, of course, have to be abandoned. One of the aldermen called on me and requested that we keep a car in service on the far side of the bridge, so as to accommodate local passengers. I was glad to comply with the request, and did so. Though I had become used to a good deal, I was not prepared to see the scare headlines in the newspapers next day, announcing that the mayor had demanded this service, and had threatened to annul our franchise in case we did not comply with his demand. The fact that the whole matter was a plain lie, concocted to win public applause, and that the bombastic fraud of a mayor had no authority to annul franchises, of course, never occurred to the public.

At one time a delegation of citizens waited on me and requested that the company locate an unused car in the vicinity of the railroad depot, so that when the trains were late in arriving, and there was no street car immediately at hand, the public would have a convenient place to wait, as the depot was over a block from the nearest car tracks. This looked simple enough, and inasmuch as I had available an old car without motors, I took pains to have it fixed up, cleaned and put in safe condition; I placed a stove in it, and located it near the railroad station on a piece of idle track. It took only about a week to raise a howl of protest, for a number of my esteemed fellow-citizens had got it into their heads that this car was a delusion and a snare, and designed to catch nickels from the gullible public. They wrote letters to the newspapers and got after the council to compel us to take this car off the streets. As soon as this howl became very audible I immediately took this car off and returned it to the barns. Then the original set of citizens who had requested it started to make things warm; but by this time I was sick and tired of the whole mess, and the car did not go back. Some more grouches were born through this incident.

The "perfectly honest" politicians, with whom I had hoped to get on the friendliest footing, amused themselves by passing in the city council ordinances designed to extract the last drop of life's blood from the company. Whenever municipal-election time came around they stood up before the people, beat their chests with clenched fists, and shouted at the top of their voices of all the great things which they had done for the public. For myself, I am still wondering what they really did to justify all the outbursts of self-praise. I recollect only a few instances of businesslike administration of municipal affairs, and for every one of these there must have been ten cases of poor administration. The attacks on my company did no one any good. On the contrary, they kept the company in an impoverished condition and impaired its credit so that it was unable to buy new rolling stock. Thus the public had to travel in old, decrepit and worn-out cars, as the direct result of their officers' folly. Besides new cars, the company needed new carbarns, as well as a lot of other things; all of which could not be supplied on account of the lack of earnings.

Honest Blockheads Hard to Deal With

ABOUT this time I was seized with a conviction that there must surely be graft among the councilmen, as the venom with which they attacked us did not look like genuine concern for the public weal. So I put out some discreet feelers; but everything was shut tight, no one was approachable. It was not until long afterward, when my vision had broadened, that I realized the true condition of affairs. They were grafters, after all. Only, instead of trading the interests of the public for money, they swapped it for their personal popularity and political prestige. It came over me like a revelation, and much experience has confirmed the observation. There is so little legitimate inducement for a man to go into politics, and the sense of civic duty seems to be so atrophied in most Americans, that either money or power must be the magnet which draws. Some succeed in getting one, some the other, and a few both; but I am convinced that most often these things are got at the expense of the patient public, always gullible, always ready to be humbugged and plundered.

Another one of the standard amusements of public officials is suddenly to become experts on technical matters. At one time, when we decided to change a certain piece of track, the officials prescribed in detail just how we were to construct our curves, asserting that in the exercise of the police power vested in them they had a right to do so. They would not listen to any arguments and protests that curves could not be constructed in that way. Had we attempted to build as prescribed in their ordinance it would have been the most fearful and wonderful piece of railroad construction in the world; for the curve would have had an actual sharp corner right in the middle of the line of rails. Of course, when we could not and would not follow their instructions we were denounced, and some more sentiment against the "lawless corporation" was created.

In spite of my disagreeable experiences, I never had, nor have I now, any grievance against the public at large. I am firmly convinced that the popular voice is in favor of a square deal, and I should not hesitate a moment to trust the affairs of my company to the unlimited powers of the people if only their intention could be given truthful expression. The anti-corporation sentiment of the hour is a justified and legitimate protest against abuses that have become unbearable, and is directed against the two partners in crime the corporations and the politicians. The

(Continued on Page 37)

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

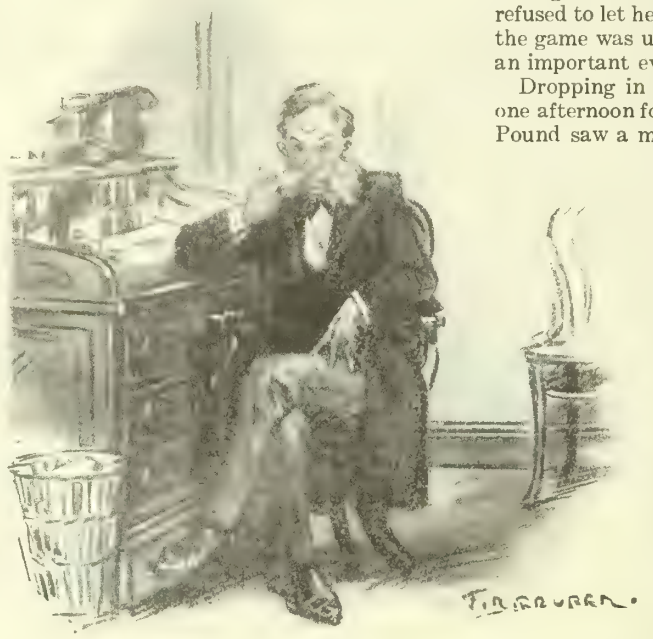
ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

II

STANDING in the dingy hall, Emma peered lingeringly at the neat little roll of fifty-dollar bills nestling in her handbag. She felt a personal affection for them. To divide them with Pound seemed a tragedy, like breaking up a happy family.

But someway she had an instinctive faith that Pound was going to turn out a winner, and she had not gone into this game to quit with a mere thirteen hundred dollars.

She could not reach Pound by telephone. An ordinary messenger might fall into the wrong hands. Yet, if spotters were watching him, he might at any moment hold out a quotation and be caught at it. So she took the slip showing her purchase of Union Pacific, put it against the grimy wall and scribbled on its back, "Spotters. They're on to us. Look out." Then she marched briskly to the telegraph building, went up to the room where he was at work, and silently thrust the message under his nose. He looked at it, at her, nodded, and went on with his work, while she left the office as rapidly as she had entered it.



A Very Dignified Old Boy

The game was up, then. Once more he was merely a telegraph operator and she a young woman out of a job. For a fortnight they remained in that unpleasant position. Then Pound was offered another situation. He explained it to her in the Italian restaurant.

"The man's name is Rexford," he said. "He looks like a hog. He wants me because he thinks he can get me cheap. A bucketshop usually pays an operator forty or fifty per cent more than the telegraph company does. But Rexford don't propose to do anything reckless like that. He offers me an advance of ten dollars a month. He's going out to Omaha to open a bucketshop, and then he's going to have half a dozen other shops out in the state—at Fremont, Hastings, Grand Island and so on. Those other shops are going to be run as though they were independent concerns. I suppose his idea is, if the customers of one shop make a great big winning, he'll let that shop fail and so beat the customers out of their money. I'm going to handle the quotations for him—send them out, from Omaha, over his private wire to Fremont, Hastings and so on."

His round, gray eyes twinkled mildly, and he was grinning behind his beard like a man in high good humor.

"You see," he explained dryly, "there are no tickers in those country towns—nothing to check up the quotations by, so I can send 'em out a good deal as I please." He put a large hand up to his mouth to muffle a laugh. "I can hardly help laughing," he said, "when I think what we'll do to Mr. Rexford—me at the wire in Omaha and you out at Fremont or Hastings."

At Omaha the Rexford Commission Company received its stock quotations direct from New York by a drop from the "C N D" wire. As the figures were chalked up on the blackboard there, Pound repeated them over the private wire to the allied offices—but not always accurately. If he sent out, for example, "SR SR s.23 GN 186," the operator thought that meant simply, "Southern Railway has sold at 23; Great Northern now sells at 186," and that Pound had stammered a bit over the "Southern Railway." But to Emma, sitting demurely in the Fremont bucketshop and carefully listening to the telegraph instrument, it meant, "Great Northern has been going down and I have been holding out the quotations on it, so sell some."

Beating Mr. Rexford's bucketshops by this method was so easy that it was almost humdrum. Save for the money it brought in they might almost have given it up as a bore. There was hardly a check upon Pound. The only record of what he sent consisted of the chalkmarks on the Fremont blackboard, which were wiped out at the end of the day's trading. He could hold out a quotation on a rather inactive stock for hours together, and had such freedom in arranging signals that he could almost visit with Emma over the wire.

In fact, it was too easy. That was its fatal defect. They tried to restrain themselves in order to avoid arousing suspicion. But Emma won so persistently that the manager of the Fremont office simply refused to let her trade any longer. Again the game was up. Before that, however, an important event had happened.

Dropping in at the barroom of a hotel one afternoon for a little social relaxation, Pound saw a man who stood at the end of the bar over a glass of beer. At the same time the man saw Pound. He was a little the elder of the two—tall, lean, round-shouldered, his mouth covered by a bushy, red mustache. He was noticeably frayed and seedy; a much-faded derby hat perched rakishly on the back of his head. His name was Hamilton, and he had been associated with Pound in a certain wire-tapping enterprise which had turned out unfortunately for the latter. Pound saw at once that Hamilton recognized him; also, that Hamilton was on his uppers. So he went over promptly, holding out his hand, saying cordially: "Why, Ham, how are you?"

Hamilton as promptly took the outstretched hand. "Says I to myself," he said humorously, "there's Johnny Pound to the life."

"You were wrong," Pound replied easily. "It's Johnny Roth." He took the man companionably by the arm, led him to a table in the adjoining grillroom, and ordered a bottle of champagne.

"Coming that easy for you, eh?" Hamilton commented, and his grin was all the franker because a sort of open envy appeared in it. They talked for more than an hour. Hamilton told his hard-luck story humorously; said he was up against it; guessed he'd have to try once more to get a job pounding a telegraph key.

Pound's heart expanded. Of the gang which had left him to hold the bag, he regarded Hamilton as the least treacherous; and he could realize how this other man loathed to shut himself up in a den, drearily rattling a telegraph key all day for board and clothes.

"Don't do it, old man," he said quickly. "I can put you on to something. Let me give you a boost now." He took a roll of bills from his pocket and peeled off three tens.

Hamilton's bony hand closed over the money and for a moment he regarded Pound with a dumb eloquence of gratitude. Indeed, when he glanced down his eyes were misty. "All right, Johnny," he said simply; "you'll find me right on the job whenever you want me."

Now, the same signals which Pound sent to Emma at Fremont would answer for Hamilton at Hastings. It wouldn't hurt her game much if Hamilton was playing it a little farther along the line. It would be about like taking so much money out of the air for Hamilton—who would naturally divide with him. That was the way it had appeared to Pound at first blush. Yet by the time he reached his modest boarding-house he was very thoughtful. Emma had not only been square with him, but she had brought him luck. Next day he sent her a telegram, and when she appeared in response to it he told her frankly about Hamilton. This event made a deep impression upon Emma, showing her where the security of her position lay, and where the insecurity.

Only three days later the Fremont manager refused her trades. The game was up.

"They haven't caught on," she said, "but they suspect something. They'll be firing Hamilton out of the Hastings office next, or they'll be firing you out of this office. It's up to us to make a new move, Johnny."

Pound listened to her with a divided mind. He was, in fact, much surprised. She had written him the day before to meet her that afternoon at the Paxton Hotel in time for dinner, and when she stepped into the parlor he was really astonished. For she was no longer dressed like a nurse. He didn't know what the soft stuff of her gown was, nor how it was made, but he knew it was very becoming. Her hair was done differently, too—in a classical sort of way that not only matched her close little hat with black velvet wings, but made her look younger and more piquant. He had no suspicion of how outrageously she had bullied the saleslady, the fitter, the milliner and the hairdresser in order to achieve this effect within a single day; but the effect was not lost upon him. She had not meant that it should be. As they walked down the dining-room he saw a number of men turn to look after her.

"It's up to us to move, Johnny," she repeated, as though she were quite unaware that she had surprised him. "I tell you, we've been playing the wrong end of this game—the pickers' end. That old geezer Rexford is making money right along in spite of the way we skin him. Up there at Fremont the suckers fairly fall over each other to lose their spare cash. We want that end of the game. We've got to have a bucketshop of our own."

Than she unfolded her plan, which was nothing less than that Pound should induce Rexford himself to back them in the venture.

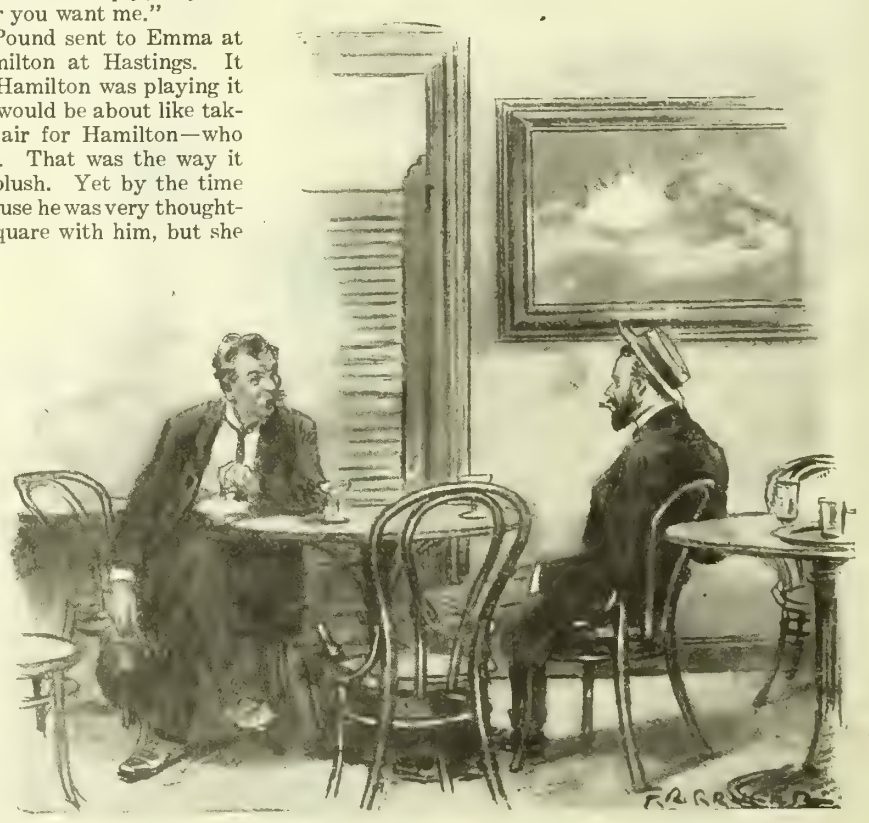
"That old hog!" Pound exclaimed incredulously. By this time he found himself hating Mr. Rexford very cordially. The bucketshop man's recipe for dealing with subordinates was very simple. He just bullied them. Pound would have found the situation unbearable but for the sweet consolation that, while he took Rexford's insults with one hand, he robbed him with the other.

Emma, however, persisted. Rexford was then making money in his bucketshop, she urged, so he must think well of bucketshops generally; Pound had kept on the right side of him and could get still closer to that side. "You can work him all right, Johnny," she urged confidently. "You say yourself he's a fathead, and what are fatheads for but to be worked? I'll tackle him myself! Just introduce me to him as a widow who's anxious to invest her life-insurance money to good advantage. I'll bet I can bring him over."

The suggestion was repugnant to Pound in a way he would not have expected the day before. He was acquainted with Mr. Rexford's reputation for a sort of gutter gallantry. He suspected that this dusky, vivid person at whom men glanced over their shoulders could persuade Rexford; but the idea of her doing so was disagreeable. It evoked, in fact, something like jealousy.

"I'll tackle him myself," he said briefly.

Mr. Rexford was then fifty-five years old—a heavy, mussy, fussy person, addicted to wide slouch hats, long frock coats and low vests that displayed a good deal of linen which was no better than it should have been. He was nearly bald and carried a roll of fat on the back of his neck. He was always lumbering about the office, with an



Hamilton Told His Hard-Luck Story Humorously

eye to economy, getting himself into a stew over trifles. He was naturally suspicious, yet very conceited—therefore grossly open to flattery. Pound took his time in working up to the proposal.

He could borrow five thousand dollars from his uncle, he said, and they would form a separate company to operate in some different field, he putting in five thousand and taking a quarter interest, while Mr. Rexford put in fifteen thousand and took a three-quarter interest. Mr. Rexford, who by that time thought very well of his excessively deferential telegraph operator, listened tolerantly to the proposal.

They had called Hamilton in from Hastings, for it wouldn't do to take any chance of Rexford getting suspicious at that stage. Thus a difficulty confronted them. Pound was agreeing to put in five thousand dollars; but they had only thirty-seven hundred, out of which Emma and Hamilton must live until the new concern got started. They were rather confident, however, that they could bluff it through at the last moment.

While the negotiations were going on, Emma decided to run back to Chicago. She could live cheaply there, she said, and she had nothing to do in Omaha. Pound was rather loth to have her go. As she had been unemployed of late they had, naturally, seen a good deal of each other—dining together, going to the theater and so on. She was good company. He felt that he would be sort of lonesome without her.

Three weeks later she received a telegram from him, and took the first train for St. Paul. He met her at the station, and the moment she saw him her eyes lit up. In the first place, he had shaved off his beard. That made him look younger and revealed a strong, well-modeled chin and humorous mouth which fairly redeemed his big nose and bushy eyebrows. In the next place, he was very well dressed, and that further improved his appearance. She rather guessed why he had done these things. Then, he strode along the platform with his chin up like a man who not only knew his way, but proposed to take it. "I've made a winner of him, too!" she thought.

In the snug intimacy of the cab he twinkled at her a moment, and even grinned a little, like a man in high good humor. It made her almost ready to laugh herself, for she had seen him in high good humor before.

"Well," he began genially, "we've had a high old time. You see, I'd been licking Rexford's boots for a month, abjectly deferring to him in everything, going around him with my hat in my hand, and I thought I'd quite won the old hog's heart. I thought he regarded me as a favorite son and would almost hand over his bank account if I asked for it. Then, just after you left, he told me he'd decided to have his brother-in-law, Mr. Moxley, take hold with me in managing the new concern—naturally, so as to make sure I didn't steal anything!"

He tipped back his head and laughed with much relish but little noise. "Of course, coming from papa, that was quite a jolt to me, but all I could say was that I thought it would be just the thing. This fellow Moxley is about sixty—a very dignified old boy. He has beautiful, iron-gray side whiskers and glittering false teeth and a head like a cigar-sign Indian. He knows just two things—to stroke his whiskers when he wants to look thoughtful, and to show his false teeth when he wants to look friendly. Well, Brother Moxley and I came up here and decided on this location, and everything went swimmingly. I rented an office, and the deal was all ready to close up."

He put his hand to his face and muffled a laugh behind it. "You see," he went on, "I had left the legal details to Rexford—getting the company incorporated and so on. He proposed to call it the Moxley Stock and Grain Company, which was as good a name as any other. So we were ready to start the thing going, and Rexford came up here with his lawyer. That was Tuesday. We got together and then I sprung my little joker. I told Rexford I was very sorry, but my uncle had sent on only thirty-five hundred dollars, saying he would send the rest in a fortnight, so I would just turn in thirty-five hundred in cash and my note for the other fifteen hundred. I expected there would be a row over that, but to my surprise Rexford said it would be entirely satisfactory to him."

He stopped to laugh again, drawing his heavy eyebrows together as though the joke really hurt him. "And then," he continued, "Rexford sprung his little joker. He said he'd been hard hit at Omaha, which was a grotesque lie, and could put in only four thousand dollars in cash at the moment; but he would give his note for the other eleven thousand. I'd played right into his hand; he was giving me back my own card! I guess I turned three shades of green; but I couldn't do a thing except grin and take my own medicine. So, the capital of the company consists of seventy-five hundred dollars in cash and my note for fifteen hundred and Rexford's note for eleven thousand. But, you see, Rexford has three-quarters of the stock and I only one-quarter. So he could outvote me at every turn. And he calmly proceeded to elect Moxley president of the company at a salary of three hundred dollars a month, and me secretary at a salary of one hundred dollars. Also, he adopted a set of by-laws which put all the money absolutely under the control of the president. I can't sign a check for a postage stamp. And I had to sit there like a bear tied to a stake and grin and take it!"

Pound's merriment fairly passed control. He tipped back his head, shaking with laughter. "There's right where Rexford puts me off, you see!" he gasped. "That's my wages for licking his boots! He's got the game all framed up to suit himself! He's thrown me down at every turn and got me safely sewed up in a sack—and then, you see, he's gone back to Omaha and left a pair of side-whiskers and a set of false teeth to keep me sewed up!"

He Could Borrow Five Thousand Dollars From His Uncle

She saw the point instantly, and restrained an impulse to throw her arms around his neck from pure joy in the joke. Bending toward him, her eyes sparkling, she laughed and put her tongue to her teeth in a manner sometimes used by children to indicate derision. Pound wiped his eyes, sobering, and went on with the explanation:

"We've decided to open only two outside offices at first, as we're rather short of cash. They're to be run ostensibly as independent concerns on Rexford's old plan, and I've agreed to handle the quotations from here—to save an operator's salary, you know." He grinned broadly. "That really charmed Mr. Moxley. I've already worked Hamilton in to run the Long Falls office. He agreed to do it for only eighteen dollars a week, and that charmed economical Mr. Moxley, too. Moxley himself has picked out a man to run the Wyandotte office—a cheap and more or less chuckleheaded man named Brown. With you at Wyandotte listening to the wire, and Hamilton running the Long Falls office, and me handling the quotations here, we'll see how long it takes us to trim Brother Moxley's whiskers. You might excuse a couple of really bright men for trying to do you up; but for a fat old slob and a wooden Indian to try it is humiliating. I'm anxious to get at 'em." Emma perceived that he was, in fact, hungry to begin his profitable revenge.

The career of the Moxley Stock and Grain Company, however, was rather longer than Pound had expected. As soon as the Wyandotte and Long Falls offices were open the usual flock of suckers appeared to play the market. If they dealt in stocks they almost invariably bought—that is, bet that stocks would rise. But if they dealt in wheat they often sold—that is, bet that wheat would fall—for that neighborhood had just gathered a large harvest. The stock market was falling, so four-fifths of all the money that outsiders pushed across the counter at Wyandotte and Long Falls to bet on stocks remained with the company. But the wheat market occasionally fell, too, so sometimes an outsider won on that.

Pound, in his eagerness for revenge and his utter contempt of Moxley, played a crude game. He would hold back quotations on a stock until it had fallen over a point; then flash Emma and Hamilton a signal to sell. Sometimes, if the stock rose a little after they had sold, thereby diminishing their gains, he would send in a perfectly bogus quotation. Emma protested that he was going too fast. Often she would sell only a hundred shares when he wanted her to sell two or three hundred.

At Wyandotte these larcenous transactions had an appearance of regularity, for they were made by Emma, who seemed to be a mere outside speculator. But at Long Falls Hamilton had no confederate. He made the bogus deals himself under the name of a dummy, and Hamilton had no conservative scruples against stealing the money as fast as Pound wanted him to.

At the end of ten days, in spite of Pound's gross manipulation, the Moxley Stock and Grain Company was still on its legs—thanks partly to the money that the suckers handed in. It was very near the end of its bankroll, however. Pound proposed to wind it up. So he wrote Emma and Hamilton that they must buy or sell five hundred shares on every signal. The next morning he received this letter from Emma:

Got your letter, but didn't make a trade today. This shebang has only eight hundred dollars left in the bank, and if it settled with what few outside customers have won it wouldn't have much of anything. I know, you see, for I've sort of got next the boy who keeps the books. I'm nervous. A fat old boy has been rubbering around here all day. Don't like him. Never did like pork. Looks to me as though he was too thick with the manager here—Moxley's man, you remember. I'm suspicious. Let's go slow a bit.

Pound read the letter at breakfast and was angry. He had put over a couple of big ones the day before. If Emma had played them he thought the concern would be about broke by now. But here she had been holding off—because she saw a fat man! In his vexation he imputed this to the constitutional weakness of her sex. His own mind was not set precautionary-wise, but in a quite opposite direction.

As it happened, the market hung in a balance that forenoon. There was no chance to make a good, sure trade. This further annoyed Pound. A little after one o'clock a telegram from Emma, sent over the public wire, was handed him. It read:

Pork went to Long Falls on the night train.

Pork obviously meant the fat man; but why in the world was the woman so exercised about him that she had looked up his movements? He wondered rather sarcastically, and then a sudden intuition flashed the answer into his brain. A fat, porcine man. It was Rexford!

The situation lay open before him as though a curtain had rolled up. Stupid old Moxley hadn't been so completely taken in, after all; he had finally conceived a belated suspicion of something crooked; he had notified Rexford about those ruinous short sales at Wyandotte and Long Falls; Rexford had smelled the right mouse at once and set out to investigate on the spot.

Now, at Wyandotte Rexford was at a disadvantage, for there the bogus transactions looked regular, and Emma could be trusted not to give herself away. But at Long Falls, where the manager himself made the bogus deals under a dummy name, the fraud was palpable. Anybody who got hold of the books and then inquired for a non-existent "G. W. Jones" could detect it. And Hamilton was a weaker vessel than Emma.

Dropping the telegram, Pound reached to his key, called the operator at Long Falls and asked for Hamilton. The

(Continued on Page 56)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 9, 1909

After the Vacation

VACATIONS are over by this time and the yearly post-vacation myth is in vigorous circulation. Some fakes about the country have perennial currency. But one fake belongs peculiarly to the month after vacation. You hear Charley saying: "Oh, I slept like a top and had the appetite of a harvest-hand; got up every morning with my head clear as a bell, my nerves firm as iron, my whole system tingling for grub and exercise. There's something about the pure air, the open view, the rural calm that always affects me that way. If only a man could feel that well in town! . . . Why, I've had a couple of highballs, but I guess one more won't hurt. Anybody got a cigarette?"

It was not the air or the lush meadow, or even the leafy wold or purling brook, O Charles! It was the regular hours, the reasonable amount of daily exercise in the open, and the sixteen miles that separated thee from the nearest bar. You can really feel just about like that in the corrupt and murky town if you care to pay the heavy price of taking daily exercise, going to bed on time, and supporting your sociability on the clear water and cool buttermilk which were your only potations in the country. It is not a question of geography but of habits.

In Touch With the People

"IT WILL certainly," observed the President, speaking of his extensive journey, "give me a much more accurate impression of the views of the people in the sections that I visit. Personal touch between the people and the men to whom they delegate power conduces to a better understanding."

Although this opinion of the value of Presidential journeys is not the one commonly held, it may be sound. Mr. Taft will speak, in a personal, informal way, with several thousand Republican Senators, Congressmen, chairmen, vice-chairmen and secretaries of Republican central committees. As he hears them express their views upon their native heaths—in Buffalo, Winona, Denver and so on—he may get a more accurate impression than he did when the same men expressed the same views to him at Washington. There is something, of course, in environment. When transported from its native soil to the White House a view may lose something of clarity and force. On the other hand, we should think the executive office a more favorable spot for gathering clear impressions than a crowded hotel reception-room.

As to the views of the sort of people whom the President does not constantly see in Washington, all that he will hear from them will consist of such brief expressions as: "Hi yi! Hoo-ray! Whoop-e-e-e!"

But a great many people will get a human impression of the President—which justifies the trip.

In the Interior Department

MR. BALLINGER, no doubt, had a reputation as a lawyer. Otherwise President Taft would hardly have made him Secretary of the Interior. We seem to remember a statement that his father studied law in the office of Abraham Lincoln; but it may have been the father of the Secretary of War, or the office may have been that which Lincoln formerly or subsequently occupied. Beyond this, so far as we are aware, the public knows nothing about him. Mr. Pinchot, on the other hand, the public does know rather well as a notably able and loyal public servant. In any difference between the unknown Secretary and his well-known subordinate of the Forestry Bureau the latter naturally must have all the advantage that properly belongs to a well-established reputation. The criticism of Mr. Pinchot, as we understand it, is that in doubtful cases he has been inclined to strain his authority beyond the point that a rigid interpretation of the statutes would permit, in order to preserve public property from rapacious private hands. It is exactly on that understanding that the public thinks so well of him. This fault in the Interior Department possesses not only a utilitarian value but the charm of novelty. Until recently the straining has all been in the opposite direction. Historically that department had been a wide-open back door for the removal of public goods. A freight car might be laden there with neatness and dispatch. If, now, one of its servants is even over-zealous in the matter of scrutinizing callers the fault might easily be forgiven him.

A Job for Congress

IT IS discovered that this country has fallen shamefully behind in the important matter of aerial navigation. At this moment the French, it is alleged, are making at least a dozen aeroplanes to our one, while the Germans have far outstripped us in the manufacture of dirigibles.

This condition is alarming. The Stars and Stripes, already practically banished from the sea, are at the point of practically disappearing from the air. It is not likely, however, that American statesmanship will remain indifferent to so humiliating and injurious a prospect, when a perfected apparatus for placing America in the front rank is right at hand. No doubt an Airship Subsidy Bill will be introduced at the next session of Congress and be stoutly backed by that important contingent in both Houses which believes that the American manufacturer, with a pipe line to the Treasury, is fully the peer of any French, German, Chinese or Patagonian rival.

A simple governmental bonus of fifty cents for each mile of flight would soon place us far in the lead of every other nation. The air would become as full of Stars and Stripes as though the Government had hired a boy to wave one of the national emblems from the top of every building on the continent. Whether the Airship Subsidy should come in as a separate measure, or as an amendment to the bill for fostering a merchant marine, is a mere tactical detail. Exactly the same principle is involved in both cases.

The Church and Charity

MANY good people regret that organized charity, which was for so long peculiarly a function of the church, has largely passed over to civics. In accounting for the great hold that the church for centuries had upon the mass of the people allowance must be made for the fact that nearly all systematic or constant relief for poverty and material distress came through the religious institution. Nowadays the church's part in that field is relatively small. The important charitable concerns are often agencies of the political power or voluntary associations of citizens professing no attachment to a church. In either case their activities carry no religious suggestion. One of the standing businesses of every large community is to organize its charity—to provide systematic means of collecting money from the well-to-do and disbursing it for the needy. This office is, at any rate, a practical expression of the idea of human brotherhood, and to express that idea is one of the objects of the church. To expect the church to furnish an organization for the community's charity might seem as reasonable as to expect the doctors to take charge of sanitation. Of course, no such inclusive overseeing by the church is possible at present, for the reason that there is no inclusive church organization.

A Democratic Mystery Explained

ANXIOUS Inquirer writes: "Was the recent conference which assumed to speak for the Democratic party a political gathering or a spiritualistic séance? It spoke about issues of the day, such as the income tax and the tariff. On the other hand, it emitted ghostly sounds about state sovereignty and 'strict construction' of the Constitution. Of course, those things interested Thomas Jefferson a hundred years ago; and I admit that, spiritualistically considered, a message from Jefferson would be far superior to the usual one from Little Bright Eyes, the Indian maiden. But, if the conference were going in for that sort of thing, why didn't it have a communication about nullification from John C. Calhoun? Jefferson died twenty-four years before Calhoun, and 'strict construction' is certainly no deader than states' rights. A mediumistic power that could reach the one should have been able to fetch the other. Again, if it was a séance, why put in the up-to-date reference to income tax?"

Doubtless the same question has troubled others. We will explain. Being held in New York the conference was naturally regardful of the chief city of that state; and it is well known that under the Tammany régime large numbers of dead men vote there at every election. The "strict construction" declaration was put in, without doubt, for the delectation and allurement of this important defunct constituency. We understand Tammany lieutenants had reported a suspicion that the elder deceased might be drawn away by some cunning Republican plea in behalf of our infant industries. Of course, in the country at large, where the function of tombstones is strictly memorial and not elective, the states'-rights plank will be ignored.

The Lords and the Budget

AS A LANDMARK in British history the budget with which Parliament has been struggling all summer may prove hardly less memorable than the Reform Act of 1832, or the repeal of import duties on grain. With some reason, the conservatives call it, not a revenue bill, but a revolution. On large incomes it increases the tax slightly—three pence more in the pound, for example, on an income of thirty thousand dollars. On estates exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars death duties also are somewhat increased. But, most important, it proposes to tax the unearned increment in land. Of the future rise in the value of real estate one-fifth is to go to the state; while improvements made by the tenant and falling to the landlord at the end of the lease are taxed ten per cent. Remembering that the upper chamber of Parliament is a "house of landlords," its members owning a fourth of the soil of England—the average holding of a duke being a hundred and forty thousand acres, of a marquis forty-seven thousand acres, of an earl thirty thousand, of a viscount and baron about fifteen thousand—it is easy to understand the conservative fury with which this budget is assailed. It is a well-settled principle of Liberal politics, however, that the House of Lords is always amenable, not to reason, but to fear. It cannot be persuaded into doing anything, but it can be bullied into doing everything. Prior to 1832 less than three hundred persons, largely peers, dictated the election of a majority of the House of Commons. Yet the lords passed the Reform Act which put an end to that agreeable prerogative—after rioting had reached a stage that terrorized the King. To the voice of the people, when it howls, the lords will ever bow.

The Supply of Money

TWO years ago, if you remember, there was a panic. For a long time money had been unusually tight all over the United States. Merchants of the highest credit had to pay six and seven per cent interest. Often it was difficult for them to get, at any interest rate, the accommodations which their business required. Leading banks nearly everywhere were striving to reduce loans. The business of the country had outrun its money supply, and the pressure upon credit had grown to a decidedly uncomfortable degree. Such was the condition that prepared the ground for the panic. Although that condition had been of long duration the supply of money in the country had increased very little in the year preceding the panic. The amount of national banknotes outstanding had risen barely twenty million dollars, or less than four per cent.

For more than a year now money has been exceedingly easy. This summer it could be had on call in New York at one and a half per cent, or on merchants' paper at three to three and a half. Instead of seeking to reduce loans the banks were seeking some use for their surplus funds—one result of which was the great speculation and rise in stocks.

But, though money has been redundant, the supply of it has increased faster than in the year when it was painfully scarce. Within a year the amount of banknotes outstanding has risen forty million dollars, or twice as much as in the ante-panic year. We get an increased money supply exactly when we don't need it.

A central Government bank will provide the best means of regulating the supply of currency in conformity with the needs of business instead of in contradiction to them. An elastic currency will not cure all monetary ills, nor will a block-signal system absolutely prevent railroad wrecks. But both help.

A Picture Explained

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of September 11th there appeared an article entitled The Autobiography of a Show Girl, with which we published several photographs, which, though in no way connected with the text either in subject or by legend, were selected to give our readers a peep behind the scenes of Musical Comedy.

We are informed that the picture which appeared at the beginning of that article, entitled A First Rehearsal, is not a picture of a musical comedy chorus rehearsing, but that it is a photograph of the members of the Metropolitan Opera House School for Music, of the term of 1908-09, singing in chorus. The mix-up occurred through an error on the part of the photographer, and we are glad to take this opportunity of correctly labeling the picture.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

A Golden Silence

IT MAY be that another telegraph operator became a United States Senator. I do not know, although I do know of telegraph operators who rose to dizzy heights of fame. There was one who became a Postmaster-General, and one who accumulated many tons of money in the iron business and established a great reputation by giving away a pound of it, now and then, first making sure his name was embossed on every dollar and that said name should be cut in enduring letters above the doors, windows and on the cornices of the resultant buildings.

The fact is immaterial, and shall be pursued no further. It is merely one of those bits of intimate personal history we all love to read, a paragraphical rattling of the skeleton, so to speak; set down to show how much one knows of the subject at hand; a little trick of the Biographers' Union, imparting a pleasant authoritativeness. When you begin a story about a grand opera star by saying: "Madame Tutti, the great diva, always smokes a long, black cigar before breakfast"; or slapdash into your tale with the assertion: "Chauncey M. Depew likes tarragon vinegar on his ice cream," why, that proves a lot.

Wherefore, George S. Nixon, Senator from Nevada, used to be a telegraph operator—and there you are. Now, far be it from—far be it from—to detract a jot or tittle from Senator Nixon's celebration in this regard. If he is the only telegraph operator who rose to be United States Senator, all well and good. If not, kindest regards to the others. Life, in these days of nailing things to the North Pole and nailing rival explorers elsewhere, is too full of excitement to waste time verifying. Laying that record aside, if the record is wholly the Senator's or if somebody made the dash before him, there is one place where he is supreme, one place where he stands alone.

During those dire days—as the editorial writers said—when the Senate was discussing the tariff, those eighty-nine dire days, to be exact—and everybody in the Senate was so frenzied, and everybody outside the Senate, especially in the Great Corn Belt, was so calm, there were ten million words spilled beneath that glass ceiling, ten million long, short and medium words, ten million plain, fancy, decorated and undecorated words. Let me make it plain. The statesmen talked ten million words of tariff talk. Do you get that? Spilled that much language. And of the ten million about two million were spilled by Senator La Follette, and various other amounts by various other Senators, grading down, by easy stages, to George S. Nixon, Senator from Nevada. He spilled exactly one hundred and forty-eight.

Nixon's Shining Example

THAT is the great accomplishment. Beat it—tie it—if you can! There they stand, on page 2234 of the Congressional Record, this brave little array of words—one hundred and forty-eight. Good words, too; about antimony ore and why there should be a tariff on it in order to perpetuate the Grand Old Policy of Protection and enable "some interested parties" to open a property that had been closed.

Now take it this way: Suppose, instead of gabbling ten million words, the ninety-two Senators had followed the peerless leadership of George S. Nixon and had contented themselves with one hundred and forty-eight each. The tariff would have been settled in two days instead of in three months, and peace and contentment would have brooded over this fair land of ours until, of course, the arrival of Messrs. Cook and Peary scared the brooder off the nest.

Scorning the temptation to make it an even one hundred and fifty, George S. Nixon contributed his one hundred and forty-eight words and sat down. He said what he had to say and quit, totally unlike most of his colleagues, who said what they had to say, what they didn't have to say, what they thought they had to say, and, finally, when they had nothing further to say, said that. A man of few words. Just so! A man of 1,999,852 fewer words than La Follette, for shining example.

And while on this subject of millions let us glide gracefully from words to dollars, an easy conversational glide, but a tolerably rough financial one. The Senator may have had only one hundred and forty-eight tariff words tucked away, but when it comes to dollars he can go a long distance in matching each word of the Senatorial output with a Nixon dollar. You see, he is, or was, a mining king. He has abdicated, in a way, now, and is not so deep in mining; but when he abdicated he took the money along with him. After a man gets more than a million dollars it is futile to speculate on how rich he is. It is all comparative. Nixon is rich, good and rich, even when stacked up against other Senatorial mining kings, like Guggenheim, of Colorado.

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Didn't Take Up the Senate's Time

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Nixon never was a miner. His money came from buying mines, or claims, after they had been discovered. This is how: He was born in California, in 1860, where his father had a fruit ranch. He could nail up fruit boxes faster than any of the other boys when he was a lad, and he worked at that during the picking season. When the fruit was ripening he shot the birds that destroyed the fruit. A man made him an offer to shoot quails for the mining camps, paying him a dollar and a half a dozen for them. Thus, his box-nailing ability and his expertness with the shotgun gave him employment, and by the time he was nineteen he had a few hundred dollars.

Then he went into a railroad station and learned telegraphy and moved along until he reached Humboldt, Nevada, where he had an offer to go into a bank in Reno. He made some real-estate turns, and a few years later formed a company and opened a bank of his own at Winnemucca. Now he has a chain of banks, with a big one at Reno. All this time he had been staking prospectors and buying claims after they had been located. He had made money with his banks and had gone extensively into real estate and cattle, but most of his mining investments had been losses.

One night, not long after the discoveries at Goldfield, Nixon was in San Francisco. A man he knew came along and told him there were thirty-three claims at Goldfield worth buying, and that Nixon could have a quarter of them for five thousand dollars. Nixon bought the quarter, and later bought another quarter for forty-five thousand dollars. This made his total investment fifty thousand dollars at the start. The claims he bought developed into what is now the Goldfield Consolidated property, and Nixon got rich so fast he couldn't keep track of his money.

In Senator Stewart's Old Place

IT IS the classy thing to come to the Senate from Nevada, if you are a millionaire, and Nixon decided he had class. So he served a term in the Nevada Legislature, and when it came time to reëlect or retire William M. Stewart, Nixon saw to it that Stewart was retired, and entered the Senate on March 4, 1905, in Stewart's place. He is now forty-nine years old, and is withdrawing, to some extent, from active business, although he still retains large interests in Nevada.

Nixon is a short, stocky man, with a head that, taking the Senator Gallinger head as a criterion, is not much, but when without the Gallinger zone of influence is pretty bald. He is nervously active, energetic in speech, good company, and as able a business man as the Senate affords. Being a business man, the long, involved, dreary discussions in the Senate give him a pain; which was emphasized by his solitary speech, wherein he said he didn't intend to take up the time of the Senate and didn't take up the Senate's time, which is an extraordinary thing; for when almost any other Senator starts by saying he doesn't intend to take up the Senate's time he usually takes up about four hours of it.

Still, Nixon cannot be said to be taciturn, except concerning the tariff. He is completely conversational on many other topics.

Condensed Courtesy

A GERMAN baron—he said—blew into New York and got acquainted with some clubmen. He was put up at a club by one of them for the customary two weeks, and paid his bills promptly.

There was great surprise when the man who put him up refused to make an application for a renewal of the courtesies of the club for the baron. Club members were indignant about it and one of them had a new card issued.

The baron appreciated the compliment, and entertained lavishly. He left without paying his bills, and the member who volunteered the second time had to settle.

"Did you lose anything?" he asked the man who had stood sponsor first time.

"No," he said. "I didn't wine and dine him, like you. I took him out one day and wheatcaked him."

His Star Role

A THEATRICAL manager had a stock company at Los Angeles. Business was bad and no money coming in. He hadn't paid a salary for months, and had managed to keep his company together by advertising in San Francisco and elsewhere, holding out all sorts of promises.

The actors came, stayed until all their own money was gone, and then left. The manager made shift to keep his Thespians contented by taking them on little excursions about the city when they were not working. One day he announced: "This afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, we shall visit the insane asylum, a most interesting place."

They went out and were shown through. Seated under a tree in the garden was a man who, over and over again, was counting his fingers and muttering: "Eeny—meeny—miny—moe eeny—meeny miny—moe."

"Who is this?" asked the manager.

"Strange case," said the attendant. "Found him in the street a few weeks ago. He sits there all day and does that. Harmless, but apparently entirely insane. We are giving him the best of attention in the hope that his reason may be restored."

The manager looked at the counter closely: "Bless my soul!" said the manager. "It resembles my former leading man, Simpson."

The man kept counting his fingers. "Really," said the manager, "it is a most extraordinary resemblance."

Meantime, the other actors and actresses and the attendant had gone on. "Tell me, my good fellow," said the manager, "are you not Simpson, the actor?"

"Cheese it!" said the man who was counting his fingers. "If they don't get on to me I can stay here all summer."

The Timid Stranger

A MINING man from Mexico came to New York to sell a mine. He had a good one, and good introductions, and went to one of the big hotels. Here he was presented to the manager and cashier and vouched for.

"You can get anything you want here," said his friend. "I have fixed it with everybody."

Next day the mining man came downstairs and timidly approached the cashier's window. "Beats all how much it costs to live here in New York," he said. "I can't turn around without it costing me something. Can I get some money here?"

"You can," said the cashier. "I am instructed to cash any check you may present."

The mining man wrote a check for thirty dollars and handed it in; the cashier smiled as he gave him his money.

Next day he came around again. "Son," he said to the cashier, "I am clean put out about the way I have to spend money here. Will you cash another check for me?"

"Certainly; you can have anything you want."

He wrote a check for fifty dollars and was given the cash. Next day he sidled up to the cashier again. He had sold his mine.

"Son," he said, "am I right in thinking you will cash any sort of a check for me?"

"Certainly," replied the cashier. "Let me have it."

"All right," said the Mexican miner; "cash that, for I'm in a hurry to get home."

And the cashier fell in a fit when he picked up the check. It was for three million dollars.

Do You Know The "NATIONAL"?

Do YOU, Reader, know all about "NATIONAL" Styles? Have YOU experienced the Delight and Satisfaction in wearing "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Suits or "NATIONAL" Ready-Made apparel? Do you know how much YOU can SAVE by buying of the "NATIONAL"?

Let Us Become Acquainted

We have reserved especially for YOU one copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book. Will you accept it if we send it to you FREE? It tells you all about the "NATIONAL," shows you how perfectly we serve our customers—proves to you how **you take no risk at all** in dealing with the "NATIONAL." And more—you will be delighted with its fashion plates of all the desirable new styles—nearly 800 new garments. It shows

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits

Made-to-Measure New York Styles $10 to $40 Expressage Prepaid

Winter Style Book and Samples FREE

Each "NATIONAL" Suit is Cut and Made individually to the order of the customer. Your suit will be made individually to YOUR measure—but at OUR RISK. We guarantee a perfect fit and entire satisfaction, or refund your money cheerfully.

This Style Book shows you all the new suits for your selection, and with it we will send you (if you ask for them) a large assortment of samples from our 450 new materials. You simply select your suit and material—we assume all responsibility of fitting and pleasing you.

"NATIONAL" Ready-Made Garments

Furs	Hats
Coats	Corsets
Skirts	Sweaters
Waists	Petticoats
Dresses	Underwear

The "NATIONAL" Policy

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag—our signed guarantee attached. This tag says that you may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay expressage both ways.

The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world.

In writing for your Style Book be sure to state whether you wish samples of materials for a Made-to-Measure Suit and give the colors you prefer.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

214 W. 24th Street, New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

Mail Orders Only
No Agents or Branches

OUT-OF-DOORS

Living in the Open

THE other morning a high wind blew down a large tree which had stood on a vacant city lot not far from where the writer lives. The owner or the city authorities promptly cut away the branches and logged the fallen trunk up into a goodly heap. The scene of the disaster furnished opportunity for some small boys of the neighborhood who, before noon, had turned the place into a camping ground. They had up a wall tent and a flag, and had made some rude attempt at building an oven out of brick.

"We are discovering the North Pole," their leader answered gravely, when asked the meaning of all this preparation. Certainly they were having the time of their lives; certainly, also, it is from material such as this that discoveries of north poles are made.

It is a trifle pathetic, this yearning of city boys and city men for life in the open. The instinct for the out-of-doors seems to endure just as it does in the dog which, when invited to lie down upon a Turkish rug which cost a thousand dollars, persists in treating all rugs as grass, and refuses to lie down until it has made an imaginary nest by turning around several times.

Like the dog, these boys had made about all the mistakes possible in the application of their inherited instinct. They had fastened their tent guys at all sorts of angles to the logs, so that the walls did not hang true. They had chosen the lowest and wettest place on the lot for their tent, so that already the floor was nothing but a mass of mud. Lastly, they had pitched it within reach of a dead, standing tree, which the next wind might throw down upon them. Their oven, of course, was faced the wrong way, and their fire, attempted out of green boughs, was a dismal failure. The best feature of their undertaking was the simplicity of their outfit.

This is another way of saying that when one goes to the open, one should leave the city and its civilization behind, and not attempt too much to combine the two. All life out-of-doors is a question of transportation. The savage who is confined to dog train or horse travois does not indulge in many frills. If you are going by civilized pack train, and have money to hire countless horses and assistants—as your head guide will encourage you to do—you can take more of an outfit. If you are going in two canoes you must travel compactly, and if in one you must be yet more careful.

The Right Camp-Mates

Of course, if you have wagon transportation you may indulge in much more luggage. The question of indispensables is naturally elastic. To prove a theory of his own, the writer and a friend once tramped and camped for two or three nights in the sand-hill country between Chicago and Michigan City, along the Lake Shore. The weather was below zero, and it was a cold sort of cold; yet we were not uncomfortable at night; although we carried tent, bed, provisions and cooking utensils, all on our own backs.

If ladies join a camping party complications at once begin. Woman once may have been primitive, but being primitive today is not one of the specialties of the average woman. This, moreover, although upon that sex among wild peoples formerly devolved the details of making camp comfortable instead of uncomfortable. One has never seen a white man, or a red man either, who could fix a teepee so it would not smoke. It takes a red woman to do that. Also, sad though one be to believe it, it takes a white woman to insist that the modern camp shall offer all the comforts of home. The way to find comfort in camp is to recognize at the outset the difference between the camp and home; a distinction founded wholly upon transportation.

These city boys were yapping and quarreling about their camp, arguing with one another, insisting on or demanding this or that. Such quarreling is unseemly, but it suggests the question of personnel. In a long life spent, perhaps, as much in the open as the average life of today, the writer has never seen but two men who were ideal camp companions—game, quiet, pleasant, ready for anything. Hence, he goes on a big game hunt today alone, except for the necessary camp assistants. Indeed, better friends than these one cannot find. The West is full of splendid, grave, silent, resourceful fellows, used to living out-of-doors and taking care of themselves, who surpass any city man as camp companions, and who ought always to be called friends and not employees. The guides of the northern pine woods are of similar stuff. The guides of New Brunswick are noblemen in their way. With the right guide, not treated as a guide but as a companion and friend, one needs no associate in camp and can run the works to suit himself; the advisability of which may come up among amateurs in camp sooner than one might expect. In the first place, then, choose not a guide but a friend. He will not leave you if you are in trouble, nor will you leave him.

Tents and Tent Poles

Our boys were using a wall tent for their house, something almost inexcusable unless one has abundant transportation. Such a tent is all right for a long or permanent camp, or for winter-quarters for engineers, trappers or the like; but for woods-work it is the worst of tents, hard to pitch, clumsy, heavy, and with a lot of unused space in it. You want room at the bottom of a tent, and do not need much at the top. A single-pole tent, with a fly, is much lighter. It should have a floor-cloth of good canvas, to be tied in at the corners. The bed of browse, or straw, can be made under this floor-cloth, so that the whole tent is a bed. The pole should be jointed, and that is the one concession to civilization, because you might have to camp where you could not get the right pole, and because you cannot well carry a full-length tent pole in a bag. And all your outfit should be carried in a bag or bundle, without a single box or hard package bigger than your frying-pan and kettle. The Indians would not have dragged their teepee poles around with them had they been able to get fresh ones at every camp. Tent pins you can get in metal. But while they are compact they are too heavy for carriage, so these you must cut afresh.

In size your peaked-top tent need be only about seven feet square to accommodate two or three persons. The fly will make a storeroom, if necessary. These canvases will make into packs to hold loose articles, in case your canvas pack-bags get overcrowded. Of course, you can camp without any tent at all, if you like. The writer and a friend once spent a night in the Yellowstone Park in winter, when the thermometer was twenty-six degrees below zero, and we had no tent, only a strip of light canvas. We dug a hole in six feet of snow and kept a fire going all night. That sort of thing is cold work, though a tent would not have helped us much. The trapper, who sometimes covers a hundred miles on his line of traps, has lean-tos or log hovels with open fronts, so that he can keep a fire going in case he has not a cabin or tent with a stove. Even a good log fire does not offer complete comfort in case of rain. Rainy weather is far worse than cold weather and snow in camp, and against rain you must have some sort of a roof. Bark and boughs sound well, but are hard to get into practical roofing shape.

Your bed ought to be good; for if you do not sleep comfortably you cannot enjoy yourself or do your work. A good bough bed is difficult and slow to make, although most writers prate about it learnedly. Again, hay or straw may be impossible to secure. What then? An air mattress? Certainly not for any old-timer. A good pair of real wool blankets, weighing in the neighborhood of eleven or twelve pounds, a heavy cotton comforter, and a long strip of wide canvas to roll it all up in tight and snug and dry, and you have a cow-puncher's bed, the best outdoor bed ever yet invented, and good for any weather.

Observe, especially, that this canvas which folds in over your folded bedclothes keeps out the dust and the rain. Your bed should be clean, and it must be dry. Roll it tight and compact and tie it snugly when you move camp.

Your camp site should never in fly time be too near the water. Get up on the bluff

The corset gives the lines that make the dress a success or a failure

Warner's Corsets are conceived by our designers in the fashion ateliers of Paris simultaneously with advance dress fashions and are the foundation upon which the great fashion makers build their dress styles.

The distinctive feature of Warner's Corsets is their simplicity. Each model is simply a perfect piece of corset designing and making, and the moulding of the form into the correct figure lines is accomplished by the shaping of the corset itself.

Warner's Corsets are noted for their lightness. There is no part that presses or pinches, nor do the hose supporters twist or pull. Walking, sitting or standing, the wearer of a Warner's looks as if she enjoyed her corsets.

Made to a fashionable fit, to wear—not to rust, break or tear. The hose supporters are the famous

Security
Rubber Button
Hose Supporters

They too are guaranteed.

Prices, $5.00 to $1.00 per pair

Write for Booklet "P" telling how to fit and lace your corsets.

The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco

Corsets
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

15 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

This Beautiful Red Cedar Treasure Chest

sent on approval, freight prepaid both ways if unsatisfactory. Absolutely protects clothing from moths, dust and damp. Ideal wedding, birthday and Xmas gifts. Built of fragrant Southern Mountain Red Cedar, with specially made hand forged metal bindings, and shipped direct from factory at low factory prices. Write for illustrated catalog of various styles.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 87, Statesville, N. C.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

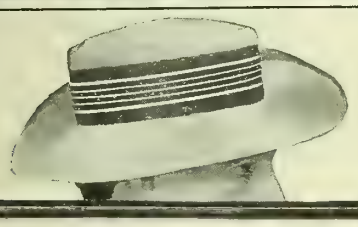
CONSTANT USE is the **real test** of durability in a Fountain Pen and it is in the hard grind of every day business that the "SWAN" Fountain Pen shows its superiority —shows that it is **the only pen for the busy man.**

Its Gold Pen is the finest ever put into a Fountain Pen—it has the **only natural and practical Feed.** Get a "SWAN" that just suits your hand and you have a Fountain Pen that will give **a lifetime of service.** There are many styles at prices from $2.50 up.

The "Long-short" Stylo

is a handy, serviceable little Ink Pencil that will go in a purse. Costs but $1.50, red or black rubber—made in our English Factory. Our new Booklet is ready to mail—Send for it today.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. P
Established 1843
17 Maiden Lane, New York — 149 Dearborn St., Chicago
London — Paris — Brussels — Manchester



Fancy Hat Bands

HATS look very much alike. Make *your* new soft hat "different" with a "Wick" Band—in the fashion shades for Fall or the colors of your school or college—your class, club or society.

1000 Combinations

25 Cents and 50 Cents

The Wick Band is the correct thing. "Wick" of Philadelphia is the Hat Band Authority of the world. The big colleges and clubs —the best dressed men everywhere come to Wick for their fancy hat bands.

Wick Bands go right on over the ordinary hat band—fasten with the famous "little hooks."

Your Clothier and Haberdasher are showing the New Styles in Wick Bands—be sure the *Wick label* is on every band. Or write to

Wick, Philadelphia

enclose 25 cents or 50 cents and name your preferred colors. He'll send you the latest pattern.

Wick Narrow Fabric Co., 726 Market St., Phila.

CLASS PINS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

where the wind will strike you and you will be much more free from mosquitoes. Many campers try to get into the shade of the trees, and sometimes make a mistake in doing so.

On the building and conduct of your fire depends all of your comfort in camp. Never use a camp stove if it can be avoided. In much of coastwise Alaska, where the fuel is often largely composed of crooked porous alders, you may need a Yukon camp stove. In pretty much all of the United States you will not require one. You do not need a lot of fancy camp dishes, but require at least one frying-pan, better two, a sheet-iron coffee-pot, riveted, and some sort of cooking oven—a Dutch oven of cast iron, if your transportation admits it. Above all, you should remember that your campfire is not your cooking fire, and that you do not cook on the flames but on the coals. You bake with hot ashes rather than with coals, because much camp cooking is burned when hurried. Of course, in snowshoeing and camping in the wintertime you may find it better to suspend your boiling kettles over the flame by means of long sticks thrust into the ground or snow at the other end. Such a stick is called by the Canadian Indians *chiplok-quorgan.* In other places it is known as a "crow." After your camp is done you must be careful to throw this stick down and not leave it standing, else you will have bad luck.

Editor's Note—A second article on this subject will appear next week.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GROUCH

(Continued from Page 7)

until late in the summer. Then we shivered a shake or two apiece and got ready to retire from this vain world for somewhere between thirty and ninety days. Just about that time Petey Simmons blew down to college, bursting at the seams with information. He demanded a meeting of the Athletic Council at once and of us three sterling athletes as well. We were all in order in ten minutes.

"Fellows, it's this way," said Petey. "Martha Scroggs is very loyal to the college, as you all know. She has done her very best with old Fireworks, but it hasn't made a dent in him. No little old party or buggy ride is going to get any one out this time. There's just one chance, she says, and she's taken it. This morning she confessed to her father that she is engaged to one of the men who is to come up for trial tomorrow morning. They think the old man will be well enough to unmuzzle before noon, but he's been acting like a bad case of dog-days all morning. He's given her twenty-four hours to name the man—and Martha thinks that by night he'll be resting comfortably enough to promise to let him off tomorrow. And she's given us the privilege of choosing the man she's engaged to. Now, it's up to this council to pick out the lucky chap. It's our only hope, fellows. We'll have one point-winner, anyway—unless the old man eats him alive tomorrow."

Evans and Petersen turned pale—they had real fiancées in college. But each stepped forward nobly and offered himself for the sacrifice. I stepped out, too, though I was so young at that time that I didn't know any more how to go about being engaged to a girl than I did about my Greek lessons. Then the council began to discuss the choice. And just there the trouble began.

It all came about through the frats, of course. Frats are a good thing, all right, but they stir up more trouble in a college than a Turk's nine wives can make for him. Ashcroft was president of the council. He was an Alfalfa Delt. So was Evans. Ashcroft hung out for Evans like a bulldog hanging to a tramp. Beeman, a council member, was a Sigh Whoop and so was Petersen. Beeman argued that Petersen could win more points than the rest of the school put together and that it would be unpatriotic, unmanly, disgraceful and un-Siwash-like not to select him. Bailey, the third member, was an Eta Bita Pi, and while sub-freshmen are not supposed to be anything with Greek letters on, we understood each other, and I was to be initiated the next fall. Bailey pointed out caustically that to imprison a sub-freshman would be to

Refinish a Piece of Your Furniture at Our Expense—

Let Us Send the Materials FREE

Let us show you how to make old furniture look like new, how to rejuvenate shabby floors, how to refinish the woodwork in any shade to suit your individual taste. You can do it so easily that we want you to make the test at *our expense* to prove it.

These Materials are Yours—FREE—for the Asking

May we mail a package to *you?*

No doubt you have some piece of furniture that you prize highly, yet you do not use on account of its worn condition, or because it does not harmonize with other furniture or decorations.

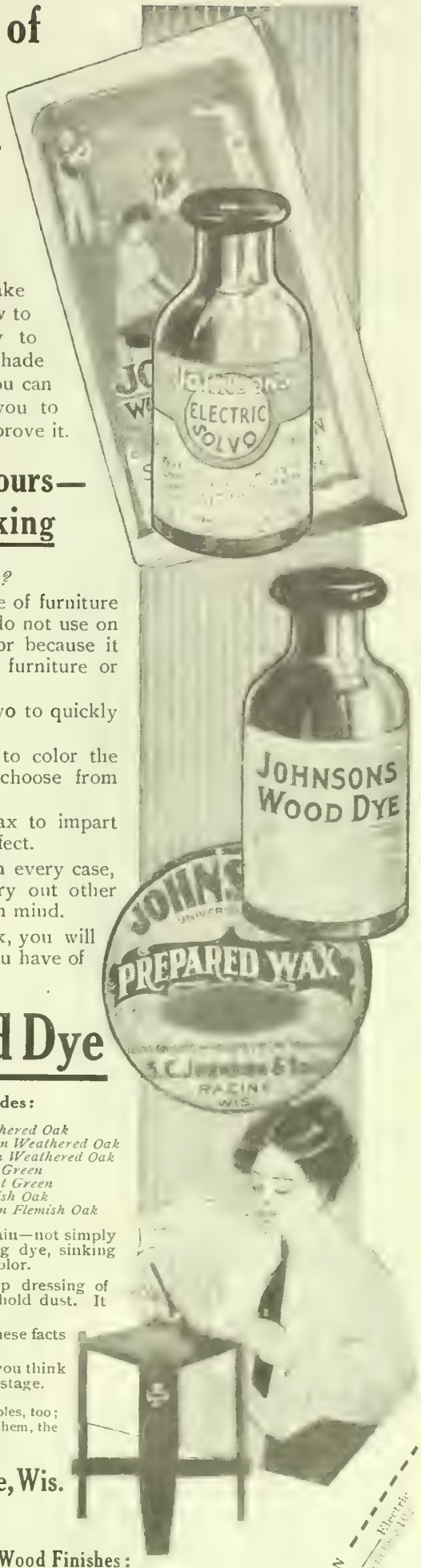
—Use Johnson's Electric Solvo to quickly remove the old finish.

—Use Johnson's Wood Dye to color the wood any one of 14 shades—choose from list below.

—Use Johnson's Prepared Wax to impart that beautiful "hand-rubbed" effect.

The book will tell you how in every case, and will show you how to carry out other decorating ideas you may have in mind.

From this test and this book, you will learn how many opportunities you have of beautifying the home by using—



Johnson's Wood Dye

Made in 14 Standard Shades:

No. 126 Light Oak	*No. 130 Weathered Oak*
No. 123 Dark Oak	*No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak*
No. 125 Mission Oak	*No. 132 Green Weathered Oak*
No. 140 Manilla Oak	*No. 121 Moss Green*
No. 110 Bog Oak	*No. 122 Forest Green*
No. 128 Light Mahogany	*No. 172 Flemish Oak*
No. 129 Dark Mahogany	*No. 178 Brown Flemish Oak*

Johnson's Wood Dye is not a mere stain—not simply a surface dressing. It is a penetrating dye, sinking deep into the wood fiber, fixing a rich color.

Johnson's Prepared Wax adds a top dressing of subdued luster. It does not catch or hold dust. It does not show scratches or heel marks.

The trial packages will demonstrate these facts to you.

Use the coupon. Cut it out now, while you think of it, and enclose 10c to partially pay postage.

Good dealers distribute these Johnson samples, too; ask yours for a package. If he hasn't them, the jobbers named below will supply him.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.

"Wood Finishing Authorities"

Partial List of Jobbers of Johnson's Wood Finishes:

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
Los Angeles, Cal. — Oakland, Cal.
Sacramento, Cal. — San Diego, Cal.
Stockton, Cal. — Portland, Ore.
Seattle, Wash. — Spokane, Wash.
Tacoma, Wash.
Kohler-McLister Co., Denver, Colo.
Schroeder Paint & Glass Co., Detroit, Mich.
Barber & Ross, Washington, D. C.
The Bond & Bonrs Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
The Knight & Wall Co., Tampa, Fla.
Bridges-Smith & Co., Lonisville, Ky.
Southern Paint Mfg. Co., Birmingham, Ala.
H. M. Hodges & Bros., New Haven, Conn.
Carlson-Lnsk Hdwe. Co., Boise, Idaho
United Sash & Door Co., Wichita, Kan.
The Chas. M. Hay Paint Co., Portland, Me.
Fred'k Neesemann & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Carpenter-Morton Co., Boston, Mass.
Gamble & Lndwig, Minneapolis, Minn.
Pittsbnrg Plate Glass Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co., Dulnth, Minn.
" " " " Winnipeg, Can.
H. M. Hooker Co., 128 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.
Cleveland Window Glass & Door Co., Cleveland, O.
Bennett Glass & Paint Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., New York, N. Y.
Ilsley & Held, 2264 3rd Ave., New York, N. Y.
Western Paint, Oil & Glass Co., Lincoln, Nebr.
Barnes & Nuss, Grand Forks, N. D.
Heystek & Canfield Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Noyes Bros. & Cutler, St. Paul, Minn.
Johnson-Woodbridge Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
David Bernhardt Paint Co., New Orleans, La.
Campbell Glass & Paint Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Barnard, Porter & Viall, Rochester, N. Y.
Becker-Moore Paint Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Westcott, Slade & Balcom, Providence, R. I.
Pittsbnrg Plate Glass Co., Pittsbnrg, Pa.
J. J. Hockenjos & Co., Newark, N. J.
Chas. Moser Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Fred Hummert, San Antonio, Texas
Lonis Gallaher Co., Savannah, Ga.
Walker & Gibson, Albany, N.Y.
C.W. Keenan, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Please Use This FREE COUPON
Please send me sample of Johnson's Wood Dye, Shade No. ____, Electric Solvo and Prepared Wax. Also Free Book. I shall enclose 10c to help pay postage.
Name
Address

Morton R. Edwin
Panatelas
$2.40 per hundred instead of $5.00

By all standards of comparison this is a 10c cigar. It will satisfy the most cranky smoker of imported brands. It is fully 5½ in. long, strictly hand made, of Havana tobacco—genuine Sumatra wrapper. It smokes freely and evenly—never chars down the side, but keeps burning coolly and fragrantly to the last toothhold.

Actual Size

The reason this cigar is sold at $2.40 instead of $5.00 per hundred is because I buy and sell for cash. I ask no credit, neither do I give it. I personally buy my tobacco direct from the grower in Cuba, and pay him at least five weeks before the tobacco reaches the U. S. Custom House.

Among my 35 different brands I have an "in between" smoke called "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers." I want you to be on smoking terms with them, because they are just the thing you want when you *don't* want a big cigar. They are Havana filled—4 in. long—blunt at both ends—made the way the Cuban planter rolls tobacco for his own use—without a binder.

I'm so eager to have you try this smoke that I'll send you a sample box of 12 free along with an order for my Panatelas, because you'll buy them again.

Send me $2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends.

If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good if my cigars don't, just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.

Illustrated price-list sent on request.

Morton R. Edwin
Dept. A, 64-66 and 67-69 West 125th St., New York
Make checks payable to the Edwin Cigar Co.

Keep Out the Cold and the Wind
WITH A
Beach Jacket

IT IS warmer than an overcoat, as cheap as a sweater and wears like iron. While driving, riding, autoing, sailing, fishing, hunting, railroading, or working, in a piercing wind or in zero weather, you will always be warm and comfortable with a Beach Jacket

Price $1.50

It is made of a specially knit woolen cloth that won't ravel when torn, is reinforced with cold proof lining, has the strongest button fasteners and is braid bound to prevent wearing. You can wear it over your vest and you need no overcoat.

It's the dandiest cold preventer you ever saw.

It is furnished in three styles—a vest without collar at $1.50; a coat without collar, $3.00; a coat with collar $3.50. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. Address Dept. 3 for catalog. Please give us the name of your dealer.

W. W. Brown, P. O. Box 84, Worcester, Mass.

COPY THIS SKETCH

Illustrators and cartoonists make $20.00 to $75.00 per week. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines prepare me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

ruin his reputation, break his spirit and disgrace the school—that one world's record was worth fifty points, and that if allowed to I would pole-vault so high the next day that I would have to come down in a parachute. The result was the council broke up in one big row and Martha Scroggs spent the afternoon unengaged.

About five o'clock Bailey came over to the track, where we were going through the last sad rites, and hauled me aside.

"Take off those togs, kid," he said "I've got a stunt. These yaps are going to hold another meeting tonight to decide on Martha Scroggs' fiancé. In the meantime you're going out and ask the old man for her. Understand? You're going to ask him and take what he gives you like a little man and beg off for today, and then you're going in and break the pole-vault record. See?"

Unfortunately, I did. I liked the job just as well as I would like getting boiled in oil. But one must stand by one's frat, you know—Gee, how proud I felt when I said that. I didn't have any idea how an engaged man ought to look or act, but I went home, put on the happiest duds I had, and shinned up the street about eight o'clock.

The man-eating dog of the Scroggses was somewhere else, gorging himself on another unfortunate, and I got to the front door all right. I rang the bell. Some one opened the door. It was Judge Scroggs. He looked at me as one might look at a bug which had wandered on to the table and was trying to climb over a fork.

"Young man," he said, "what do you want?"

Did you ever have your voice slink around behind your larynx and refuse to come out? Mine did. I only wish I could have slunk with it. I started talking twice. My tongue went all right, but I couldn't slip in the clutch.

"Well," roared Scroggs, "what is it?"

That jarred me loose. "Mr. Scroggs," I spluttered, "I am engaged to your daughter. I want to marry her. I want your permission. I—I'll be good to her, sir."

He glared at me for a minute. "Oh!" he said with a queer look, "Well, come on in with the rest of them."

I followed him into the parlor. There sat Evans and Petersen. They were older than I, but if I looked as scared as they did I wish somebody had shot me. In the corner was another student. His name was Briggs. His specialty was cotillons.

We four sat and looked at each other with awful suspicions. Something was excessively wrong. I felt indignant. Can't a fellow go to see his fiancée without being annoyed by a Roman mob? I noticed Petersen and Evans looked indignant, too. We took it out by staring Briggs almost into the collywobbles. Who was he, anyway, and why was he billy-goating around?

Old Scroggs had called Martha. He sat and looked at us so peculiarly that I got gooseflesh all over. Here I was, a freshman so green that the cows looked longingly at me, and up against the job of saving the college, winning out for the frat and becoming engaged before a roomful of rivals. I wasn't up to the job. If only I had gone to the works! They seemed a haven of sweet peace just then.

Martha Scroggs came into the room. She looked at the quartet. We looked at her with hunted looks. Scroggs looked at all of us.

"Martha," he said at last, "each one of these four young idiots says he is engaged to you. Which of them shall I throw out?"

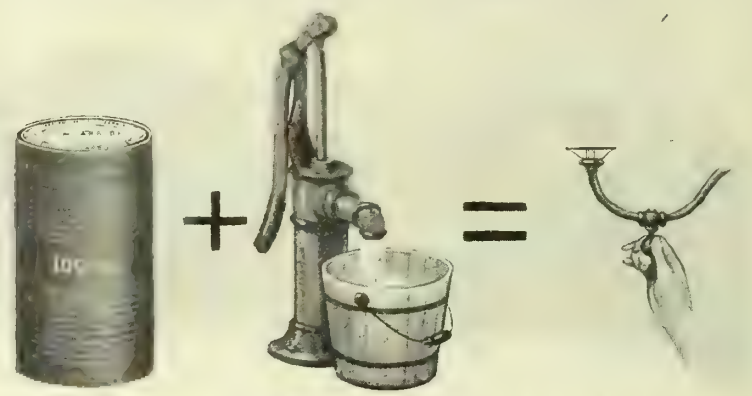
The jig was up! The college was ruined! Each one of us had the same bright thought!

For a moment I thought Martha was going to faint. She looked at the mob with a dazed expression. You could almost see her brain grabbing for some explanation. It was just for a moment, though. My, but that girl was a wonder! She gulped once or twice. Then she smiled in an inspired sort of way.

"None of them, Papa," she said ever so sweetly. "I am engaged to all of them."

The eruption of Vesuvius was only a little sputter to what followed. For a moment we had hopes that old Scroggs would explode. I think if he had had us there alone he would have tried to hang us. But every tyrant has his master, so

A Problem Solved



Home Made Gas Light From Crushed Stone and Water

VOLUME for volume, this rural gas actually gives twelve times more light than the best city gas.

Like city gas, it is used in handsome brass or bronze chandeliers and fixtures of endless variety.

A simple twist of the wrist turns on a brilliant flood of light in any room in the house, day or night.

It has already driven the oil lamp with its grease, smoke, soot and smell, out of 176,000 town and suburban homes.

Takes some member of every one of these 176,000 homes, fifteen minutes once a month, to make all the gas the household can use.

* * *

The magic is all in the wonderful gas-producing stone.

This stone is manufactured in huge electric furnaces, in a temperature of over 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

When ready to use, it looks and feels like crushed granite and is then known as Union Carbide.

Union Carbide is packed at the factory and distributed through warehouses all over the country in sheet steel cans in which it may be kept for years.

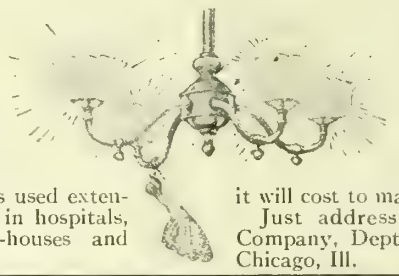
In these packages it is safer to handle and store than common coal, as it will not burn and can't explode.

* * *

The gas which this wonderful stone yields is genuine Acetylene.

And Acetylene, carried in iron pipes to ornamental fixtures, burns with a soft, brilliant, pure white light.

On account of its color, it is the easiest of all lights on the eyes, and is a boon to those afflicted with eye strain troubles.



It is not poisonous and one might sleep all night in a room with an open burner without harm.

For these reasons it is used extensively as an illuminant in hospitals, factories, mines, light-houses and government army posts.

To produce Acetylene, it is only necessary to mix Union Carbide with plain water in a small tank-like machine that is usually set in one corner of the basement.

The formula is simple, and the work can be handled by most any school boy.

Once a month he must fill the little machine with Union Carbide—the machine does the rest—it makes gas only when the lights are burning and stops making gas when they are turned off.

Anybody that can cut and fit pipes can install the generator, pipes and fixtures in two days without injuring walls or floors.

With such an installation you can make this glorious beautifying light in your own home for less money than same amount of light from kerosene would cost.

* * *

If you happen to live in the country, you can do as thousands of farmers have done—run the gas pipes to lights placed on your porches, in your horse and cow barn, or even in your barn yard, and have all of them fixed up to light with a touch of an ignition button on post or walls.

Such a lighting scheme is not only a boon to the housewife and children, but it's a mighty handy convenience for the man of the house when he must do his chores after dark, or when he is called out in the night to attend a sick animal.

All these lights will be permanently fastened to ceilings, walls or posts, and enclosed in tight globes.

For this reason they are many times safer than lamps or lanterns that are so often tipped over with disastrous results.

Write us today how large your place and where it is located. Then we can mail our booklets and tell you how little it will cost to make this light yourself.

Just address: Union Carbide Sales Company, Dept. B—155 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

$1 DOWN

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

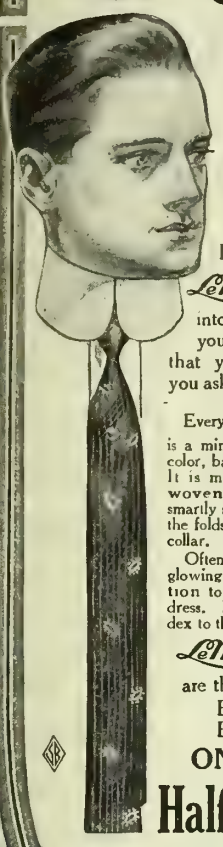
NO RED TAPE On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 802 Center Street, Portland, Me.

PREXITE The new perfect Dressing Comb. Beautiful ebony finish. Warranted unbreakable. Superior to rubber, celluloid or horn. Non-inflammable. Will not snap the finest hair. Medium 25c, heavy 50c. All coarse or coarse and fine. Money returned if not as represented. Agents wanted. **PREXITE COMB CO., No. Adams, Mass.**

End Men's Wig, 50c. Burnt Cork, 25c; Carmine for lips, 15c; Large imitation Diamond Stud, or Ring, 25c. Entire outfit, $1.00. Send 5c stamp for large catalogue of plays, wigs, etc., and "The Art of Making Up."
TRADEMORE & CO., DEPT. S, TOLEDO, OHIO

LeMar Cravats



The Preference of Men of Fashion

Etch the name LeMar Cravats into your mind **before** you buy a scarf, so that you will get what you ask for **when** you buy.

Every LeMar Cravat is a miniature masterpiece in color, balance and proportion. It is made of **specially woven fabrics**, which knot smartly and slip freely between the folds of the most stubborn collar.

Often a well-cut, color-glowing scarf lends **distinction** to the whole scheme of dress. It is an unerring index to the wearer's taste.

LeMar Cravats are the **best** made in
Every Shape
Every Shade
ONE PRICE
Half-a-Dollar

Ask your dealer for "LeMar Cravats." If he hasn't them, write to us. By all means send for our Booklet "B," the "Well Cravatted Man," a book of invaluable Tie Tips.

LEVY & MARCUS,
729-731 Broadway,
New York

TORREY RAZORS

The "Torrey Edge" is Famous

Highest Quality—Best Finish

Here is
"OUR BEAUTY"
—a perfect razor, price $3.00. Nothing like it known to the shaving world. Postpaid if not at your dealer's.

We have other razors from $1.50 up. All fully guaranteed.

If you want the best razor and strop, try the Torrey. Send for our free catalogue—tells "How to shave and how to care for a razor." Contains many good points that every shaver should know.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.
Largest makers of razors in the world.
Established 1880

No Night Fireman Needed
WITH THIS ONLY SELF-FEEDING HEATER

The Wilks Hot Water Heater furnishes the safest, easiest, cheapest way to provide heat and hot water at all times for farm buildings, garages, cottages, poultry houses, brooders, greenhouses, golf and yacht clubs, etc., and is the *only heater that feeds itself.* Improved coal magazine keeps an even fire 10 hours.

Wilks Heaters
are built of best *steel* instead of the unreliable cast iron commonly used. Strongly riveted, caulked and reinforced. *Write for Free Book* describing, giving sizes, prices, etc. State full particulars and we will recommend the best heater for your needs, and guarantee it to give satisfaction if installed according to our directions.

S. WILKS MANUFACTURING CO
3539 Shields Avenue, Chicago

before long we began to see the halter on old Scroggs. And his daughter held the leading rope. She let him rave about so long and then she retired into her pocket-handkerchief and turned on a regular equinoctial. Scroggs looked more uncomfortable than we felt. He took her in his arms and there was a family reconciliation. Every little while Martha would look over his shoulder at us four hopefuls sitting up against the wall as lively as wooden Indians, and then she would bury her face in her handkerchief again and shake her shoulders and writhe with grief—or maybe it was something else. Martha always did have a pretty keen sense of humor.

Suddenly Scroggs remembered us and we went out of the house like projectiles fired from a very loud gun. We cussed each other all the way home—we three athletes. We would have cussed Briggs, but he sneaked the other way and we lost him.

The next morning we went up to police court in our old clothes. Judge Scroggs looked at us sourly when our turn came.

"Young men," he said, "my daughter has admitted that she has been foolish enough to engage herself provisionally to all of you, with the idea of choosing the hero in this afternoon's games. I do not admire her taste. I think she is indeed reckless when there are so many honest cab drivers and grocery boys to choose from. But I have, in the interests of peace, consented to allow you to compete this afternoon. You are discharged. I do this the more willingly because I have seen you here before and shall again. You may go."

We did go, and when we got through that afternoon the knobby-legged athletes from our rival schools looked like quarter horses plowing home just ahead of the next race. Siwash won by an enormous lead and we three were the stars of the meet. Why shouldn't we be when our fiancée sat in a box in the grandstand and cheered us impartially? More than that, old Scroggs sat with her and I have an idea that he got excited once or twice, too, in the breath-catching parts.

I think that engagement business must have broken the old man's spirit, or else so much association with college people began to waken dormant brain cells in his head. The rest of the rioters got out of the workhouse right away, and that fall he retired from the bench, declaring that if he was to have a college student for a son-in-law, as looked extremely likely, he needed to put in all of his time at home protecting his property. In honor of his retirement we held a pajama parade which was nine blocks long and forty-two blocks loud, and a platoon of six policemen led the way.

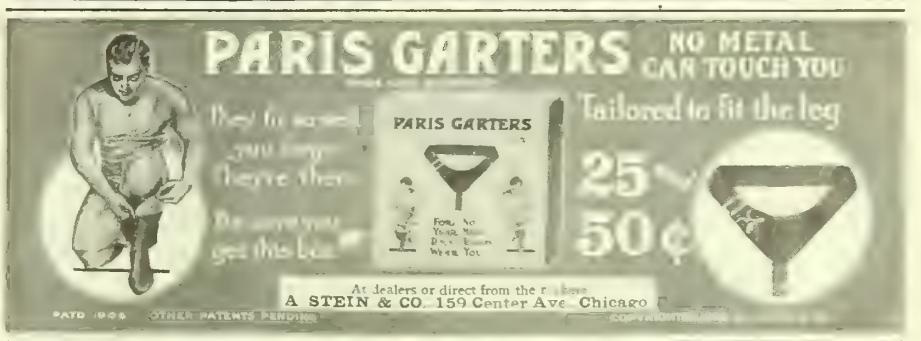
Of course, that engagement business left all sorts of complications. Scroggs pestered his daughter for about a month to make her decision. He seemed somewhat relieved when she finally announced that she couldn't; but it wasn't much relief, after all, for by this time he couldn't walk around his own house without falling over Petey Simmons. Just two years ago I got cards to Petey's wedding. He and Martha are living in New York in one of those flats where you have seven hundred and eighty-nine dollars' worth of bathroom and eighty cents' worth of living-room, and which you have to lease by measure just as you would buy a vest. If Petey hangs on six or eight years he is going to be a big man in the law, too.

I forgot to clear up this Briggs mystery. The evening after the races, Martha called up Petey Simmons. "Petey," said she, "I wish you would tell me who this fourth man is that I'm engaged to. He doesn't seem to be on the track team and I didn't catch his name. I don't mind having to make up an excuse for being engaged to four men, right on the spur of the moment if it is necessary, but I'd at least like to know their names."

Petey was as puzzled as she was and lit out to find Briggs. He was gone, but the next day he turned up and confessed all. He had a terrible affair with a girl in the next town, it seems, and had a date to bring her to the games. He was one of the nineteen criminals, and was so terror-stricken at the idea of being compelled to desert his hypnotizer that when the news of the engagement business leaked out he took a long chance and went up and announced himself. It worked, but we caught him two nights later and shaved his hair on one side as a gentle warning not to do it again.

Adler's Collegian Clothes
are the typical college clothes of America. To deserve this title, we produce an exceptional type of apparel, which appeals particularly to the young man who possesses keen judgment on this style subject. It is comforting to know that you are dressed in absolutely correct fashion. When you buy a Collegian garment you have this undoubted assurance. There are no other clothes produced in America, which are so decidedly for the young, up-to-date man, who avoids extremes, but demands the height of good style. Such characteristics, combined with unusual quality, make Adler's Collegian Clothes the ideal garments. The autumn and winter fashions in suits and overcoats are now being shown by the most representative clothiers in all parts of America. Prices range from $15.00 to $40.00. Write for our new fashion Suggester—it will post you on values and style.

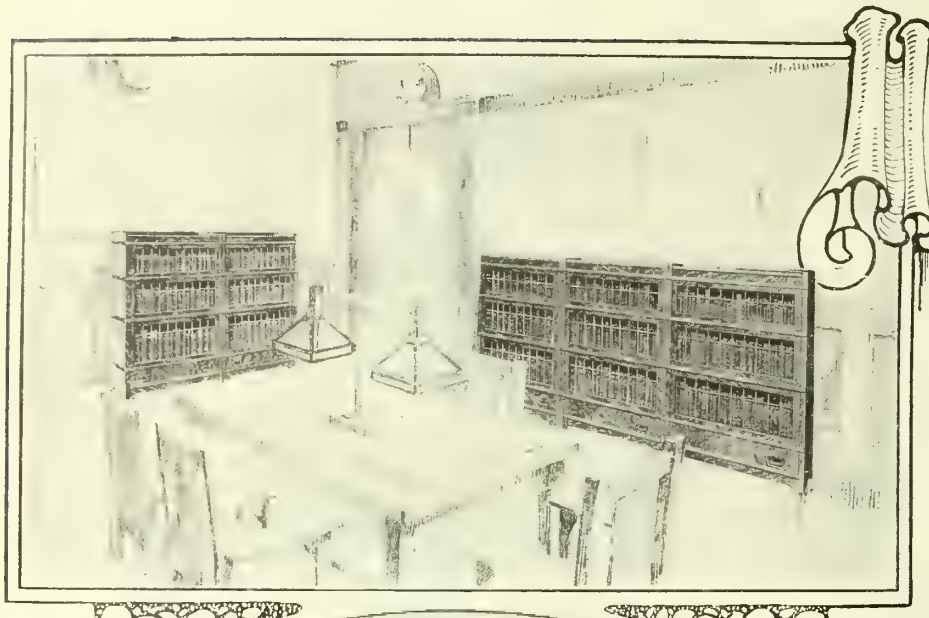
David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee



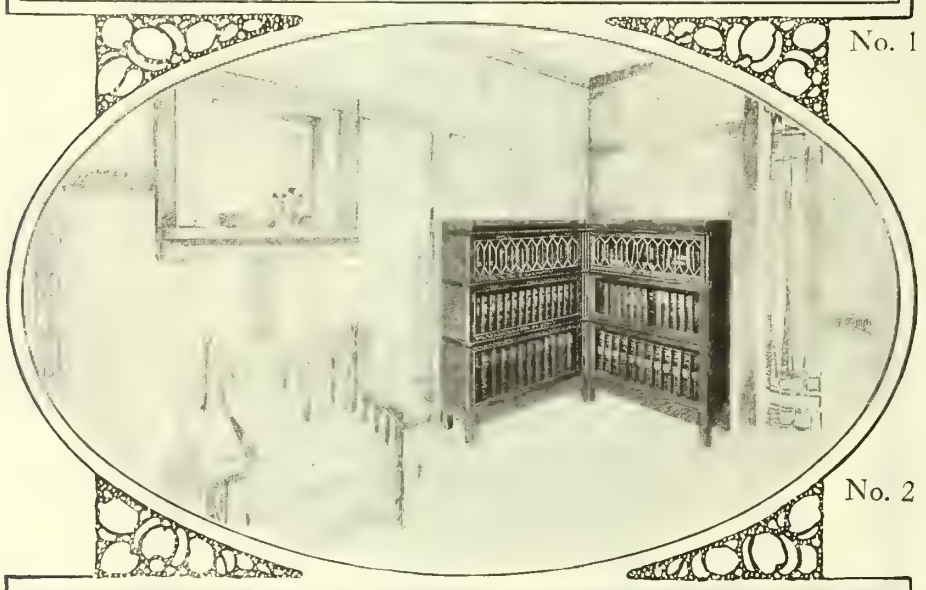
MOVING PICTURE MACHINES—POST CARD PROJECTORS

Motion Pictures, Talking Machines and our Wonderful New Post Card Projectors for home amusement. Our Motion Picture Machines for Entertainment Work are the wonder of the year. Perfect, thrilling moving pictures, just as shown at the big Theatres. Our Post Card Projector shows perfectly sharp and clear, 6 to 8 foot pictures, in natural colors, from your own post card pictures, clippings from papers, books, etc. Our machines are the finest, and all sold at a price any one can afford. We have one of the most practical machines for entertaining. Send to day for our illustrated catalogue No. 124 and special circulars for home entertainment or No. 124 for traveling exhibition work.

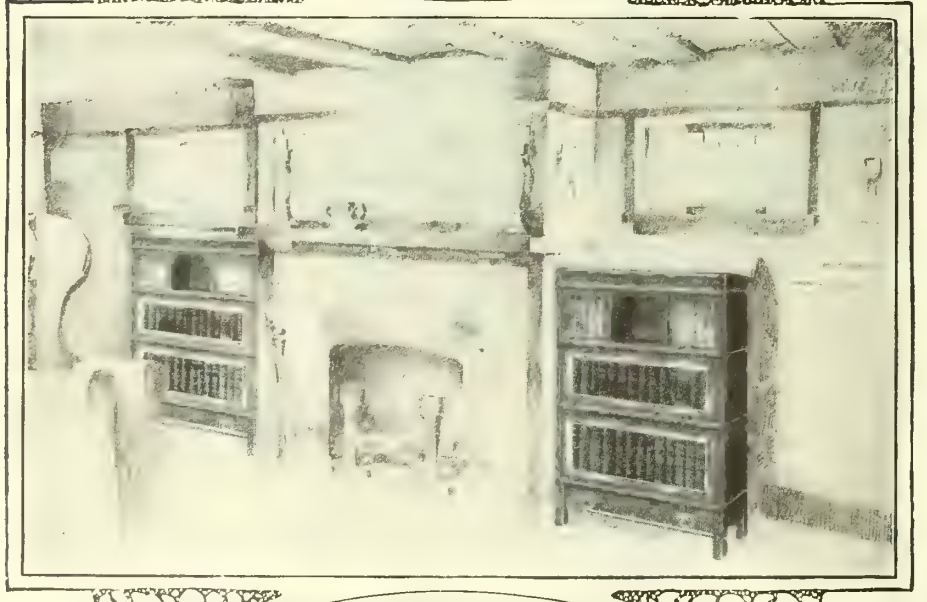
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 DEARBORN STREET, DEPT. 122, CHICAGO



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3

No. 4

Globe-Wernicke

Give Thought Today

Plan your library on the **Globe-Wernic** Unit System—to fit the books you *n* have—to accommodate those you *w* have. Start with one or more sectio and add extra units as needed.

Whatever the furnishings of yo home may be—whatever may be t space you can devote to your books- there is a size, a style and a finish **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases that will me your requirements perfectly.

Globe-

This trade-mark, on the i of quality—your prote assurance of being able t

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are sold at ***unifo prices*** by 1,500 authorized agencies; or, where are not represented, will be shipped direct from t factory, ***freight prepaid*** to points east of Mon Wyo., Colo. and N. M., at the prices quoted belo You can order from these illustrations, if desire

Illustration No. 1 —Mission Style, Quarter-sawed Oak, 15 units complete, $102.50—6 units complete, $41.00—3 units only complete, $20.50. Leaded or Bevel Plate Glass Doors, $1.00 extra for each unit.

Illustration No. 2 —Standard Style with Leg Base, Plain Oak, 6 units complete with mitered tops and bases, $29.00—3 units complete, $13.25, (top not mitered).

Illustration No. 3 —Mission Style, Qua sawed Oak, with unique locker unit, book units and drawer base, as sh $26.25—3 book units complete, in o styles, as low as $11.75.

Illustration No. 4 Mission Style, Qua sawed Oak, 8 book units and desk complete, $81.75—Leaded Glass D $1.00 extra for each unit.

All prices quoted above, on combinations as shown, include tops

Illustrated Catalogue and List of "Best Books" Fr

Our catalogue contains 25 original designs for home libraries—t why **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases are the most desirable and most economica and quotes prices on every style and finish made. We have also had compi the leading lists of the 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books," and have publis them in one unique booklet. Our catalogue, these lists, and the name our nearest agency will be sent you free, on request. Address, Dept. D.

The Globe-Wernick

Branch Stores: *New York, 380-382 Broadway.*

astic Bookcases

to your Home Library

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases differ rom other sectional bookcases in the ***uperior quality*** of materials, workmanhip and finish used in their construcon—in the ***variety*** of styles and nishes that allows the widest latitude or the exercise of individual taste in brary decoration—in mechanical safeuards such as the ***patent equalizer*** to revent doors from binding, and the ***interlocking strip*** to insure true alignment.

ernicke

each unit, is our pledge gainst inferiority—your n duplicates at any time.

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are made in three styles ***Standard, Mission*** and ***Ideal***—and in fourteen different finishes—in Plain Oak, Quarter-Sawed Oak, nitation Mahogany and Real Mahogany. Units ay be fitted with either Plain Glass, Leaded Glass or evel Plate Glass Doors. See Catalogue for particulars.

stration No. 5 —Standard Style, 9 units mplete, (left section ¾ length only), in lain Oak, $34.75; in Quarter-sawed Oak Imitation Mahogany, $40.75; in Real lahogany, $55.75.

stration No. 6 —Mission Style, Quarter-wed Oak, 2 book units and desk unit, 40.75; 6 book units and desk unit comete, $65.50; Real Mahogany, $95.50.

Illustration No. 7 —Mission Style, Quarter-sawed Oak, 12 units complete with drawer bases, $82.00—without drawers in bases, $78.00. Leaded Glass Doors, $1.00 extra for each unit so fitted.

Illustration No. 8 —Mission Style, Quarter-sawed Oak, 9 units complete, 50 inches high by 104 inches long, $61.50. Leaded Glass Doors, each $1.00 extra.

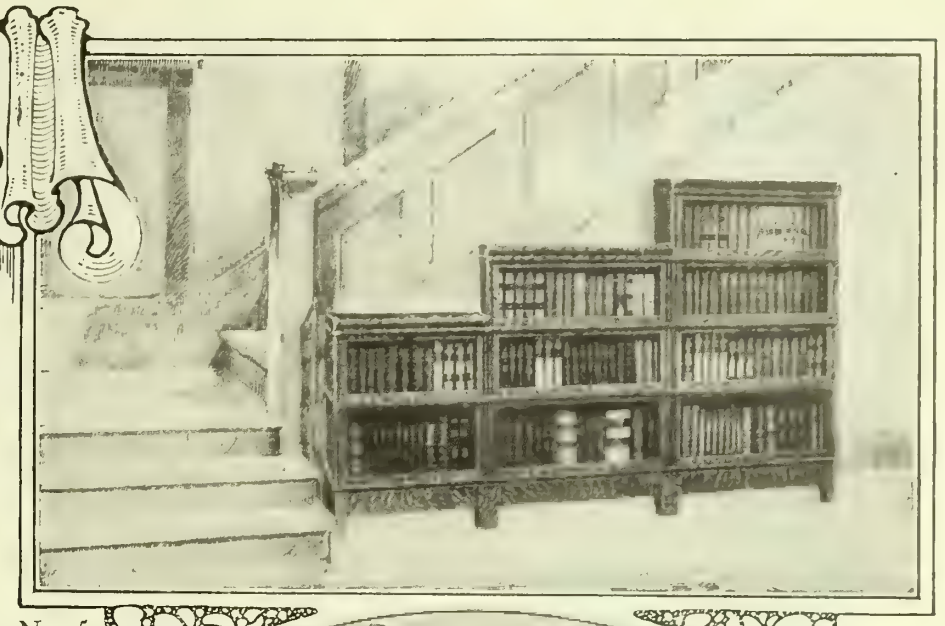
e are only a few of the combinations described in our catalogue.

Vrite for Catalogue of Filing Cabinets and Supplies

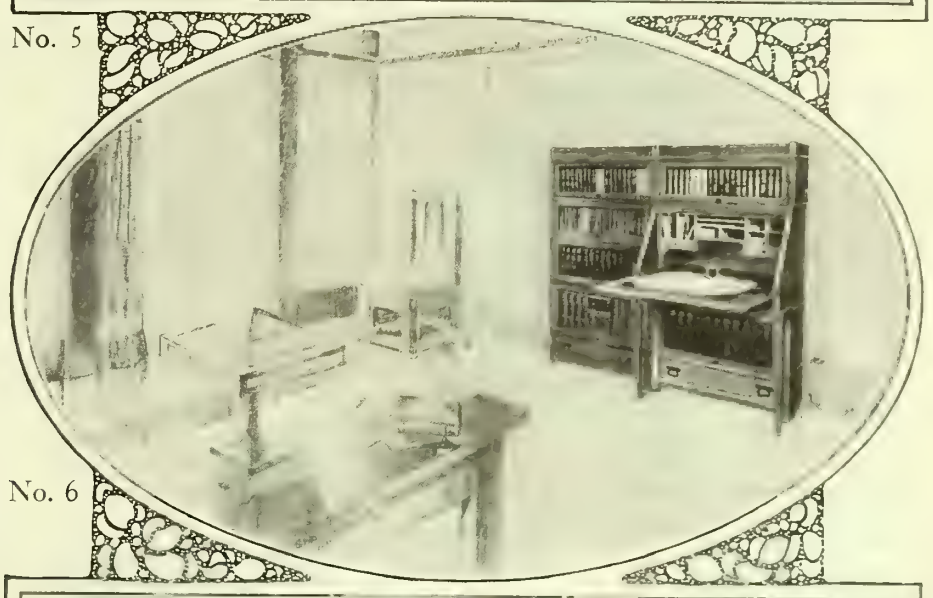
The same standard of excellence that has made **Globe-Wernicke** Bookes pre-eminent, marks all **Globe-Wernicke** Filing Cabinets—in either wood steel construction. Every user of filing cabinets, card indexes, etc., uld therefore write for this special Catalogue No. 809. Prices are uniform rywhere—and freight is prepaid the same as on bookcases. For Filing binet Catalogue and name of nearest agency, address, Dept. S-809.

Cincinnati, U.S.A.

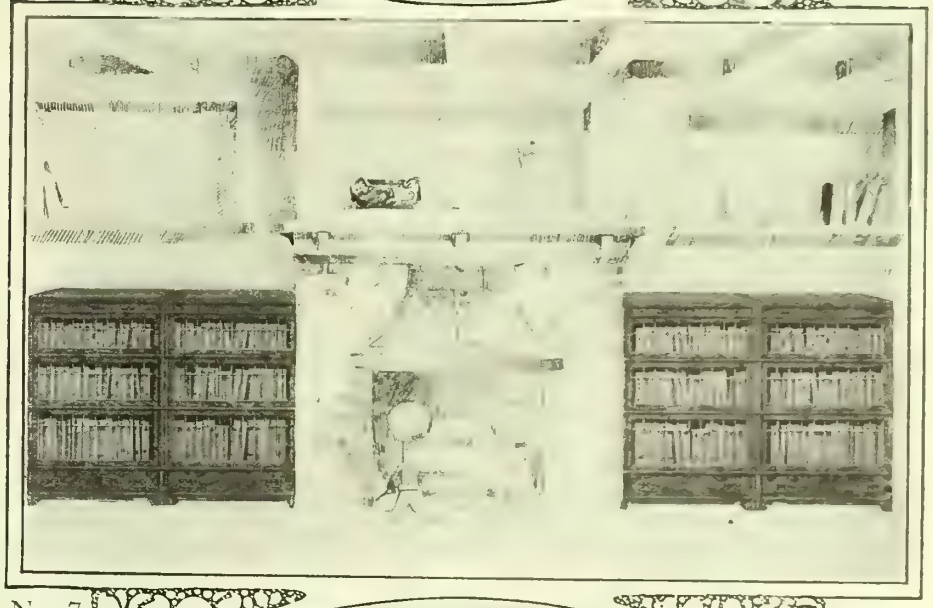
224-228 Wabash Avenue. *Boston, 91-93 Federal Street.*



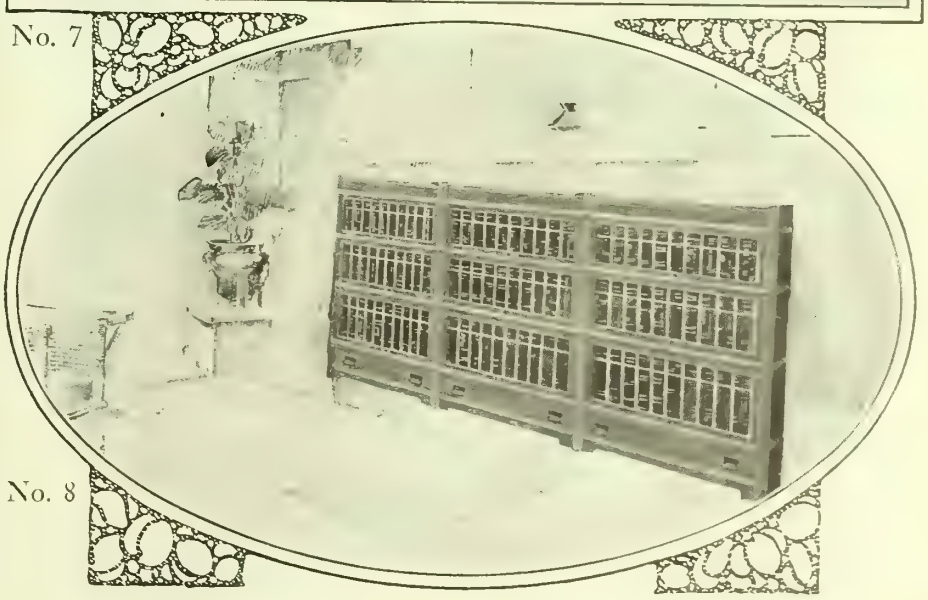
No. 5



No. 6



No. 7



No. 8

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

THE noticeable elegance of style which is a feature peculiar to Knapp-Felt cannot be successfully imitated in any other hat-fabric because it is produced by the trained hand of a skilled C & K workman. The foundation is a combination of the finest materials and fifty years of experience in making fine hats in the Crofut & Knapp shop.

A Knapp-Felt derby brings to its owner the satisfaction of wearing a hat which is the expression of an artistic ideal rather than a machine-made product.

The fall shapes which are now on sale throughout the United States are correct in style and of unquestionable taste, the colors are of the steadfast Cronap dye and the quality is the highest reached in hat-manufacture.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Knapp-Felt De Luxe Derbies or soft hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

THE AMATEUR

(Continued from Page 5)

a girl friend, who had known both Ashton and herself before they were married, had written her that her husband was living in London. For the sake of her son she had at once determined to make an effort to seek him out.

"The son, nonsense!" exclaimed the doctor, when Ford retold the story. "She is not crossing the ocean because she is worried about the future of her son. She seeks her own happiness. The woman is in love with her husband."

Ford shook his head.

"I don't know!" he objected. "She's so extravagant in her praise of Harry that it seems unreal. It sounds insincere. Then, again, when I swear I will find him she shows a delight that you might describe as savage, almost vindictive. As though if I did find Harry the first thing she would do would be to stick a knife in him."

"Maybe," volunteered the doctor sadly, "she has heard there is a woman in the case. Maybe she is the one she's thinking of sticking the knife into?"

"Well," declared the reporter, "if she doesn't stop looking savage every time I promise to find Harry I won't find Harry. Why should I act the part of Fate, anyway? How do I know that Harry hasn't got a wife in London and several in the States? How do we know he didn't leave his country for his country's good? That's what it looks like to me. How can we tell what confronted him the day he went down to the hotel desk to change his rooms and, instead, got into his touring car and beat the speed limit to Canada. Whom did he meet in the hotel corridor? A woman with a perfectly-good marriage certificate, or a detective with a perfectly-good warrant? Or did Harry find out that his bride had a devil of a temper of her own, and that for him marriage was a failure? The widow is certainly a very charming young woman, but there may be two sides to this."

"You are a cynic, sir," protested the doctor.

"That may be," growled the reporter, "but I am not a private detective agency or a matrimonial bureau, and before I hear myself saying, 'Bless you, my children!' both of these young people will have to show me why they should not be kept asunder."

II

ON THE afternoon of their arrival in London Ford convoyed Mrs. Ashton to an old-established private hotel in Craven Street.

"Here," he explained, "you will be within a few hundred yards of the big hotel in which your husband is said to spend his time. I will be living in one of these hotels. If I find him you will know it in ten minutes."

The widow gave a little gasp, whether of excitement or of happiness Ford could not determine.

"Whatever happens," she begged, "will you let me hear from you sometimes? You are the only person I know in London —and— it's so big it frightens me. I don't want to be a burden," she went on eagerly, "but if I can feel you are within call ——"

"What you need," said Ford heartily, "is less of the doctor's nerve tonic and sleeping drafts, and a little innocent diversion. Tonight I am going to take you to the Savoy for supper."

Mrs. Ashton exclaimed delightedly, and then was filled with misgivings.

"I have nothing to wear," she protested, "and I've heard that over here, in the evening, the women dress so well. I have a dinner gown," she exclaimed, "but it's black. Would that do?"

Ford assured her nothing could be better. He had a man's vanity in liking a woman with whom he was seen in public to be pretty and smartly dressed, and he felt sure that in black the blond beauty of Mrs. Ashton would appear to advantage. They arranged to meet at eleven on the promenade leading to the Savoy supper-room, and parted with mutual satisfaction at the prospect.

The finding of Harry Ashton was so simple that in its very simplicity it appeared spectacular.

On leaving Mrs. Ashton, Ford engaged rooms at the Hotel Cecil. Before visiting his rooms he made his way to the American bar. He did not go there seeking Harry Ashton. His object was entirely self-centered. His purpose was to drink to himself and to the lights of London. But as though by appointment, the man he had promised to find was waiting for him. As Ford entered the room, at a table facing the door sat Ashton. There was no mistaking the young man. He wore a mustache, but it did not disguise him. He was the same good-natured, good-looking youth who, in the photograph from under a Panama hat, had smiled upon the world. With a glad cry Ford rushed quickly toward him.

"Fancy meeting *you!*" he exclaimed.

Mr. Ashton's good-natured smile did not relax. He merely shook his head.

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake," he said.

The reporter regarded him blankly. His face showed his disappointment.

"Aren't you Charles W. Garrett, of New York?" he demanded.

"Not me," said Mr. Ashton.

"But," Ford insisted in hurt tones, as though he were being trifled with, "you have been told you look like him, haven't you?"

Mr. Ashton's good nature was unassailable.

"Sorry, but never heard of him," he declared.

Ford became garrulous, he could not believe two men could look so much alike. It was a remarkable coincidence. The stranger must certainly have a drink, the drink intended for his twin. Ashton was bored, but accepted. He was well acquainted with the easy good-fellowship of his countrymen. The room in which he sat was a meeting-place for many of them. He considered that they were always giving each other drinks, and not only were they always introducing themselves but saying, "Shake hands with my friend, Mr. So-and-So." After five minutes they showed each other photographs of the children. This one, though as loquacious as the others, seemed better dressed, more "wise"; he brought to the exile the atmosphere of his beloved Broadway, so Ashton drank to him pleasantly.

"My name is Sydney Carter," he volunteered.

As a poker-player skims over the cards in his hand, Ford, in his mind's eye, ran over the value of giving or not giving his right name. He decided that Ashton would not have heard it and that, if he gave a false one, there was a chance that later Ashton might find out that he had done so. Accordingly he said, "Mine is Austin Ford," and seated himself at Ashton's table. Within ten minutes the man he had promised to pluck from among the eight million inhabitants of London was smiling sympathetically at his jests and buying him a drink.

On the steamer Ford had rehearsed the story with which, should he meet Ashton, he would introduce himself. It was one arranged to fit with his theory that Ashton was a crook. If Ashton were a crook Ford argued that to ingratiate himself at once in his good graces he also must be a crook. His plan was to invite Ashton to coöperate with him in some scheme that was openly dishonest. By so doing he hoped apparently to place himself at Ashton's mercy. He believed if he could persuade Ashton he was more of a rascal than Ashton himself, and an exceedingly stupid rascal, any distrust the bookmaker might feel toward him would disappear. He made his advances so openly, and apparently showed his hand so carelessly, that, from being bored, Ashton became puzzled, then interested; and when Ford insisted he should dine with him, he considered it so necessary to find out who the youth might be who was forcing himself upon him that he accepted the invitation.

They adjourned to dress and an hour later, at Ford's suggestion, they met at the Carlton. There Ford ordered a dinner calculated to lull his newly-made friend into a mood suited to confidence, but which had on Ashton exactly the opposite effect. Merely for the pleasure of his company utter strangers were not in the habit of treating him to strawberries in February, and vintage champagne; and, in consequence, in Ford's hospitality he saw only cause for suspicion. If, as he had first feared, Ford was a New York detective, it was most important he should know that.

Why England Welcomed Them

King Edward the other day ordered his trousers creased at the sides instead of fore and aft.

Nine-tenths of the Englishmen followed the royal example.

Among the trousers thus creased were several hundred Stein-Bloch trousers, belonging to Stein-Bloch suits, made in the Stein-Bloch tailor shops at Rochester, U. S. A.

They were sent to England to be worn by Englishmen—the first American clothes to enter the temple of tailordom—which, by common consent, is London.

You would not care to have your trousers creased at the sides, but if you should try on Stein-Bloch smart clothes you would be quick to understand why England welcomed them.

They fit, have a style, and wear as no other clothes in the world do. They are priced conveniently for your bank account.

You may try on these clothes in your own town, at the best clothier's there.

They bear this label. It means 55 years of Knowing How.

"Smartness," the photographically illustrated book of world-wide styles, mailed free.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops: Rochester, N. Y.
New York: Fifth Ave. Bldg.
LONDON: SELFRIDGE & CO., Ltd. Oxford St., West.

Society Brand Clothes make you feel young, look young and act young. Permanent crease (patented) in all trousers. Sold through the better clothiers. Made in Chicago by

Alfred Decker & Cohn

WRITE FOR FALL 1909 FASHION PANELS

Society Brand

"Compound interest is a magician"

WRITE for book "How to Save by Mail," showing what compound interest accomplishes when coupled with our Monthly Savings Plan, and explaining Gov. Leslie M. Shaw's plan for systematic saving.

This institution, the president of which is Gov. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the United States Treasury, will open a bank account with you no matter how large, no matter how small, and no matter where you live. Simply mail your deposit—and your bank book will be sent by return post. Withdrawals from your account may be made without notice.

Gov. Leslie M. Shaw

4% compound interest on Savings Accounts. Liberal interest on Checking Accounts.

Under our plan $10.00 a month will grow to $1473.00 in ten years and $1473.00 will buy a home in any state in the Union. Or it will send the son or daughter to college. Send for the book.

The First Mortgage Guarantee and Trust Co.
LESLIE M. SHAW, President
Dept. A, 927 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

AGENTS MAKE MONEY QUICK
Selling our wonderful, newly patented
RADIUMITE SELF HONING STROP

New discovery. Sells at sight. F. J. King sold 33 the first day. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. $2 Razor FREE with every strop. Agents make big profits. Experience unnecessary. Write today for terms of free outfit.
Thomas Mfg. Co., 68 Wayne Street, Dayton, Ohio

No one better than Ashton understood that, at that moment, his presence in New York meant, for the police, unalloyed satisfaction, and for himself undisturbed solitude. But Ford was unlike any detective of his acquaintance; and his acquaintance had been extensive. It was true Ford was familiar with all the habits of Broadway and the Tenderloin. Of places with which Ashton was intimate he talked glibly, and of men with whom Ashton had formerly been well acquainted. But, if he were a detective, Ashton considered, they certainly had improved the class.

The restaurant into which for the first time Ashton had penetrated, and in which he felt ill at ease, was to Ford, he observed, a matter of course. For Ford it evidently held no terrors. He criticised the service, patronized the head waiters, and grumbled at the food; and when, on leaving the restaurant, an Englishman and his wife stopped at their table to greet Ford, he accepted their welcome to London without embarrassment.

Ashton, rolling his cigar between his lips, observed the incident with increasing bewilderment.

"You've got some swell friends," he growled. "I'll bet you never met *them* at Healey's!"

"I meet all kinds of people in my business," said Ford. "I once sold that man some mining stock, and the joke of it was," he added, smiling knowingly, "it turned out to be good."

Ashton decided that the psychological moment had arrived.

"What *is* your business?" he asked.

"I'm a company promoter," said Ford easily. "I thought I told you."

"I did not tell you that I was a company promoter, too, did I?" demanded Ashton.

"No," answered Ford with apparent surprise. "Are you? That's funny."

Ashton watched for the next move, but the subject seemed in no way to interest Ford. Instead of following it up he began afresh.

"Have you any money lying idle?" he asked abruptly. "About a thousand pounds."

Ashton recognized that the mysterious stranger was about to disclose both himself and whatever object he had in seeking him out. He cast a quick glance about him.

"I can always find money," he said guardedly. "What's the proposition?"

With pretended nervousness Ford leaned forward and began the story he had rehearsed. It was a new version of an old swindle and to every self-respecting confidence man was well known as the "sick engineer" game. The plot is very simple. The sick engineer is supposed to be a mining engineer who, as an expert, has examined a gold mine and reported against it. For his services the company paid him partly in stock. He falls ill and is at the point of death. While he has been ill much gold has been found in the mine he examined, and the stock which he considers worthless is now valuable. Of this, owing to his illness, he is ignorant. One confidence man acts the part of the sick engineer and the other that of a broker who knows the engineer possesses the stock, but has no money with which to purchase it from him. For a share of the stock he offers to tell the dupe where it and the engineer can be found. They visit the man, apparently at the point of death, and the dupe gives him money for his stock. Later the dupe finds the stock is worthless, and the supposed engineer and the supposed broker divide the money he paid for it. In telling the story Ford pretended he was the broker and that he thought in Ashton he had found the dupe who would buy the stock from the sick engineer.

As the story unfolded and Ashton appreciated the part Ford expected him to play in it, his emotions were so varied that he was in danger of apoplexy. Amusement, joy, chagrin and indignation illuminated his countenance. His cigar ceased to burn, and with his eyes opened wide he regarded Ford in pitying wonder.

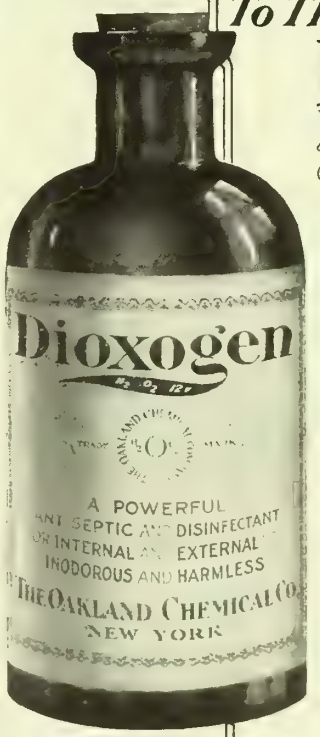
"Wait!" he commanded. He shook his head uncomprehendingly. "Tell me," he asked, "do I look as easy as that, or are you just naturally foolish?"

Ford pretended to fall into a state of great alarm.

"I don't understand," he stammered.

"Why, son," exclaimed Ashton kindly, "I was taught that story in the public schools. I invented it. I stopped using it before you cut your teeth. Gee!" he exclaimed delightedly. "I knew I had grown

Ralston
WEEKLY CATALOGUE
Making nature conform to a bad standard of shoemaking injures your feet and your general health.
Ralston Shoes conform to nature. The anatomically moulded insole is practically a die of the human foot and supports it gently at every point, doing away with hard pressures on ball and heel. Ralston Styles are exclusive and are not to be found elsewhere, except in the highest priced made-to-order models.
The style illustrated
Stock No. 154
Cocoa Brown, Calf, Blucher
"O-hi-o" Last
represents the medium of extreme stylishness and conservatism. Ask to see it of any Ralston dealer.
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main Street
Campello (Brockton), Mass.
$4
Send for Ralston Book, AUTHORITY STYLES Fall and Winter, FREE
ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK
Copyrighted 1909



Send 10c for 2 oz. sample exactly this size

To Those Who Value Good Health

Dioxogen

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

is a household necessity. A bottle of DIOXOGEN is worth more in the daily home life than a whole cabinet full of preparations intended to cure *after* some serious disease has made its attack. DIOXOGEN is a *safeguard* and *protection* against simple or serious ills—it prevents simple injuries from becoming serious.

DIOXOGEN is nature's cleanser and purifier. It is as harmless as the air from which it gets the oxygen that constitutes its active agent. It is as effective a destroyer of disease-producing causes as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, and similar dangerous poisons—yet DIOXOGEN is absolutely safe for use in the home.

Our new booklet "The Best Kind of Health Insurance" describes more than twenty everyday and emergency uses of DIOXOGEN. When used as a Mouth Wash, as a Gargle, for Wounds and Cuts, for Burns and Scalds, for Boils and Abscesses, for Eczema and Skin Affections, after Shaving, for the Complexion, for Chapped Hands, for Body Odors, and the many other purposes mentioned in this booklet, DIOXOGEN attacks the *causes* of disease, infection, and unhealthful conditions, neutralizing and removing poisonous accumulations and leaving the tissues in normal condition.

DIOXOGEN foams and whitens wherever it comes in contact with disease germs, thus showing its powerful action. You can use it for [illegible] DIOXOGEN is

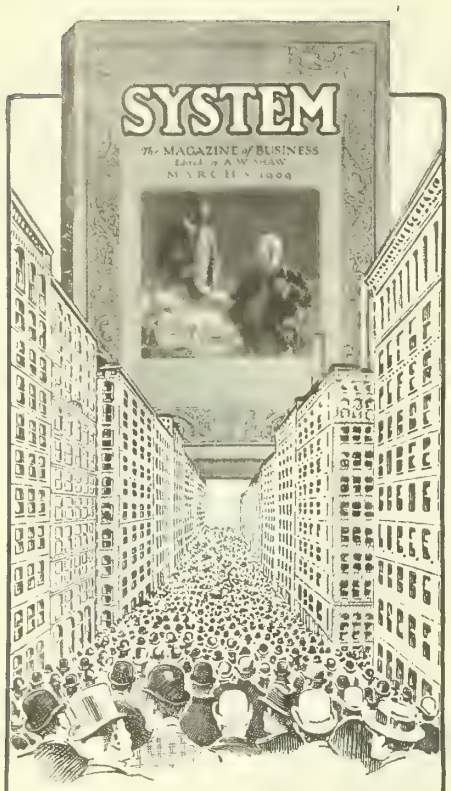
Worthy druggists *everywhere* sell DIOXOGEN. Do not be sore and ask for it by name. Do not merely ask for "peroxide of hydrogen,"—this is a general term it covers all qualities and kinds. There are many cheap and inferior grades of peroxide on the market, many of them inefficient because too weak, many inefficient because "impure," many of doubtful character because they contain acetanilid as a preservative, many of them made for bleaching and other commercial purposes and containing decidedly objectionable ingredients, and *most of them* totally unsuitable for personal use. Insist upon getting *real DIOXOGEN* in original packages. It is the Best Kind of Health Insurance—the kind that pays by giving the possessor a *sure and reliable protection* against the everyday menaces to health.

If you have never used DIOXOGEN, or if you are using ordinary peroxide and would like to prove for yourself the advantages of DIOXOGEN, send 10 cents in silver or stamps to cover postage (5c) and mailing case (2c) and we will send a 2-oz. trial bottle without further charge. We will also send the booklet, "The Best Kind of Health Insurance." It should be in every household. Mention your druggist's name when writing. For convenience use the coupon.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL COMPANY
NEW YORK

S E P

The OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO
98 Front St., New York
Check one of the following
☐ I have never used [illegible]
☐ I am using DIOXOGEN, [illegible]
Name
Druggist's Name



Business men everywhere, more and more, are keeping their eyes on SYSTEM.

For SYSTEM is a 260-356 page magazine of *business*—brim so full of bright ideas and clever articles that an official of the National Cash Register Company writes as follows:

"The ideas gathered from your magazine have enabled me to formulate systems for Mr. Patterson's letters, books, pamphlets, telegrams, bills, orders, addresses, etc., which have simplified the work greatly."

And the United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company says:

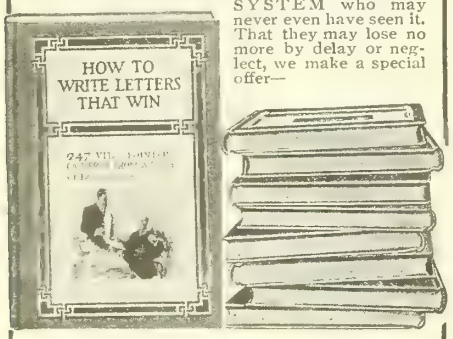
"Since the first of the year when we subscribed to your magazine, we have completely changed our methods and have been guided solely by the suggestions contained in SYSTEM. We find the work is more complete, and better still, there is less chance for error."

And what SYSTEM has done for these men it should just so surely do for you.

For SYSTEM tells how to start a business, how to create it, nurse it, and develop it to hale, hearty business health. How to make its product, win its trade, establish its prestige, sell its goods and bring in its money. How, in short, to make a business of an idea, a corporation of a scheme, a giant success of a small uncertainty.

And it tells the employee—the man in the under position—how to get in the upper class; how to secure an increase in ability and an increase in pay; how to become an auditor instead of a bookkeeper; an advertising manager instead of a clerk; a salesman instead of an order taker; a business creator instead of a business machine; at the "top" instead of at the "bottom."

To the man who knows SYSTEM we have only to say: "Your subscription has expired" and that man will renew. But there are thousands needing SYSTEM who may never even have seen it. That they may lose no more by delay or neglect, we make a special offer—



Simply deposit $2.00 with SYSTEM for five days. We will not only enter your subscription for a full year of SYSTEM—12 complete issues—but we will in addition send you, all transportation charges prepaid, without any additional charge whatsoever, a copy of the book you check in the list below—128 pages, size 5x7⅝ inches, well printed on book laid paper, minutely illustrated throughout and bound in vellum with the cover in four colors.

The titles suggest the contents.

SPECIAL "TAKE-NO-RISK" OFFER

Enclosed find $2.00. You may send SYSTEM one full year at the address below, also forward free, all charges prepaid, one copy of the book before which I have marked X

- ☐ How to Write Letters that Win.
- ☐ How to Increase Your Sales.
- ☐ How to Increase the Sale of the store.
- ☐ How to Reduce Factory Costs.
- ☐ How to Increase a Bank's Deposits.
- ☐ How to Sell Real Estate at a Profit.
- ☐ How to Sell More Life Insurance.
- ☐ How to Sell More Fire Insurance.
- ☐ How to Double the Day's Work.

If on receipt of the book, and the first copy of the magazine, I do not thoroughly believe that the book and twelve issues of the magazine will be worth more to me than five times the $2.00, I will notify you and you promise to return my remittance promptly and cheerfully. S P

Name

Address

Firm

Send to SYSTEM, 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
New York, 44-60 E. 23d St. London, 34 Norfolk St., Strand

respectable-looking, but I didn't think I was so damned respectable-looking as that!" He began to laugh silently; so greatly was he amused that the tears shone in his eyes and his shoulders shook.

"I'm sorry for you, son," he protested, "but that's the funniest thing that's come my way in two years. And you buying me hothouse grapes, too, and fancy water! I wish you could see your face," he taunted.

Ford pretended to be intensely chagrined.

"All right," he declared roughly. "The laugh's on me this time, but just because I lost one trick, don't think I don't know my business. Now that I'm wise to what *you* are we can work together and ——"

The face of young Mr. Ashton became instantly grave. His jaws snapped like a trap. When he spoke his tone was assured and slightly contemptuous.

"Not with *me* you can't work!" he said.

"Don't think because I fell down on this ——" Ford began hotly.

"I'm not thinking of you at all," said Ashton. "You're a nice little fellow all right, but you have sized me up wrong. I am on the 'straight and narrow' that leads back to little old New York and God's country, and I am warranted not to run off my trolley."

The words were in the vernacular, but the tone in which the young man spoke rang so confidently that it brought to Ford a pleasant thrill of satisfaction. From the first he had found in the personality of the young man something winning and likable; a shrewd manliness and tolerant good humor. His eyes may have shown his sympathy, for, in sudden confidence, Ashton leaned nearer.

"It's like this," he said. "Several years ago I made a bad break and, about a year later, they got on to me and I had to cut and run. In a month the law of limitation lets me loose and I can go back. And you can bet I'm *going* back. I will be on the bowsprit of the first boat. I've had all I want of the 'fugitive-from-justice' game, thank you, and I have taken good care to keep a clean bill of health so that I won't have to play it again. They've been trying to get me for several years—especially the Pinkertons. They have chased me all over Europe. Chased me with all kinds of men; sometimes with women; they've tried everything except bloodhounds. At first I thought *you* were a 'Pink,' that's why——"

"I!" interrupted Ford, exploding derisively. "That's *good!* That's one on *you*." He ceased laughing and regarded Ashton kindly. "How do you know I'm not?" he asked.

For an instant the face of the bookmaker grew a shade less red and his eyes searched those of Ford's in a quick agony of suspicion. Ford continued to smile steadily at him, and Ashton breathed with relief.

"I'll take a chance with you," he said, "and if you are as bad a detective as you are a sport I needn't worry."

They both laughed, and, with sudden mutual liking, each raised his glass and nodded.

"But they haven't got me yet," continued Ashton, "and unless they get me in the next thirty days I'm free. So you needn't think that I'll help you. It's 'never again' for me. The first time, that was the fault of the crowd I ran with; the second time that would be *my* fault. And there ain't going to be any second time."

He shook his head doggedly, and with squared shoulders leaned back in his chair.

"If it only breaks right for me," he declared, "I'll settle down in one of those 'Own-your-own-homes,' forty-five minutes from Broadway, and never leave the wife and the baby."

The words almost brought Ford to his feet. He had forgotten the wife and the baby. He endeavored to explain his surprise by a sudden assumption of incredulity.

"Fancy you married!" he exclaimed.

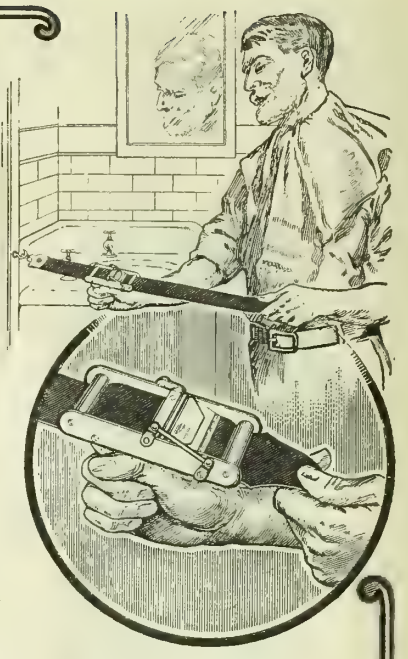
"Married!" protested Ashton. "I'm married to the finest little lady that ever wore skirts, and in thirty-seven days I'll see her again. Thirty-seven days," he repeated impatiently. "Gee! That's a hell of a long time!"

Ford studied the young man with increased interest. That he was speaking sincerely, from the heart, there seemed no possible doubt.

Ashton frowned and his face clouded. "I've not been able to treat her just right," he volunteered. "If she wrote me, the letters might give them a clew, and I

RUNDEL
AUTOMATIC STROPPER

Keeps a Perfect Edge On Any Safety Blade



A child can work it. Just push and pull the stropper up and down the strop. Blade is held at correct angle and reverses automatically—can't cut the strop. Then you always have sharp blades without buying new ones. Very economical and convenient—no safety razor complete without it.

Sold on Approval By All Dealers

Try one for 10 days. If you don't wish to keep it, your money is promptly returned. Complete outfit consists of **a Stropper**, strongly built of brass and steel, nicely nickel plated, and with rubberoid finish handle; **Three Blade Holders;** and a 22-inch finest quality **Horsehide Strop.** All are enclosed in a handsome case, and sell everywhere for **$3.00.** If your dealer can't supply you, we will send the outfit prepaid.

Rundel Automatic Stropper costs more than its imitations, but it is the only stropper adapted to all style blades; the only stropper scientifically adjusted and controlled; the only stropper that automatically strops exactly "like the barber"; the only stropper that's made right, works right, and will last for years.

Free Book on Art of Correct Shaving

Tell us the name of a dealer who sells razors, and we will send free **"Hints For Shavers"**—a valuable book just written by an expert barber. Send for it to-day.

RUNDEL MFG. CO., 166 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Secret of the Value of

Derby Office Furniture

Quality Appearance Workmanship Durability

Captains of Industry, professional men and successful merchants realize that "Rich not Gaudy" office furniture lends an atmosphere of Stability and Good Taste to their offices. This atmosphere surrounds **Derby** Office Furniture. It inspires confidence and helps business.

We Guarantee Derby Office Furniture

not to shrink, warp, crack or split. The Quality of the Material and its Treatment, the Construction and Workmanship justify our guarantee.

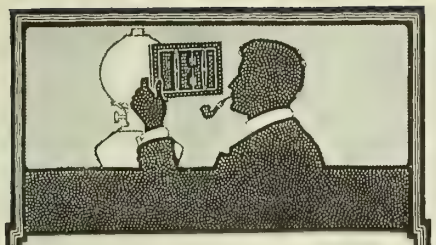
Five-ply cross-bound writing beds. Three-ply panels,
Drawer corners (front and back) dove-tailed,
Drawer bottoms three-ply paneled in,
Four and eight piece dove-tailed legs.

Thirty-five years of Leadership accounts for the Superiority of Design, Quality and Convenience of **Derby** Office Furniture.

Specialty, choice mahogany, but our full lines meet every taste and purse.

DERBY DESK COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

Agencies in principal cities. Catalog 2903 and name of nearest dealer on request.



Your best negatives deserve, and your poorer negatives need:—

VELOX

Velox is the only paper that is made with sole reference to the requirements of the amateur. The best developers and finishers of amateur work use Velox exclusively because it is the only paper that works properly with negatives made under the harsh conditions of lighting that the amateur almost invariably encounters.

Don't permit anybody to insult your negatives with an inferior substitute.

If your developer and finisher doesn't use Velox, write us; we will tell you of one who does.

NEPERA DIVISION,
Eastman Kodak Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Don't Pay Two Prices for Stoves and Ranges

Buy at Factory Prices, SAVE $18.00

HOOSIER STOVES

HAVE NO EQUAL

"Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low unheard of Factory Prices."

☞ Hoosiers are delivered for you to use 30 days free in your own home before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove, backed by a Million Dollars. Our 20 new 1910 improvements on stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced.

Send Postal Today for Free Catalogue.

Hoosier Stove Factory, 217 State St., Marion, Ind.

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

for the Census Office, Postal, Railway, Mail, Internal Revenue, Customs, or Departmeotal Service. 40,000 appointments made yearly. Full particulars FREE concerning positions, salaries, examinations (to be held soon in every state). Sample questions previously used, etc. Address the *originators*.

National Correspondence Institute
19-40 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

Elastic Stockings

The Worcester Improved Custom Made Elastic Stockings are the best in the world but cost no more than inferior ones.

Write today for Free Booklet which gives directions for self measurement and tells how Varicose Veins can be relieved.

Worcester Elastic Stocking Co.
58 Front Street, Worcester, Mass., Dept. 7

ELECTRICITY VOLTAMP

Every Boy, Girl, Grown-up should have our big catalogue contaioing illustrations and descriptions of Voltamp Electrical products. Wireless Instrumeots, Motors, Dynamos, Machine Models, Toys, Telegraph Instruments, Meters, Coils, Switches, Geissler Tubes, Lamps, Flash-Lights, Telephooes, Bells, Miniature Railways, etc. Send for catalogue—5c. which will be refunded with first order of 50c. or over. Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Jasper Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

GOOD PATENTS START FACTORIES

We secure and promote patents. Represent 15 manufacturing firms looking for improvements.
SUES & CO., Patent Attorneys, 206 D St., Washington, D.C.
No advance fee. Advice free.

don't write *her* because I don't want her to know all my troubles until they're over. But I know," he added, "that five minutes' talk will set it all right. That is, if she still feels about me the way I feel about her."

The man crushed his cigar in his fingers and threw the pieces on the floor. "That's what's been the worst!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Not hearing, not knowing. It's been hell!"

His eyes as he raised them were filled with suffering, deep and genuine.

Ford rose suddenly. "Let's go down to the Savoy for supper," he said.

"Supper!" growled Ashton. "What's the use of supper? Do you suppose cold chicken and a sardine can keep me from *thinking?*"

Ford placed his hand on the other's shoulder.

"You come with me," he said kindly. "I'm going to do you a favor. I'm going to bring you a piece of luck. Don't ask me any questions," he commanded hurriedly. "Just take my word for it."

They had sat so late over their cigars that when they reached the restaurant on the Embankment the supper-room was already partly filled, and the corridors and lounge were brilliantly lit and gay with well-dressed women. Ashton regarded the scene with gloomy eyes. Since he had spoken of his wife he had remained silent, chewing savagely on a fresh cigar. But Ford was grandly excited. He did not know exactly what he intended to do. He was prepared to let events direct themselves, but of two things he was assured: Mrs. Ashton loved her husband, and her husband loved her. As the god in the car who was to bring them together, he felt a delightful responsibility.

The young men left the coatroom and came down the short flight of steps that leads to the wide lounge of the restaurant. Ford slightly in advance, searching with his eyes for Mrs. Ashton, found her seated alone in the lounge evidently waiting for him. At the first glance she was hardly to be recognized. Her low-cut dinner gown of black satin that clung to her like a wet bath robe was the last word of the new fashion; and since Ford had seen her her blond hair had been arranged by an artist. Her appearance was smart, elegant, daring. She was easily the prettiest and most striking-looking woman in the room, and for an instant Ford stood gazing at her, trying to find in the self-possessed young woman the deserted wife of the steamer. She did not see Ford. Her eyes were following the progress down the hall of a woman, and her profile was toward him.

The thought of the happiness he was about to bring to two young people gave Ford the sense of a genuine triumph, and when he turned to Ashton to point out his wife to him he was thrilling with pride and satisfaction. His triumph received a bewildering shock. Already Ashton had discovered the presence of Mrs. Ashton. He was standing transfixed, lost to his surroundings, devouring her with his eyes. And then, to the amazement of Ford, his eyes filled with fear, doubt and anger. Swiftly, with the movement of a man ducking a blow, he turned and sprang up the stairs and into the coatroom. Ford, bewildered and more conscious of his surroundings, followed him less quickly, and was in consequence only in time to see Ashton, dragging his overcoat behind him, disappear into the courtyard. He seized his own coat and raced in pursuit. As he ran into the courtyard Ashton, in the Strand, was just closing the door of a taxicab, but before the chauffeur could free it from the surrounding traffic, Ford had dragged the door open, and leaped inside. Ashton was huddled in the corner, panting, his face pale with alarm.

"What the devil ails you?" roared Ford. "Are you trying to shake me? You've got to come back. You must speak to her."

"Speak to her!" repeated Ashton. His voice was sunk to a whisper, and the look of alarm in his face was confused with one grim and menacing. "Did you know she was there?" demanded Ashton softly. "Did you take me there, knowing ——?"

"Of course I knew she was there," protested Ford. "She's been looking for you——"

His voice subsided in a squeak of amazement and pain. Ashton's left hand had shot out and swiftly seized his throat. With the other he pressed an automatic revolver against Ford's shirt front.

"I know she's been looking for me," the man whispered thickly. "For two years

Sincerity Clothes

Survive. They are put together to *stay* together. They are right *inside* and will stay right *outside.* Their *perfection* is more than a *surface*—their *grace* is more than a *front*—their *fit* is more than *cut.*

Sincerity clothes last for *seasons* because they are made of *seasoned* cloth. Sincerity fabrics are shrunk until they are as durable and steadfast, as fine as well ripened timber. They don't *sag out* of shape because there is no sag in their shape.

The shop that sells you a Sincerity suit doesn't consider that you have by any means the worst of the bargain. You can prove this by testing the Sincerity label.

Any retailer of Sincerity clothes will gladly trade back with you, if after you take the garments home you decide that you like the price more.

Write for style book which shows that Sincerity clothes are made in ages and sizes to fit men's years as well as their bodies. Different models for the young chap and his father; different fabrics too.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
MAKERS CHICAGO

Better and Cheaper than Lath and Plaster

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

No Dirt, Cracks or Damp Walls

You Yourself Can Nail It to Studding—All Ready for Paper or Paint

This wonder-worker in building construction is used as a substitute for lath and plaster; also as sheathing. It is made of kiln-dried, dressed lath, imbedded in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard. It is cut at the factory in 4 x 4 ft. sheets, which are nailed to studding all ready for wall paper or paint.

Bishopric Wall Board is clean, sanitary and odorless; is guaranteed not to shrink, warp, crack, flake or blister; is proof against moisture, vermin, heat or cold. Being a non-conductor, it saves fuel in winter and keeps the building cool in summer. It also deadens sound.

Bishopric Wall Board is suitable for cost y dwellings, modest cottages, bungalows, flats, pleasure and health res rt, [illegible] an . faeto buildings, new partitions and old buildings, ha attics, back porches, l dries, cellar ce garages, poultry houses, dairy barns and buildi

AS A SHEATHING [illegible] Bishopric Wall Board. Ideal material for many purposes.

Write Today for Free Sample

descriptive booklet and prices, freight pa from Cincinnati or factories in New Orleans, La., and Alma, Mich.

Dealers Should Write for Our Attractive Wall Board and Roofing Propositions

Requires no Paint

Bishopric Roofing is composed of Asphalt Mastic (a patented discovery) and woolen felt, surfaced on both sides with flaked mica.

The only Asphalt Roofing that is self-protecting, requiring no paint. Most durable and handsome. Proof against cold, heat, moisture, wind, weather and acid. Best fire retardant. Unaffected by climatic conditions. No cost of upkeep. Easy to lay.

STANDARD QUALITY
BISHOPRIC ASPHALT MASTIC ROOFING

We Pay Freight

east of west line of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas.

Sold direct at factory prices

1-ply, $2.50; 2-ply, $3.25; 3-ply, $3.75 per square [illegible] sq. ft.

Free [illegible] paid, in case [illegible] upon trial. [illegible] the roofing [illegible] Money back if not just as represented.

Write today for FREE samples of Wall Board and Roofing, and Illustrated booklet.

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 36 East Third St., Cincinnati, O.

PAST

Lame People

PRESENT

The Perfection Extensioo Shoe for persons with ooe short limb. Worn with ready made Shoes. Write for booklet. HENRY S. LOTZ
313 Third Ave, New York

LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. Write for free catalog.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL, 4442 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Shu-Food shines just like your smile. This new non-acid shoe paste polishes and preserves the leather. Sold by shoemen everywhere or send 10c to J. M. Borland Co., McKeesport, Pa.

$400 DAILY has been made selling this wonder- [illegible] Sanitary. Lightning seller. Special terms. Write today

N THOMAS MFG. CO., 3268 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES

By selling VANCO Hand Soap to shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large and old particulars 10c.

THE J. T. ROBERTSON CO. Box S, Manchester, Conn

she's been looking for me, to put me away. I know all about *her!* But, *who in hell are you?*"

Ford, gasping and gurgling, protested loyally.

"You are wrong!" he cried. "She's been at home waiting for you. She thinks you have deserted her and your baby. I tell you she loves you, you fool, she *loves* you!"

The fingers on his throat suddenly relaxed; the flaming eyes of Ashton, glaring into his, wavered and grew wide with amazement.

"Loves me," he whispered. "*Who* loves me?"

"Your wife," protested Ford; "the girl at the Savoy, your wife."

Again the fingers of Ashton pressed deep around his neck.

"That is not my wife," he whispered. His voice was unpleasantly cold and grim. "That's 'Baby Belle,' with her hair dyed, a detective lady of the Pinkertons, hired to find me. And *you* know it. Now, who are *you?*"

To permit him to reply Ashton released his hand, but at the same moment, in a sudden access of fear, dug the revolver deeper into the pit of Ford's stomach.

"Quick!" he commanded. "Never mind the girl. *Who are you?*"

Ford collapsed against the cushioned corner of the cab. "And she begged me to find you," he roared, "because she *loved* you, because she wanted to *believe* in you!" He held his arms above his head. "Go ahead and shoot!" he cried. "You want to know who I am?" he demanded. His voice rang with rage. "I'm an amateur. Just a natural born fool amateur! Go on and shoot!"

The gun in Ashton's hand sank to his knee. Between disbelief and laughter his face was twisted in strange lines. The cab was whirling through a narrow, unlit street leading to Covent Garden. Opening the door Ashton called to the chauffeur, and then turned to Ford.

"You get off here!" he commanded. "Maybe you're a 'Pink,' maybe you're a good fellow. I think you're a good fellow, but I'm not taking any chances. Get out!"

Ford scrambled to the street, and as the taxicab again butted itself forward, Ashton leaned far through the window.

"Good-by, son," he called. "Send me a picture postal card to Paris. For I am off to Maxim's," he cried, "and you can go to ——"

"Not at all!" shouted the amateur detective indignantly. "I'm going back to take supper with Baby Belle!"

Making Profits From Pennies

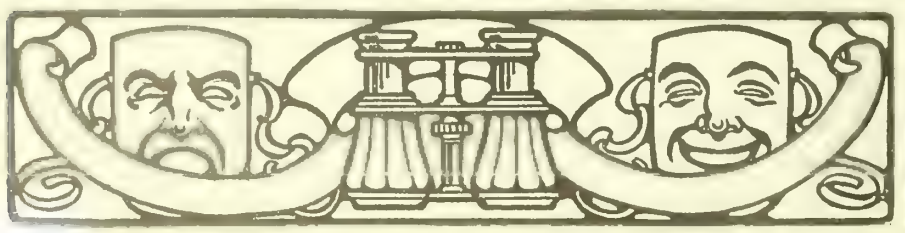
TWO compositors in Chicago worked together as apprentices and saved money after they began earning journeyman's wages, each with a view to going into business. Their plans for doing this, however, were widely different. Bill wanted to abandon the printing trade altogether, get into something else and make the change in a week. Saloonkeeping seemed an attractive field. He saw money spent liberally over bars and thought the business profitable. It looked genteel and pleasant, too, compared with typesetting by gaslight. Moreover, it looked easy, because Bill took a drink not more than once a day and had no knowledge of the long hours the average saloonkeeper labors. There were other details Bill never looked into—hundreds of mechanics every year, attracted by the superficial aspect of this business, sink their savings that way, and selling them saloon properties has become an industry in itself. Finally Bill's psychological moment came. He put his whole surplus into a gin-mill that wouldn't have paid even had he understood the business, which he never did. Three months later he was working as a journeyman again. Today he is a discouraged man and saves nothing.

The other compositor, Harry, selected the one business he understood, printing, and made the change slowly. With five hundred dollars in a savings-bank he invested half in a job press and some type, setting up shop in his father's woodshed, and canvassing the home neighborhood for work he could turn out nights. Keeping his job downtown he saved from wages as before, making it the rule that now the little print-shop was started it must double itself out of its own profits. It took more than a year to accomplish this. But by sticking to that rule Harry worked up patronage in his neighborhood, learned selling, and had a sound foundation, with more savings in the bank, when he was ready to expand. Finally he gave up his job, rented a large room, and embarked in business in earnest. Today his profits are several thousand dollars yearly.

In a small farming town near Chicago there is a notion store with stock worth eight thousand dollars and sales of one hundred dollars a day. It was started on four hundred dollars capital less than five years ago. The owner went from a sick-bed direct into business. There had been sickness in his family and several deaths, and his home was mortgaged so heavily that room could be found for just one more incumbrance. That "sink or swim mortgage" provided money to start the store.

A tiny frame shop was rented, rather too far up the main street. The first counters were made chiefly of packing cases, covered with cheap cloth. This merchant was governed by the advice of a large jobbing house in buying stock, its salesmen not only helping him select salable goods but showing him how to draw people up to his end of the town. The largest hardware dealer in that place, for example, drew people from miles around by selling a certain style of cooking stove at near cost. The beginner found it just as easy to draw them with ten-cent goods if he had a wide assortment and massed them all together on the same packing-box bargain-counter. His first purchases from the wholesale houses were chiefly notions to retail at five to twenty-five cents. There was a special counter of penny goods that seemed pretty trifling, but which drew trade from the outset and turned a wide percentage of profit. The whole stock represented less than two hundred and fifty dollars' investment, yet included hardware, tinware, glass and crockery, toilet goods and the like. Small quantities of each article were ordered, and each was something of every-day use. About one-third of his capital went into seasonable goods.

For example, he was ready to open in spring. Housecleaning supplies, paints and enamels, fishing tackle, baseball and sporting goods made his "leaders," and that portion of his capital began working the very first day. He also added lines that required no capital. For instance, a woman in that locality was building up a business in home-made candy. He took the local agency and got a small stock on consignment to be paid for after sale. Another device to make capital go further was his plan of ordering goods weekly instead of haphazard. Orders were mailed to Chicago on Thursday, so that wholesale houses had them Friday morning. This week one wholesaler had the largest order; the next week, another. The house with the largest order was instructed to act as shipper, and that week's orders to other houses carried instructions to deliver to the shipper there in Chicago, so that goods all came in one consignment, saving freight. This business is now housed in a large new store right in the main shopping center of the town, is growing rapidly, and has put money in the bank after clearing off mortgages.



The Baldwin Piano

The Many Moods in Music

insure to more people happy, self-forgetting recreation than any other form of entertainment.

Endowed with a tone of infinite variety and imaginative charm, the pleasure of a great and soothing art is trebled by the Baldwin Piano.

Here is that vibrant *mass* of tone ready for the musician's stormier impulses; here, too, the subtler fascination of beautifully-colored harmonies;—all things to all natures!

If you have been among the thousands to hear the Baldwin under the singing touch of de Pachmann or Pugno its high artistic qualities are known to you. Only unusual forces commanded by a great organization such as The Baldwin Company could *develop* such qualities.

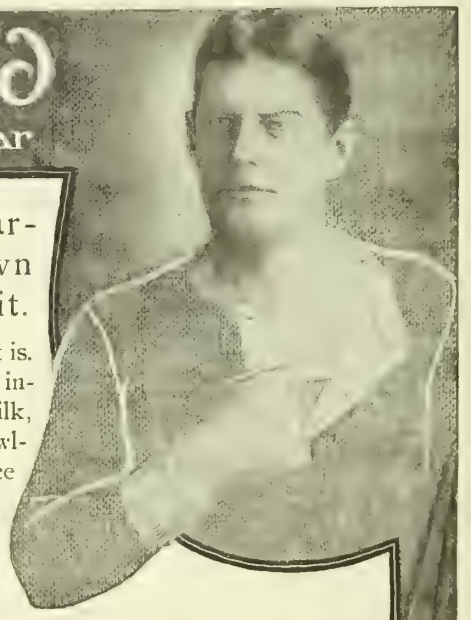
By any equally able economic policy it is practicable for you to know the Baldwin, though you may live far from the centers where its triumphs have been won. We should like to send you the catalogue. A line to the nearest agent will bring it at once.

The Baldwin Company

142 W. Fourth Street
CINCINNATI

Chicago, 262 Wabash Ave.
New York, 8 E. 34th Street
St. Louis, 1013 Olive Street
San Francisco, 310 Sutter Street
Indianapolis, 18 N. Penn'a Street
Louisville, 425 S. Fourth Ave.
Boston, 40 Huntington Ave.
Denver, 1626 California St.

Improved
Duofold
Health Underwear



Take a Duofold garment in your own hands and examine it.

Notice how light and elastic it is. Feel how fine and smooth the inside fabric is: cotton, linen or silk, as you prefer—no prickly, crawling wool against your skin. Notice that the outer fabric—wool or silkoline—is held to the inner one by a stitch in the knitting, every inch or so. And *between the fabrics is a layer of air.*

Put the garment on:—You feel no weight. After exercise it doesn't stick to you. Go from a hot room out of doors—there's no chill. The air between the fabrics ventilates the garment and adds warmth, but no weight.

Why not have perfect ease and perfect protection in one garment? Why not go after it today?

If your dealer doesn't sell Duofold garments, write us for the name of a dealer who does; and the book of Duofold styles showing various weights and shades for men, women and children.

Sizes and fit guaranteed. $1.25 to $5.00 a garment.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N.Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York

PAT. SEP. 23, 1902 Duofold

This label is on the genuine garments.

SHOW IT WITH A

Mirroscope

(The Improved "LITTLeBUCKEYe")

PROJECTOR

What the Mirroscope *is*

The Mirroscope is an easily operated machine that throws pictures on a screen or sheet by means of reflected light projected through a strong lens.

Unlike the magic lantern it does not require special slides—although the pictures on the screen look like magic-lantern views.

Instead of slides you use any original photograph, kodak picture, post card, illustration clipped from magazine or newspaper, original painting, drawing or sketch—anything that is not larger than seven by seven inches.

Everything is projected in its actual colors, but enlarged to six feet in diameter.

It will even show the flesh tints of your hand.

Put your watch in, with the works exposed, and it will show up in all its metallic colors and with the wheels in motion.

A whole room full of people can easily see and enjoy all that is shown on the screen—see it clearly, without crowding or inconvenience.

The Mirroscope is always ready for use. Nothing complicated to get out of order or break.

There's no fussing. Its operation is simple—a child can use it easily and safely.

There's no cost for operation—as there is with a camera, phonograph or magic lantern—no buying of films, records, slides or anything else.

What you can do with a Mirroscope

The Mirroscope Projector opens up wide possibilities for amusement and educational purposes.

Its popularity and diversified use are shown by the fact that we received suggestions for Mirroscope uses from over nine thousand enthusiasts during the past year. It is used in the class rooms of schools and technical institutions.

It has found a large place for itself in thousands of homes—whether there are children or not.

Every owner of a camera needs one.

Every traveler needs one.

It has a more practical field than simply to amuse—yet for pure amusement and entertainment, it has an endless variety of possibilities.

Here are but a few of the ways you may entertain your friends with the Mirroscope:

To show snap shot, post card, coin and stamp collections.

To show photographs and post cards of a foreign trip or a summer vacation.

Guessing contests on "autograph ghosts," advertising trademarks, illustrated proverbs, illustrated names of books, actors' portraits, human hands, etc.

Plays and charades in miniature.

Shadow-graphs.

Home-made illustrated songs (very entertaining when used with a phonograph and illustrations from your own snap shots).

The Mirroscope can be used in many ways to educate and amuse children, as for instance:

To show historical, geographical or travel views illustrating daily lessons.

To teach color values.

Illustrated spelling lessons.

Illustrated stories (the pictures in the book can be shown to all the children at once, while you tell the story or read it).

Illustrated talks on birds, animals, flowers, etc.

"Mother Goose" illustrated while some child recites.

The history of Buster Brown and other comic characters clipped from the Sunday papers.

These hints show the "scope of the Mirroscope."

They show that it is a very practical and valuable instrument—not merely a toy.

How the Mirroscope *is operated*

The Mirroscope is as easy to operate as a phonograph. You can adjust it properly, hang your screen and be showing pictures in less than five minutes. Even if you wanted to show but a half dozen views, you would not consider it a bother to get out and set up the Mirroscope. It is made in three styles—gas, electric and acetylene. All three are simple, perfectly safe and throw equally distinct views.

The light is so placed that it is deflected toward the back of the machine, against the holder in which the photo, card or clipping is placed. The light strikes the object and is projected through the lens onto the screen.

You have nothing to do but let down the back, put in your photo, card or whatever you may be showing (upside down), close the back and the picture is projected on the screen in the same colors as the original, but many times larger. You can use any plain white sheet, screen or wall space, six to seven feet square, to throw the views on.

Full directions for operation and suggestions for "Mirroscope" entertainments are packed with every machine.

SOLD BY Photo Supply and Hardware Stores, and Photo Depts. of Dry Goods, Department and Toy Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and address, and receive a copy of our booklet and catalog entitled "20 SUGGESTIONS." We want to make it easy for anyone anywhere to get and enjoy a MIRROSCOPE.

THE BUCKEYE STEREOPTICON CO., 5500 Carnegie Ave., CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of **Mirroscopes and High Grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes**

NOT THE OLD WAY

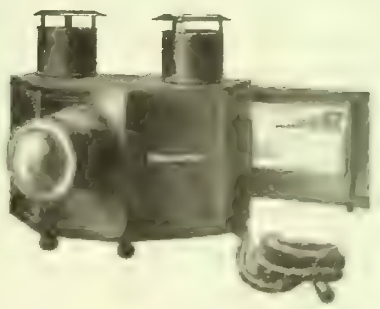
One of the most frequent uses of the Mirroscope Projector is to show collections of photographs, snap shots, post cards, coins, stamps, etc.,—to show them comfortably and conveniently—not with the crowding and inconvenience of the old way.

3 Mirroscope Styles

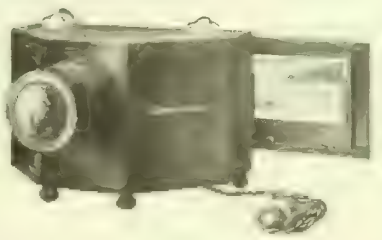
Gas or Electric for the town or city: and Acetylene for the farm and country home, or the camp.

6 Sizes in Each Style

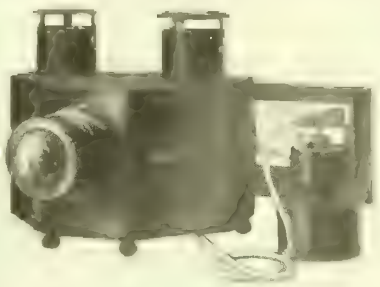
$3, $5, $7.50, $10, $15, and $20. 75% of our sales are in the $10 size.



Mirroscope Projector Equipped Complete for Gas
Using Mirroscope Burners and Welsbach Mantles



Mirroscope Projector Equipped for Electricity
Complete with Incandescent Electric Lamps



Mirroscope Projector Equipped for Acetylene
Complete with Generator—using Carbide same as used for bicycle and auto lamps

SEND FOR "20 Suggestions" FREE to all

This book contains 20 detail descriptions of Mirroscope entertainments, and hints of many others, suggested by enthusiastic Mirroscope users. It also contains complete catalog and price list.

Perfectly Delicious

A dollar a plate would not buy better tomato soup than Campbell's.

We use only full-grown red-ripe tomatoes, ripened on the vines—luscious, juicy perfect specimens. They are picked at sunrise—when cool and fresh; brought to us direct from the New Jersey gardens—right near our plant; washed five times in running water from artesian wells, and made into soup before noon. That's the story of

Campbell's

Tomato Soup

We not only take out all the skin and seeds but we strain out every trace of the coarse indigestible core-fibre through our huge straining apparatus, built specially for this purpose, with a screen as fine as pin-points. There is no other way to do this important work so thoroughly.

We use only the clear thick juice. And we retain all the fresh natural flavor and aroma. That is why Campbell's Tomato Soup comes steaming to your table so fragrant and spicy; smooth as cream; and with the most delicious smacking relish you ever tasted. And you prepare it in three minutes.

Try it for dinner today. There are many dainty ways to serve it. Some of these are described in Campbell's Menu Book, of which we will gladly send you a copy free if you'll write for it.

Try any of Campbell's Soups. They are all made with the same care; all of the same perfect quality.

If not satisfied the grocer returns your money.

What better assurance could you ask?

21 kinds 10c a can

Tomato	Celery
Vegetable	Beef
Ox Tail	Julienne
Mock Turtle	Asparagus
Chicken	Consommé
Mulligatawny	Pea
Tomato-Okra	Bouillon
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Mutton Broth	
Vermicelli-Tomato	
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY,
Camden N J

Poor little Mabel,
Sent from the table,
Finished the can
And cried for the label.

MAGAZINE MEN

Stewart Edward White and a couple of his favorite boar dogs.

Jacques Futrelle, in his farming clothes, working out the plot of a new mystery story.

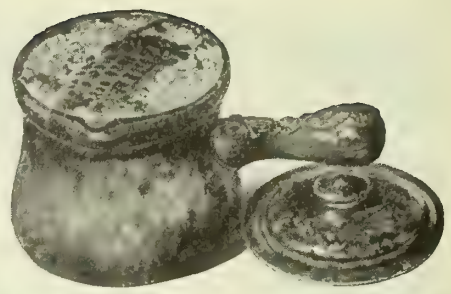
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ERWIN E. SMITH, BUNHAM, TEXAS

George Pattullo acquiring copy for more Western stories.

Hamlin Garland, who has been investigating the Spirit World, and his daughter, Mary Isabel.

Will Irwin landing from the Mayflower—not, however, on Plymouth Rock.

Richard Harding Davis, author of The White Mice, back from his summer holiday at Marion, Mass.



BAKED BEANS

are made more appetizing and digestible with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use. **Try it!**

It adds zest to every meal.
It aids digestion.

Refuse Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts.
New York.

LUNCHEON

Keiller's Marmalade has the bitter-sweet flavor which stimulates the appetite, making a delightful addition to luncheon, breakfast or tea. It is delicious in a sweet omelet, tarts and sandwiches, and on crackers and cakes.

KEILLER'S
DUNDEE
Orange Marmalade

has been used for more than a century. It is easy to keep on hand and easy to serve. For sale at grocers.

Insist on Keiller's Marmalade.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Most refreshing to the mouth. Whitens the teeth and prevents decay. Mixed with water, it produces peroxide of hydrogen.

Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.
Druggists sell it—25c. per bottle.
Sample and Booklet free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

Get a Santo and Fall Cleaning won't be necessary

Thousands of people using SANTO Vacuum Cleaners now have clean homes *all the time. The usual fall cleaning*, with its days of disorder, discomfort and hard work, is no longer necessary.

The SANTO will clean all of your furnishings thoroughly and quickly without removing a single article from its accustomed place. You will never have to beat your carpets and rugs again.

This powerful little cleaner completely absorbs all of the dust, dirt and germs. It makes your home *Dustless* and *Sanitary*—a condition that cannot be obtained by any other method of cleaning.

Besides cleaning everything in your home that must be kept free from dust and dirt, it has a blower which is used for airing bedding, clothing, closets, blowing out inaccessible corners, etc. No other hand cleaner can be used in so many ways.

You will find the SANTO a wonderful help every day. There are twenty different uses for it. You would almost as soon think of giving up your kitchen range as to part with your SANTO.

The Best Hand Cleaner

The SANTO Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner is not a cheaply made toy but a real Vacuum Cleaner. Instead of a slow speed piston or bellows pump, it has a high speed rotary pump which creates continuous suction. **It cleans quickly and evenly.**

The dust bag consists of a heavy drilling bag which is easily emptied. No screens, baffles or sponges to contend with.

Our Vacuum Pump revolves six times with each turn of the hand wheel. Fifty or sixty turns of the wheel per minute is sufficient. It is so perfectly adjusted that a child can operate it.

The SANTO sets a new mark for hand power cleaners. It cannot be equalled elsewhere in workmanship, finish or efficiency at any price. It is backed by a guaranty that really protects the purchaser.

The price of the SANTO with 12½ feet of braid covered Vacuum hose, a two piece renovator handle and one 6-inch nozzle is $35.00.

At this low price, every home can enjoy the benefits of Vacuum Cleaning. Send for this wonderful little cleaner today. If you feel that it is not as good or better than represented, we will cheerfully refund you your money and ask no question.

Santo Perfection **Electric Vacuum Cleaner**

If you have electricity in your home and want the most powerful and complete cleaning outfit in existence let us tell you about the SANTO Electric Vacuum Cleaner.

The SANTO Electric is the original round portable cleaner. It is used and endorsed by the United States Government and thousands of prominent families. It is the only cleaner sold under a guaranty bond.

Our interesting booklet, "Dustless Home," fully describes the SANTO Electric and its many advantages. A postal brings it. Write for a free copy today.

Keller Mfg. Co., Dept. 7-P, Phila., Pa.

High grade representatives wanted for open territory. What can you do?

The Confessions of a Reformed Street-Railway President

(Continued from Page 19)

former are tangible bodies, the latter fleeting shadows. The corporation, with its millions of assets, cannot fade away from public view when the hour of punishment comes; the politicians simply change personalities, or platforms, or both, and presto! there is nothing left to grasp. The remaining partner stands in the limelight while the other one is shouting with the audience. My own experience of a lifetime in the street-railway business has absolutely convinced me that no such corporation ever willingly descended to underground methods, but that such dealings have been forced upon them by circumstances over which they had no control, because the "circumstances" had a majority of the votes.

I had the satisfaction of knowing that the company under my management was prospering, and that I had built up a national reputation for myself and my railway system. I am afraid that in the city where I lived I had the reputation of being a disagreeable, bulldozing corporation tool, who trampled on public rights and spat in the faces of the authorities. There was some satisfaction, however, in the reflection that in a large city not very far from us, where the street-railway system was recognized as being the best system in the United States—a more perfect or efficient organization could not be established—the company and its efficient head were as abused as a pickpocket at a county fair. Among the newspapers of that city there was only one that dared to mention a word in favor of the company, and whatever favorable mention they made was checkmated by the known fact that the head of the railway company was one of the owners of the paper. However, this system and its head had an extremely enviable reputation among railway men; it was, and is, prosperous and respected by every one excepting the officials and the public in its own city.

Popularity a Luxury

This condition of affairs caused me to look about and take an inventory of conditions over the United States in general. It seems an anomaly, but nevertheless it is the truth, that almost every street-railway company prospers in the inverse ratio of its popularity. Show me a street-railway system that is abused and reviled, and nine times out of ten it is in a prosperous condition. Show me one that is enjoying extreme popularity, and it is a safe guess that it is in none too good a financial condition, and very likely on the downward road. Popularity is a luxury which can only be had at prohibitive prices; and in the face of my early dreams and my best intentions I found that popularity and the street-railway business are not good companions. Why this is so I do not know. But I have observed that the winning of popularity is a business in itself, and that it is best left to a set of professional men who have made a special study of it. This professional set who make an asset of popularity are the politicians who capitalize their specialty and offer it for sale to the highest bidder. I find that it is cheaper to buy my popularity of the politicians rather than to try to buy it direct from the public.

A noticeable exception to these conditions exists in the South. I have had experience in Southern cities, and to one who has been accustomed to the unwarranted abuse a street-railway corporation and its officials are subjected to in the North, the South is a heaven of contentment. The owners of the property above referred to had acquired a street-railway system in a Southern city. It was given into my hands to be put on an efficient footing. When I took charge of the property the service was very much worse than it would have dared to be in any Northern city. Cars and tracks were decrepit and hopelessly worn out, motormen and conductors were negligent of their duties, and the motive power was barely sufficient to enable the cars to crawl along at a snail's pace. I looked for the storm of abuse and protest which had greeted me in my Northern home, but it did not come. I felt lonely, for I missed the people who came into my office, called me names and told me how to run my business. I missed being stopped on the street, several times within one block, and told of negligence or disobedience of rules by employees. It was actually uncanny to have everybody greet me smilingly and treat me with the acme of politeness. The mayor and city council, to my surprise, had no kick coming, and with all the politeness and hospitality of genuine Southern gentlemen invited me to their homes. I could not understand conditions at all. When I had any business to take up with the city officials I was politely invited to a conference; and at these conferences I was treated like a human being of good breeding and genteel instincts.

For several weeks after I took charge of this property I was unable to remedy existing conditions and I actually hung my head in shame over the street-car service. Nobody else did, so I was obliged to do it myself, as well as all the worrying. Not having any serious complaints coming to me, I had to hunt them up myself and find the weak spots. I never worked so hard in all my life to provide good service as I did in this case, for I just had to better conditions out of sheer consideration for the politeness of these Southerners. As improvements were made people began to stop me on the street and compliment me, so I was compelled to believe that they must have been aware of the shortcomings of the old service.

We did not own this Southern property very long, for it was sold to another firm presently. But I have since then observed several Southern cities where street railway systems are being operated, and I invariably marvel at the gentle treatment with which the officials of the companies are treated by the public and city administrations. Of course, there are some cases where the Southern hospitality and tolerance has been abused, and I have learned that once the Southerner's good will is forfeited it is ten times worse than if the same thing were done in a Northern city, for if the Southerner is aroused against you he proceeds to make life just as disagreeable as before he made it agreeable for you. If I should get the ill will of the public in a Southern city as I did in my Northern home I should proceed to flee the country. Fortunately, there would be no chance of that, for a Southerner will appreciate the good intentions of even a street-railway official. A Northerner would if his leaders would let him. This is due very largely to the fact that in the South the political conditions are not so debased as they are in the North. Political offices are still filled with men possessing breadth of mind, genteel breeding and tolerance. The profession of politics has not been specialized as it has in the North, and competent men are willing to give a part of their time to the service of the commonwealth without stopping to consider the reward.

Sport on the Snowplow

I am happy to say that I have now laid aside enough money so that I can have a little farm and am glad to spend most of my time there I have been in the street-railway business too long to give it up entirely, for I love the excitement of it. There is the spirit of contest in the handling of a large holiday crowd. I love the intricacies of dispatching cars and the game of chess, with the politicians and public as the opposing forces. I should not be happy unless I could occasionally get down into the bowels of a car and watch it being torn to pieces and put together again. I like to see perfect equipment, just as a gardener, with pride, watches his flowers grow. I think the fun of getting out into a storm on a dark winter night with a snowplow is better sport than anything else the world can offer. My men have instructions to notify me at once, no matter what time of day or night, when the snow blows and the road is threatened with a blockade. Then I get on my fighting togs of heavy socks, boots, ulster and cap and take my privileged place at the controller of the snowplow, and when the electric headlight shows a drift ahead, higher than the top of the plow, I fairly beam with joy, put on full power and

SIEGEL COOPER & CO. CHICAGO
The Big Store

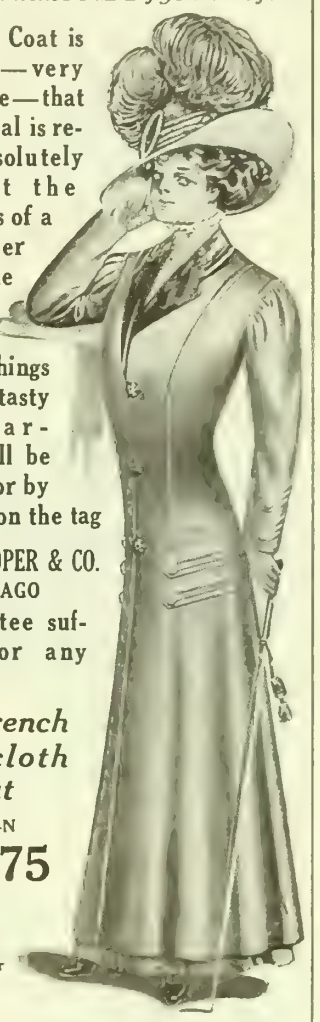
Style Trophies from our Paris House

Beautifully Illustrated Catalog Fall and Winter Fashions FREE if you write for it

That this Coat is the Style—very latest Style—that the material is reliable, absolutely so—that the tailoring is of a high order and that the lining, fixings and finishings are both tasty and wearworthy will be vouched for by our name on the tag

SIEGEL, COOPER & CO.
CHICAGO

a guarantee sufficient for any woman.



Fine French Broadcloth Coat

No. 29-N

$10.75

Express Prepaid

Send your order direct to CHICAGO

This coat comes 50 and 52 inches long—52 is the fashionable length if your height will stand for it. The high shawl collar is a distinctive feature and the three tailored bands over hips give that long graceful appearance so effectively fashionable. Lapels are satin faced and collar is inlaid with velvet and set off on either side with three jet buttons. The coat closes in front with three large jet buttons—loop button-holes. Material is strictly all-wool Broadcloth and coat is lined throughout with best wearing satin. Sizes 34 to 44. Colors: Taupe, Catawba, Navy and Black. Express prepaid. Genuine $18.00 value. Price, **$10.75**

We Guarantee to Refund Your Money
pleasantly and promptly, together with return express charges—if you are not perfectly satisfied with your purchase—you yourself to be the judge.
Remember we prepay the express charge, which means a big saving to you.

We Will Send FREE postpaid, our Fall and Winter Fashion and Homefitter's Catalog, Just Out, showing all the New Paris Styles—Styles that are a full season ahead of anything shown in your home town. Our moderate prices will surprise and delight you.

Address Dept. N

SIEGEL, COOPER & CO.
THE BIG STORE
CHICAGO
FOUNDED 1887

10¢ a day buys this Magnificent set of Ridpath's History of the world

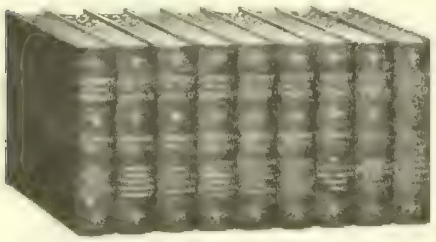
Nine Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, Bound in Half Morocco, Silk Cloth Sides, Marbled Paper Linings—4000 Pages, 2000 Superb Illustrations—Printed on Fine Super-Calendered Paper in Large, Clean, Well Spaced New Type.

The Publisher's Failure

Places in our hands the remaining sets of their greatest publication, the world-famed **Ridpath's History of the World**, brand new—**right down to date**—which we now offer at

Less Than Even Damaged Sets Were Ever Sold

We will name our special price *only in direct letters* to those who write us or mail the coupon below. If you bought this magnificent set at a retail book store or from an agent, you would pay about twice our special low price, but by controlling the entire publisher's output of Ridpath's History of the World, we save you all intermediate profits and give you a wonderful bargain. *See offer below.*



About one-seventh actual size. Each volume 8 x 11 inches. Weight 50 lbs.

Ridpath's Graphic Style

Nothing of more absorbing and romantic interest than ***Ridpath's History of the World*** was ever written. The author, with graphic power, pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes.

He carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark skinned followers; to sail the Southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch the thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history, from the dawn of civilization right down to the Russian-Japanese War, real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating way that history becomes intensely interesting.

Three presidents of the United States—Harrison, McKinley, Cleveland, and practically all university and college presidents, have given their strong written approval of Dr. John Clark Ridpath's work. These great makers of history should be competent judges of the merits of an historical work. Will you accept their testimony as conclusive? You have always wanted to own Ridpath's—**NOW** is your opportunity.

$1.00 Down—10c a Day

Secures this splendid work. If after examination you are not fully satisfied, we give you the privilege of returning the set. You take no risk of any kind. Just sign and mail the coupon and we will send you, **Free**, full particulars of our great special offer.

Cut off along dotted line

Free Coupon

Western Newspaper Association, 10-16-09.
204 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, Sample Pages of ***Ridpath's History of the World,*** containing photographs of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, Map of China and Japan, Diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and state fully your special low price, easy payment offer to **Saturday Evening Post** readers.

Name .....

Address .....

plunge in at top speed. Golf, baseball and polo are tame sports compared to this, and mountain-climbing is only half as exciting. A good three-days' storm goes a long way toward recompensing me for the darker days of political wrangling. The love of power seems to be born within most of us, and it is that which makes a game of business and enables us to follow the sport for sport's sake. If you doubt that there is such a love of power, just run over in your mind your boyhood days and see if at one time or other you have not longed to be an engineer, pulling the throttle of a locomotive, an officer on a horse in command of a regiment, or even a motorman on an electric car. The sense of power over animate and inanimate objects is one of the ruling passions of human life, and the street-railway business offers a fair amount of this reward.

Conditions That Breed Grafters

For the existing conditions between municipalities and public-service corporations I have no remedy to propose. The trouble is not all the street-railway company's fault, neither is it all chargeable directly to the politicians. The one of them is getting what he needs, and the other is giving away something which does not belong to him, but which he thinks does. Both sides will continue their practices so long as present conditions exist. Graft prosecutions may come and go, but the practice of graft will continue, for it is not within human power to prevent the top of the tree from growing as long as the roots and stem remain intact. There is some private graft in private corporations, but it is so rare as to cause comment when it is discovered. The one reason why graft is not so frequently found in public-service corporations as in politics is because the men in charge of private companies are well compensated. No corporation for a moment would think of putting its affairs, involving millions of dollars, into the hands of a man with inadequate training or insufficient compensation. Street railways and other corporations pay the men who look after their business anywhere from four thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars a year; but public corporations, like the municipalities of this country, where the money involved sometimes exceeds the amount involved in the street-railway business, put the conduct of their affairs into the hands of citizens selected at random without regard whatever to their competence, and less regard for the compensation they are to receive. Thus the public considers only the ability of the citizen to ingratiate himself into their good will and in return pays less than one-tenth that of corporation officials. To be adequately compensated for his services the official must look elsewhere than his salary, and we can hardly wonder if he sometimes, when signs are just right, takes more than the value of his services. When the taste for acquiring that which is some one else's has been fully acquired, it is as difficult to break the habit among the politicians as it is among the prowling wolves of Wall Street and other wildernesses.

Stop to reflect a moment on the sort of management public-service corporations would have if their managers were elected by vote from among the citizens, and then reflect that that is exactly what you are doing when you vote for the class of men who ask your support at the next election—that is, if you live in an average American city. Happily there are a few cities where clean and businesslike government exists, but the number of these oases in the desert of municipal rottenness is all too few. So it is a safe bet that you and your friends and neighbors are the real grafters responsible for all that is sordid and vile in the transactions which have been described. Keep this in your mind until next election time.

I have had no experience in cities governed under the new commission plan, sometimes known as the Galveston Plan. From what I have heard of this, it is a step far in advance, and in the right direction, over the old and prevailing plan. In this commission plan, the conduct of the municipality's affairs is placed in the hands of a commission of three or more men who give all their time to the administration of the affairs of their different departments and who receive for such time salaries commensurate with their ability. They are elected for long terms of years, and have some particular qualifications entitling them to be intrusted with business affairs of magnitude. Of course, the chances for abuse exist in this form of government, but they are very much minimized. I am afraid that my experiences have made me look with admiration on the old monarchical form of government. The principle underlying the organization of the old monarchies was that the men in charge of the nation should personally be above all worry for their own individual selves, so as to give all of their time to the affairs of state or nation. No man can very well serve two masters, and if the man is relieved of all concern about his own and family's future, he is in a position to give the best there is in him for the welfare of the general public. Of course, the monarchical form of government can be and has been abused, or we would not have the present-day form of Republican government, but I admire the principle.

The Worse of Two Crimes

The graft prosecutions which have been the fashion in some localities are a delusion and a snare. Looked at from a standpoint of universal justice, it is bad enough to give bribes, and it is still worse to take bribes, but I am sure from my personal experience that ninety-nine times out of one hundred the bribe-giver is not in a position to help himself because the bribe is the only way in which he can get what he needs and must have. Furthermore, ninety-nine times out of one hundred the bribe-giver gives what belongs to himself, his own money. The bribe-taker usually gives away that which does not belong to him, and it does not make any difference whether he is a corporation official or a public servant. There would be no occasion for bribery if each person dealt only with what is his own. Since the bribe-giver usually gives away his own property, and that none too willingly, and the bribe-taker gives away somebody else's property, and that overwillingly, it seems that, while they are both crimes, it is only necessary to put a very serious check on bartering what does not belong to one, and bribery will cease. If we punish the bribe-taker and make it safe for the bribe-giver to aid in the prosecution, we shall, I believe, put an efficient check on the practice of grafting. I am quite sure that the present laws, making both the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker liable to a punishment, were cunningly designed by the old-line politicians for their own protection.

As I look out of my window I see my barnyard and the cows returning from pasture. In the yard there is a compost heap, one of my most prized possessions. It is carefully guarded against the weather and treated to frequent forkings and drenchings to prevent its fermenting and heating. Later on it will be spread all over the hungry land and will be converted next year into golden grain and luscious fruits. It is not an altogether artistic object, but it is most useful; and to me it is a clean and healthy thing. It reminds me of the compost heap of municipal politics, and I wish I could give that the careful forkings and treatment of sun and moisture so that it could be spread over the fields of human endeavor, there to be used to stimulate a new crop of public morality and conscience.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by a Reformed Street-Railway President.

From Grandfather to Grandson

The Latest Beehler Idea

The first **BEEHLER** umbrella was made in the year 1828. It is known to three generations of umbrella users.

For 81 years people have bought the **BEEHLER** umbrella because it is the best umbrella it has been possible to buy anywhere.

Year by year we have added new features to our umbrellas, continually inventing methods to simplify umbrella making and yet make **BEEHLER** umbrellas stronger, more durable than ever.

Some of these inventions have revolutionized the umbrella industry of the United States.

Our latest invention is the NAME-ON.

What the NAME-ON Is

The NAME-ON is a **BEEHLER** umbrella with the owner's name and address worked right in the umbrella fabric—see the picture.

This is our way of insuring **BEEHLER** umbrellas against loss. And we do it free of charge.

Whether you buy a **BEEHLER** umbrella from your dealer or direct from our factory it costs you nothing to have your name and address put on.

If you have ever lost an umbrella, had it stolen—mislaid it—try the NAME-ON. It always comes back.

How to Get the Beehler NAME-ON

All dealers who sell **BEEHLER** umbrellas will show you the NAME-ON. Be sure to look in the frame for "William Beehler." This name stamped in the rib of an umbrella guarantees quality. It is your protection against inferior umbrellas and protects our dealers as well.

Dealers

should have our new plan of boosting an umbrella department. **Sent free on request.**

If your dealer does not have the **BEEHLER** umbrella, send us his name and we will mail you free **The NAME-ON Book.**

The NAME-ON Book is our beautiful new catalog. It contains samples of our different cloths and silks as well as striking illustrations of 165 handles for men, women and children. You can find exactly the handle you want; and a postal card will bring **The NAME-ON Book** to you *free.*

BEEHLER umbrellas cost from $2 to $25, depending on the fabric and handle you select. Made in all sizes for men and women.

Special Introductory Offer

We will personally select a dependable gloria silk NAME-ON umbrella, work your name and address into the fabric and send the umbrella by express, prepaid anywhere, the same day your order is received on receipt of price:—

$2.50 for size **28** men's) or **$2 00** for size **26.**

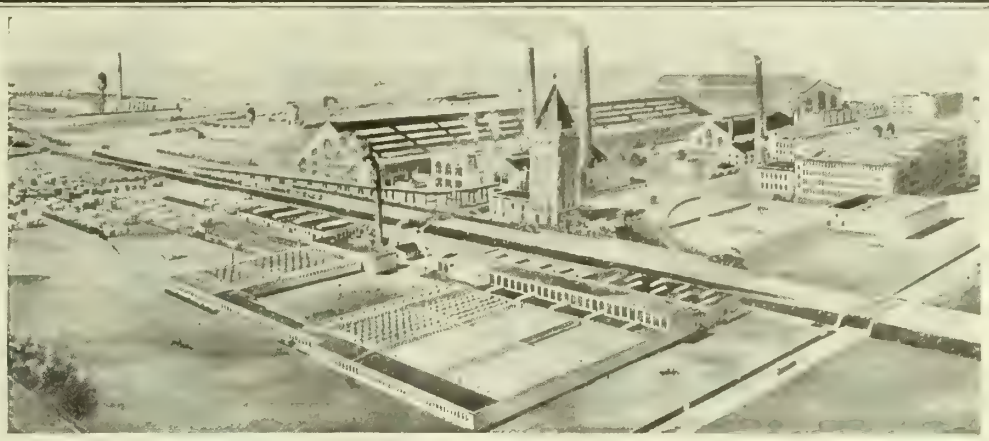
If you buy a **BEEHLER** umbrella and are not thoroughly satisfied, we will cheerfully refund your money.

Write *today* for **The NAME-ON Book.**

Wm. Beehler, 204 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

The oldest umbrella house in America Founded 1828

THE ELECTRICAL CAPITAL OF AMERICA



This Great Plant, covering 143 acres—the main manufacturing plant of the Western Electric Company, located at Hawthorne, Ill.—may well be called the Electrical Capital of the Country.

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

BOSTON

PITTSBURG

ATLANTA

INDIANAPOLIS

CINCINNATI

SALT LAKE CITY

SEATTLE

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO

DENVER

DALLAS

OMAHA

MINNEAPOLIS

CHICAGO

SAINT LOUIS

KANSAS CITY

EVERY time you use the Bell Telephone you use a Western Electric telephone.

Every Bell Telephone is made by the Western Electric Company.

The expression of this one fact suggests the magnitude of the business that has produced upwards of 6,000,000 telephones that are in use in the Bell system and by thousands of other telephone companies in this country and abroad.

And yet this is but one part of the enormous Western Electric industry.

Electrical apparatus for every electrical need is supplied by this company, and "Bell Telephone Quality" is the standard of everything electrical bearing the "Hawthorn" trademark.

The trade name "Hawthorn" originates from the name of the company's largest plant, located at Hawthorne, Ill., as pictured above. This one word is all that need be remembered to assure you of the best and most reliable when you consider the purchase of anything from a dry battery to a power motor.

Hawthorn
TRADE MARK

Means Always and Everywhere

Bell Telephone Quality

In the development and manufacture of the Bell Telephone one feature of the work has assumed more importance than any other—that is the inspection and counter-inspection of every minute detail. This has been the secret of Western Electric success in the manufacture of telephones; it will always be the secret of Western Electric quality in every electrical appliance that bears the "Hawthorn" trademark.

IN eighteen of the important cities of the country are Western Electric houses, fully stocked with "Hawthorn" apparatus and electrical supplies; each fully equipped to take care of all the business in the territory. In addition to these are countless agencies scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land; so, wherever you may live, Western Electric service is prompt and convenient.

These facilities for distribution of our enormous output are unique even among the largest commercial organizations. Consider your convenience to get prompt service in the installation of electrical apparatus and the possibility of obtaining new or additional material when the need arises.

If you have a store to light, a suburban residence to supply with power, a machine to run, a factory to operate, a power plant to install, the Western Electric Company has just the equipment and the best equipment to do the greatest amount of work at the least expense.

In every business house, factory, country residence or city home, there is a need for

Western-Electric Intercommunicating Telephones

These are private inside telephones, operated automatically by the person calling. No operator is needed; just press the button designating the station with which you wish to be connected, take off the receiver and talk. The cost of maintenance of such a system is practically nothing, its first cost very reasonable.

Write to our neorest house, Dept. 82-A, for literature, specifying the electric apparatus in which you are interested, and receive full and complete information without cost.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Atlanta.

Write Our Nearest House.

Saint Louis, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Kansas City, Dallas, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City. Omaha.

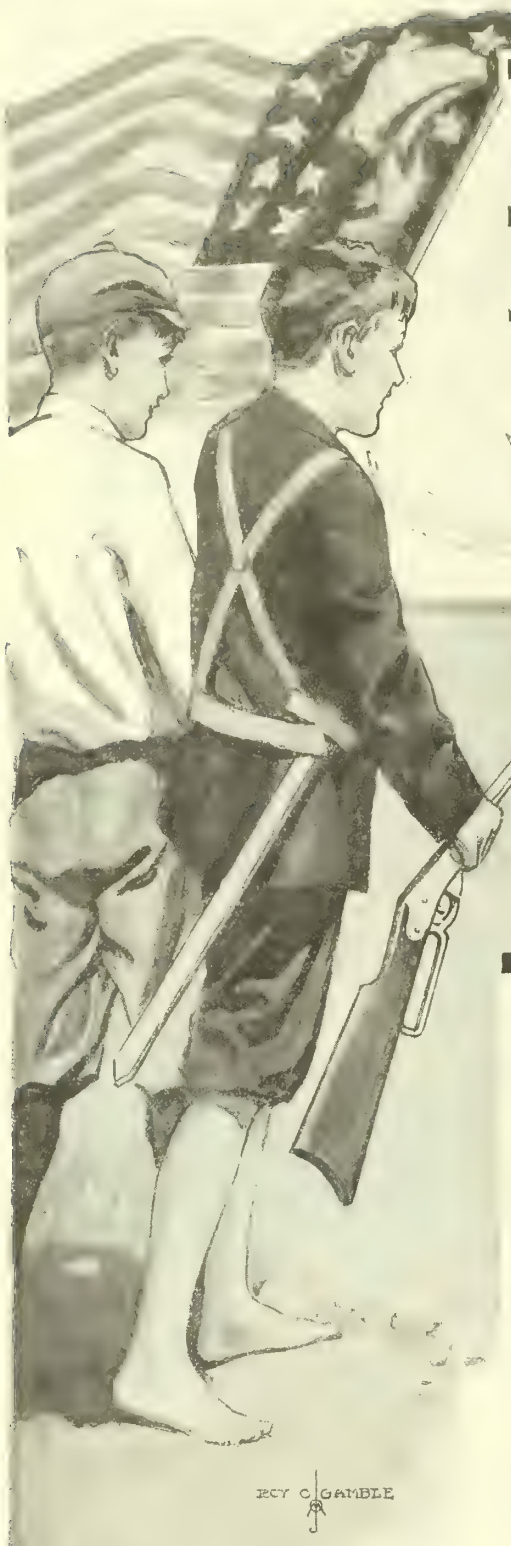
MONTREAL AND WINNIPEG
Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

ANTWERP
Bell Telephone Manufacturing Co.

LONDON
Western Electric Company

BERLIN
Telephon Apparat Fabrik, E. Zweitusch & Co.

PARIS
Société de Matériel Téléphonique



Washington Crossing the Delaware

DAISY AIR RIFLE

Health, Happiness and Manly Training for that Boy of Yours

The wide fields, the open sky and a Daisy Air Rifle,—there's a combination that will make any American boy's pulse quicken with delight. It means days of innocent pleasure, and a training in sturdy manliness—a sharpening of the eye, quickening of hand, steadying of nerves—the best foundation for successful manhood in after years.

Parents—Your Boy Wants a Daisy.

Look back to the days when you were a boy. Remember that fine thrill of pride when you felt the pressure of a gun on your shoulder?

Don't you recall the rare joy of walking through fields and woods with that gun?

It's just boy nature to want a gun, and the boy that doesn't have one is being robbed of one of his finest joys, one of the best means of making him a sturdy, robust, manly man.

But you are thinking of your boy's safety. That's why you should give him a Daisy.

The Daisy is a real gun, but a harmless one. It is just the right size for a boy, built on the lines of the finest magazine hunting rifle, with this important difference: it shoots with compressed air instead of powder. It carries a shot with unerring accuracy, straight and true to the mark, but without the force to injure him or anyone else.

Just the gun to teach the little fellow to shoot and to make him familiar with the safe and proper handling of a gun, so that when he grows older you can safely trust him with a hunting rifle.

America's greatest men laid the foundation of their future greatness by learning to shoot when young. The Daisy Air Rifle will make your boy manly and self-reliant, quick to think and quick to act.

Do your duty by him now. Get him a Daisy Air Rifle, and teach him how to use it. Nothing else you could get for him will give him half as much pleasure as this simple, inexpensive gift.

Boys—Insist on Getting the Daisy.

When you go to buy your Air Rifle, be sure to say "Daisy," or you might get an imitation. Daisy Air Rifles have been the leaders for twenty years, and we make more air rifles each year than are made by all other concerns combined.

The Daisy is built to last. It is a real gun and looks it. It hits the mark every time. Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer, and ask to see the Daisy line. The man will be glad to show them to you, even if you do not buy right away.

1000-Shot Daisy Automatic Magazine Rifle	**$2.00**
Other Daisy models, 50 cents to	**1.75**
Little Daisy, the new pop-gun for children	**.25**

Daisy Air Rifles are sold by hardware and sporting goods dealers everywhere, or sent express paid from factory, anywhere in U. S., on receipt of price.

A Rattling Good Boys' Story Free. We have published one of the funniest, breeziest stories ever written for boys, called "The Diary of a Daisy Boy." It is written by a man who knows boy nature thoroughly. We have printed an edition for free distribution, and want every boy, or every parent of a boy, to write for a copy. There is no charge whatever. To every boy that writes we will also send complete rules of drill, hints on marksmanship, and full directions for joining the new National Boys' Drill Corps, "The Daisy Cadets."

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.

Offices and Factory, 287 Union St., PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Air Rifles in the World

Export Office, R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Branch, Phil B. Bekeart, Mgr., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Foreign Branches: London, Paris, Hamburg, Shanghai, Calcutta.

$11.47 Buys This

All Wool Fall and Winter Weight Suit

The cloth a handsome dark blue herringbone weave. We will send it to you without your risking one penny.

Read This: We positively guarantee it will be satisfactory in every particular, fit, quality, value, also that if it is not equal to any $18.00 suit you have ever seen, you can return it and we will refund your money, also every cent of transportation charges. Order this latest style all wool navy blue Fall and Winter weight suit. Dress as the New Yorker dresses—he's the best dressed man in the world. Read the detailed description carefully. Send in your order to-day.

Don't pay Retail prices when you can buy a suit like this for $11.47

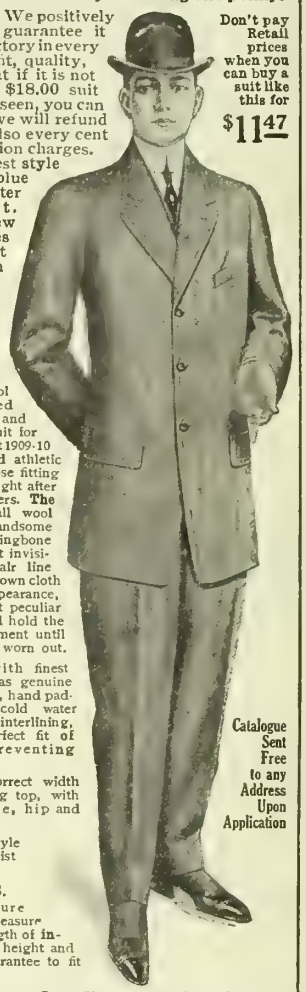


Illustration shows our All Pure Wool Single Breasted Navy Blue Fall and Winter weight suit for men, cut the latest 1909-10 style, with broad athletic shoulders and close fitting neck so much sought after by all good dressers. **The Cloth** a pure all wool worsted in a handsome dark blue herringbone weave with almost invisible tiny white hair line stripe, the best known cloth for wear and appearance, possessing that peculiar elasticity that will hold the shape of the garment until suit is completely worn out.

COAT lined with finest quality serge, has genuine hand-felled collar, hand padded shoulders, cold water shrunk canvas interlining, retaining the perfect fit of garment and preventing sagging.

PANTS cut correct width at knee, half peg top, with belt loops, side, hip and watch pockets.

VEST cut latest style to fit snugly at waist line.

ABOUT SIZES.
Give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam of trousers, height and weight. We guarantee to fit you perfectly.

Catalogue Sent Free to any Address Upon Application

About Samples You are perfectly safe in ordering your suit direct from this advertisement, but if you first desire to see a sample of the cloth write us immediately and we will send you a sample, also other samples, together with our catalogue: FREE anywhere upon application. The number of this suit is No. 7X442. Give number when ordering—Price $11.47.

Write to-day for our FREE Catalogue

BELLAS HESS & CO
BROADWAY, PRINCE & CROSBY STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Write to-day for our FREE Catalogue

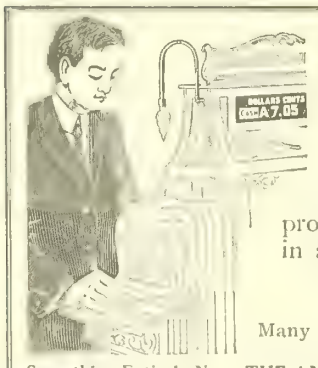
A Successful Sales Manager

defines salesmanship as being "nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell." That's comparatively easy to a clever salesman, possessing personal magnetism and a cheerful countenance, backed by a good story and a fragrant cigar. Meeting "the other fellow" in that manner in his own office and at his ease, accounts for many a sale—

BUT—you can't meet every prospective purchaser; it costs too much and you haven't the time. You can, however, make your catalog, booklet, magazine and newspaper advertising as effective as personal salesmanship by the use of clever illustrations and engravings that bring out the selling features of your goods. Write for samples. They are free.

Day and Night Service

Barnes-Crosby Company
E. W. HOUSER, President
Artists, Engravers, Catalog Plate-Makers
215 Madison Street, Chicago
Branch offices in fifteen principal cities



JUST OUT! 1910 MODEL
The American Autogram
Cash Register

The most complete total adding register made. The **Autogram Device** furnishes additional protection and information which you cannot get in any other register at any price.

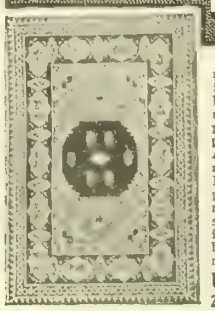
Simplest in construction, quickest in operation.

NO CRANK TO TURN

Many styles and sizes, lowest prices, monthly terms. Write for descriptive pamphlet, free.

Something Entirely New **THE AMERICAN CASH REGISTER COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio**

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight



That you can save money buying rugs, carpets, blankets and curtains from the mill is a certainty. You can buy the well known **REGAL RUGS**, reversible, *all-wool* finish, many patterns, for the remarkably low price of **$3.75**. Our **BRUSSELLO ART RUG** at **$1.85** is the greatest rug value known. Just think! Fine quality of Lace Curtains, per pair, 45c and up. Write for our new illustrated catalogue—No. 12, showing latest styles and designs in *actual colors*, sent free. You'll be surprised at the amount of money you can save.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper Street, Phila.

4% A REQUEST ON A POSTAL WILL BRING "OUR FREE BOOKLET" **BANKING BY MAIL** ESTAB. 1868

We will pay you 4%-compounded twice a year on your savings account whether large or small—secured by assets of 45 MILLION DOLLARS—Write today.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.

THE ENGLISH YOUNG MAN AT THE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from Page 9)

n years ago, and there is one college hich may not recover for twenty years or ore—all of which is an aside.

"The year is in the process of finding self. When the rest of the college sees is development well under way it conescends to take notice of that year as a hole, and the process of assimilation beins. Individual senior members call upon dividual junior members, and invite them breakfast. The fresher has good breaksts for a year; and not one of them is he lled upon to return. In the evenings arious captains and other authorities call on him to assess his prowess. Will he in the Beagles? Does he intend to row, more technically, will he consent to be bbed? Is he a cricketer? Is he any od at cross country? Is his football ugger or Soccer? Will he join the college ebating society?

"A fresher may repel every single one of ese advances, and yet live a happy life in llege. He will be not positively respected looked down upon as a personality, and t actually ignored; he will be left alone, t boycotted. He may wear glasses and bald and work all day and all night, he may get quietly and unobtrusively unk every day of his life; the college ill smile indulgently at him, but he will not ragged. Undeserved ragging is nonistent. To achieve a ragging—which tails the expenditure of much energy on e part of the raggers—a man must make mself positively objectionable to the llege. If he gets noisily intoxicated tside the college, or in the quad, or if he nores invitations or college customs, or he slaps a fourth-year man on the back d says: 'Hello, old cock!'—if he does is sort of thing more than twice, Lloyd's te will suddenly go up to eighty per cent.

"Another danger is dirtiness, or alleged rtiness. I have known a gentleman ashed publicly in the quad three nights succession at half-past one in the morng, by the light of a November moon, all ery quietly, for the affair was not a atter of pride, but of shame. It had come the students' ears that this man did not ssess a bathtub.

"Another man, because he drank too uch, and talked too much of noble blood, id tried to ignore his own year and to t too friendly with senior men, had his om paved with stones, while a fine, fresh addock was nailed to the under side of s table—a most unlikely place. The ones were easily removed; but the haddock was discovered only a month later. Many, many undesirable things have happened to many undesirable men, but there as always a reason.

"Dons are not exempt. A certain young story tutor, newly elected from another llege, who considered himself superior to s new comrades, came into his sitting-om one evening to coffee, accompanied y several other dons of his former college. e found the room draped from floor to iling—that peculiar type of thin paper hat is published in long, narrow rolls—hairs, tables, desks, pictures, curtains, all ere covered with it. The whole room was uite unnavigable, and long paper streamers oated in the breeze from his windows. Wonderful effect!

Tricking a London Paper

A London paper once heard the echo of rather advanced case of ragging, and mmediately wrote up to a certain imortant undergraduate member of a great ollege asking for an interview. The underrad acquiesced and made ready a welome. This undergrad was a high officer the O. U. D. S.—dramatic society, one f the most exclusive of the university lubs—so the welcome was effective. The orrespondent, who was a stranger to xford, was ushered up to the underrad's room by the scout. A scout is a ollege servant who combines the duties of aiter, housemaid, chambermaid and alet; he performs his duties with ineffiiency and undispatch with the aid of a cout's boy or scoutlet or scoutling, who ears his master's clothes during the vac.' There is one scout and one boy to ach staircase—that is, to every five to en undergraduates. The correspondent, accompanied by one scout's boy and two college porters, all armed with sticks and furtive glances, arrived at the door, which he found to be an oaken slab of amazing thickness. The scout tapped quietly, evidently according to a complex code; an inner door was unlocked, and a whispered colloquy took place through a little wicket grate in the outer door. Finally, the correspondent was admitted, the two doors being bolted and locked again. The correspondent thought he smelt a rat, but the dim-religious darkness of the staircase, and the fact of the huge, oaken outer door—commonly called an 'oak'—got him wondering.

"The undergrad was a consummate actor; he was the most modern of men, and much in contrast with his environment. He shook the correspondent vigorously by the hand, and pointed to a heavy chair and a siphon and other desirable accouterments; but he talked always in a low voice, and was in the habit of stopping suddenly to listen, and sometimes quiet footsteps were heard outside. The thing that put the correspondent off the scent was the undergrad's very first remark. The undergraduate said with an apologetic laugh:

"'You must not think, Mr. X., that this is the normal state of things at —— College. On the contrary, we are usually a very quiet college. But just now we have to take the most ab—did you hear anything?—the most absurd precautions'; and then went on with the most detailed account of the horrors of internecine warfare.

The Sad Plight of Lorenzo

"'For myself,' said the undergraduate, 'you see I am a rowing man, and being of a senior year, and president of such and such, I am a person of some importance in this little world of ours; and it is just possible that, by throwing my whole weight upon one side of the scale I could bring the thing to a quick but bloody conclusion. I prefer, however, to stand apart, and endeavor to use my influence as politically as possible; and I think I have thus prevented a great deal of ——' At this point the bedroom door opened slowly and a gaunt figure, swathed in bandages, limped into the room, accompanied by a strong odor of iodoform.

"'Lorenzo!' exclaimed the actor, 'I told you to lie quiet until I came to you. You have no business to be standing up.' And he got up to help the injured man, who staggered against the doorpost, exclaiming huskily:

"'Water, water! Give me water!'

"His comrade leapt to a side table and poured out a glass of water, adding a drop or two of some strongly aromatic substance from a bottle labeled poison. But meanwhile the injured man had struggled toward the window. At the sound of the opening casement the other man gave an inarticulate cry cleared the width of the room at a single bound, and grasped a bandaged wrist.

"'Are you mad, man? They have spies posted in the quad.' But he was too late. From the silence below came a cry:

"'D'Acre! d'Acre! there in Colclough's window'; and soon the whole quad was in an uproar.

"'Give him up to us! Get a ladder. Smash in his door——'

"Colclough had pressed his friend back against the wall, and was holding the glass of liquid to his parched lips when a lump of coal crashed through the ancient leaded lights, and swept a lane along the crowded table. D'Acre, with the roar of a frenzied animal, pushed his helper aside, caught up an enormous soda-water machine, returned staggering to the broken window, lifted it above his head, and cast it with superhuman strength from the window, exclaiming:

"'That for you, Blennerhasset-Beauchamp St. John, you and your pack of cowardly curs!'

"Then with a moan he sank fainting to the floor.

"They just hit off the London correspondent's level of drama. The crowd swarmed up the stairs, and amid the most inhuman sounds they smashed in an old packing-case—the oak had been quietly

These Hands to Play for You

Above is a reproduction of the *hands* of the great Piano artists.

These hands earned in the aggregate millions of dollars.

They charmed hundreds of thousands of people by their matchless wizardry at the Piano—their astounding mastery of almost impossible difficulties of technique.

Yet they charmed but few times—not many of us can carry a golden recollection of their playing—some of us heard them not at all.

* * * *

Wouldn't you like to sit down tonight after the stress of a strenuous day, just when you want relaxation—when you want to be mentally revived and refreshed—and listen to the velvety purring elegance of Leschitiszky—the thundering majesty of Liszt—the fire of Carreno—the passionate romanticism of Rubenstein?

Wouldn't you like to *create* these sounds for yourself—easily—with little or no mental or physical effort?

You, Mr. Business Man—you, Mr. Merchant—

Wouldn't you like to have your little child play the things these artists play or some dear old song or hymn?

You can have them all *at your command* by means of a Cecilian Player Piano,—all as they're written, for the Cecilian Player Piano plays the entire keyboard of 88 notes, not merely 65 as does the ordinary player piano.

You, your wife, daughter, or child can easily play the Cecilian—no matter how indifferent may have been your or their musical education.

For the Cecilian is at once the most simple, the freest from useless "gimcracks"—unnecessary devices—*confusing* levers—of any player piano manufactured.

And at the same time the Cecilian is the surest, most durable and most easily controlled player piano made, for the reason that its interior mechanism is metal, not wood—unaffectable by heat or cold, moisture or dryness.

Let us send you our (free) Art Brochure

* * * *

We have a most interesting booklet on Player Pianos, giving *vital* advice as to the selection of the right Player Piano and why. Your name and address on a Postal Card entitles you to one of these handsome Brochures. Just say on it—"Send me Art Brochure D"—and write us today.

Cecilian Player Pianos

The Farrand Company

Detroit, Mich.

Copyright, 1909, The Farrand Company

"Sampeck Clothes"

THE STANDARD OF AMERICA

FIFTY-NINE *separate* processes enter into the manufacture of ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** FOR YOUNG MEN, from the time a coat leaves the designer until it reaches the final examiner.

One tailor *moulds* the shoulders. Another *shapes* the front. A third *inserts* the sleeves. A fourth is *pocket* expert. And, thus, it goes through fifty-nine processes. No individual tailor could possibly "turn out" garments level with ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** for young men.

The pictures, reproduced above, show ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** as they *are*, not as they *ought to be*. Any clothier who serves young men can show them *to* you or get them *for* you. Ask *yours* for ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** and take no garment *without* our familiar ***"Sampeck"*** label, which is attached to the inside pocket of every coat.

"THE COLLEGE ALMANAC" A of College Sports and College Styles *you can have for the mere writing*.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
806–8 Broadway
NEW YORK.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

insure
Comfort because they
do not tug on the shoulders
like the rigid-back kind—and
Style because the trousers hang
perfectly, regardless of the wearer's
position.
Light and medium weights. Guaranteed by makers. Sold by all good dealers or by mail direct. Price, 50c.

In Beautiful Gift Boxes for the Holidays
Exquisite designs in colors by Leon Moran. At your dealers' 50c., or we will mail direct to any address with your presentation card. State colors and weight desired. *Write us to-day.*

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
718 Main Street
Shirley, Mass.

Don't Throw Away Dull Safety Razor Blades
Send them to us. We Re-Sharpen them by a new electric process and return them better than new. (30c a dozen.) New blades cost $1.00. Save the difference. Send for leaflet, "Hints on Shaving." It's free. RE-SHARPENING CO., 36 Liberty Street, New York

opened from the outside—shattered the panels of the inner door, and a very bloody scene ensued. The correspondent, I believe, suffered some slight injuries; but d'Acre was 'killed.'

"Most of this, slightly diluted, appeared in the correspondent's paper next morning, but the day after a true account came out in another newspaper, and the unfortunate journal has not yet heard the end of the affair. Likewise, ever since then, that journal has had its knife into the poor university."

Here endeth the contribution of my collegian.

I had intended to give an account myself of how we newspaper men of London, seasoned and up-to-snuff as we thought ourselves, were taken in and done for by these innocent undergrads, but the above story is more valuable than mine would be, because it is written from the inside by an eye-witness.

If you happened into an Oxford College when a binge was going on you might think the place given over to riotous living. A binge is simply making a night of it when some great occasion is to be celebrated; as, for instance, after the college boat in the rowing trials bumps the craft ahead, and moves up one place on the list that records the prowess of the various college crews.

On a binge night the college authorities sleep very, very soundly; and so long as the celebrants keep within the college walls and do not issue through the great gate to paint the outside town red, they are reasonably safe from any penalty next day beyond the usual headache. Nevertheless, much quiet study goes on within these educational precincts.

Gladstone's Forgotten Honors

I dare say that many undergrads who afterward became distinguished paid little attention during their term to the educational features of their college life. When my friend, Horace Hart, M. A., became controller of the ancient University Press, he was the most modern, up-to-date man ever appointed to govern a venerable institution, so the first thing to which he set himself when he left London permanently for Oxford was to get the Clarendon Press buildings sort of cleaned up, the rubbish heaps in the corners examined and swept away, and, metaphorically, the cobwebs brushed aside. In doing this he discovered many surprising things, among others a piece of parchment which he recognized at once to be documentary evidence that some one had taken a double-first, and had thought so little of it that here it was in the waste-basket, as one might say. A double-first in Oxford means the same as a double-man in Cambridge; which signifies that the recipient has come out on top not only in classics, but in mathematics. The attaining of a double-first is, therefore, a very rare achievement, and any man who secures it may well be proud of his learning.

Mr. Hart, on examining the record closer, was amazed to find it bore the name of William E. Gladstone, at that moment Prime Minister of England. The controller at once sent the parchment to the statesman, with a short note describing how it came into his possession. Gladstone replied most enthusiastically in his own crabbed, almost illegible handwriting, thanking Mr. Hart for his courtesy, declaring he had never before seen this document, and that he had quite forgotten he ever took a double-first.

It is to be regretted that stories of quiet scholarship are usually not so interesting as those pertaining to binges and the like. The general public rarely takes the undergrad seriously. He is believed to be accurately described in a poem written more than a century ago, which represents him as one who

. . . understands computing
The odds at any race or match,
Is a dead hand at pigeon shooting.
Kicks up rows, knocks down the watch,
Plays truant and the rake at random,
Drinks, ties cravats and drives a tandem.

The lines stand true today for a large class of undergrads; except that for tandem we should read anything from a motor-cycle to a sixty-horse-power automobile.

As town and gown avoid each other and endeavor to keep free of collisions, so the university authorities try to steer clear of serious discussions with the undergrads, for they don't like accounts of trouble in

GROCERIES

In other days when the good people went to the grocer for soda crackers they got just common crackers in common paper bags.

NOW

Uneeda Biscuit

come to you in that wondrous package that enables you to enjoy such soda crackers as those old folks never knew.

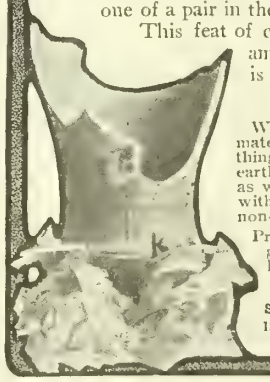
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

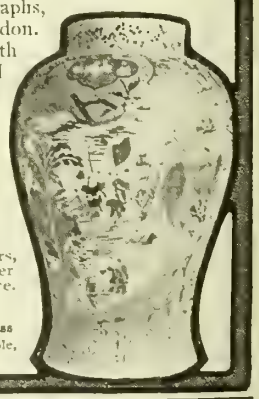
CÆMENTIUM
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Sticks Everything But Is Not Sticky

Broken into *147 pieces*. Perfectly restored by CÆMENTIUM. One large piece that was pulverized replaced by a CÆMENTIUM duplicate. Not a single rivet used. Now as good as new.

This is the story of a 4 foot Chinese vase shown in the photographs, one of a pair in the Palm Court of the Carlton Hotel, London. This feat of china restoring would be impossible with any other adhesive, for CÆMENTIUM is the only one that





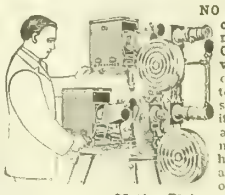
MAKES AS WELL AS MENDS

When once set, unaffected by heat, water, climate or chemicals. Sticks practically everything, including china, wood, glass, marble, earthenware. Sticks dissimilar substances such as wood and metal. Ready to use, no mixing with water necessary. Odorless, tasteless, and non-poisonous.

Price 25c at hardware stores, druggists, stationers, grocers, department stores, etc. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail a tin upon receipt of price.

CÆMENTIUM SALES COMPANY
Sole Agents for U. S. A., 120-P, Boylston St., Boston, Mass
1209-P, 45 W. 34th St. New York
1412-P, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

IT PAYS BIG TO Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



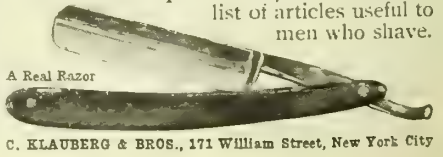
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our Instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., and to operate Five Cent Theatres in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented.

Big Profits Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 830 Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago

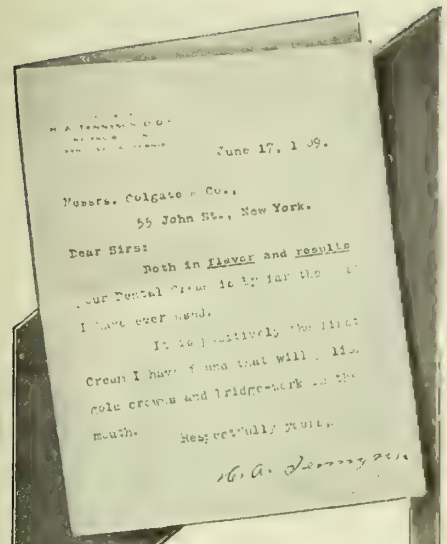
Send for our Free booklet How to Shave With Comfort

which teaches the correct method of shaving. It describes and illustrates Our Masterpiece Razor, and a complete list of articles useful to men who shave.



A Real Razor

C. KLAUBERG & BROS., 171 William Street, New York City



"BEST IN RESULTS"

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

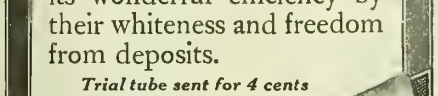
Antiseptic

The cleansing dentifrice with a delightful flavor.

Your teeth will soon prove its wonderful efficiency by their whiteness and freedom from deposits.

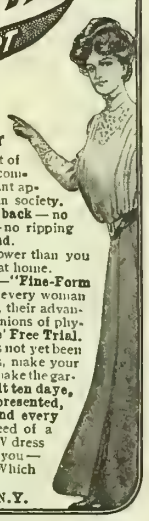
Trial tube sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
55 John St.
New York City



Fine-Form TRADE MARK. MATERNITY SKIRT

Registered in U.S. Pat. Office



of great interest to

Every Prospective Mother

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. **—Always drapee evenly in front and back**—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting—**Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

Free Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"**—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **Ten Days' Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts**—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—**same guarantee.**—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

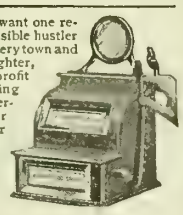
Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 28, Buffalo, N.Y.

50% PROFITS—EXTRA PREMIUMS.

Manufacturer wants agents of character to sell guaranteed jewelry, all or part of their time, for cash commissions and extra premiums of watches, diamonds, jewelry, and table-ware. **Outfit free. Goods sent prepaid. Write now for free booklet giving complete information of new idea.**

A. W. HOLMES & CO.,
66 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Make Money We want one responsible hustler in every town and city to handle the new Aladdin Cigar Lighter, Cutter and Advertiser. You make your profit selling the lighters outright, or by placing them and selling the 8 revolving advertising spaces at so much per space per month. As a handsome never-fail cigar lighter it is the best ever; as an advertising medium it is a marvel; as a money-maker—write us.



ALADDIN COMPANY
1436 Seneca St., Buffalo, N.Y.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING

My free illustrated Southern small farm story. You will enjoy reading it. Address

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, 279 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLS.

the university appearing in the newspapers. Therefore, if a student is at all wise he does not make his escapades too blatant and public, for the authorities will ignore them if given any sort of a chance. When, upon rare occasion, a popular man is sent down, that is, expelled, the authorities have to be mighty sure that there is plain justification for it. Should there be the least taint of tyranny about the action, a riot may ensue, and even under the most just auspices the students manifest their displeasure by engaging a large and gloomy hearse, with two or four or six jet-black horses, and a driver who wears yards of crape from his tall black hat, and solemn mutes, and all the other gruesome paraphernalia of a funeral. Then some hundreds of undergrads, in deep mourning, follow the empty hearse, keeping slow step to the solemnity of the Dead March in Saul; and thus they parade the town, and accompany their expelled fellow-student to the railway station.

The authorities don't like this sort of thing, neither does any one else in Oxford, except, perhaps, the participants who may take a dismal joy in the function.

I have already mentioned the fact that a full siphon of soda-water, when flung recklessly into the street, is an excellent aid to the expulsion of an undergraduate. It is a most dangerous projectile, scattering thickly broken glass in all directions, and its indiscriminate use is frowned down upon by the students themselves, one reason being, perhaps, that each siphon costs sixty cents. Modern science, however, has furnished the undergrad with hand-grenades almost equally satisfactory, and neither so expensive nor so dangerous. These are the ordinary, innocent electric-light bulbs, which are now to be had in most of the colleges for the mere unscrewing. When flung against a stone wall or down on a brick pavement they explode with a gratifying crash.

Electric-light bulbs also furnish the means of a quieter demonstration. Suppose an undergrad learns that there is to be a hilarious meeting in one of the rooms on his floor, and suppose he wishes to enjoy a quiet night. That being so he proceeds thus:

The Trouble-Making Farthing

He secures the smallest copper coin in the realm, denominated a farthing; a coin alleged to have been invented so that a Scotchman may contribute to the cause of religion. He unscrews an electric bulb and finds that the farthing just fits in its socket. Placing it there, he screws the bulb on again. The moment the electric current is turned on there is an instantaneous flash and splutter, and every light on that circuit goes out. It is almost impossible to discover who has done this, for the culprit once more removes the bulb, and flings the farthing out of the window. There will be no more illumination in that section of the college until the electricians get to their work next day.

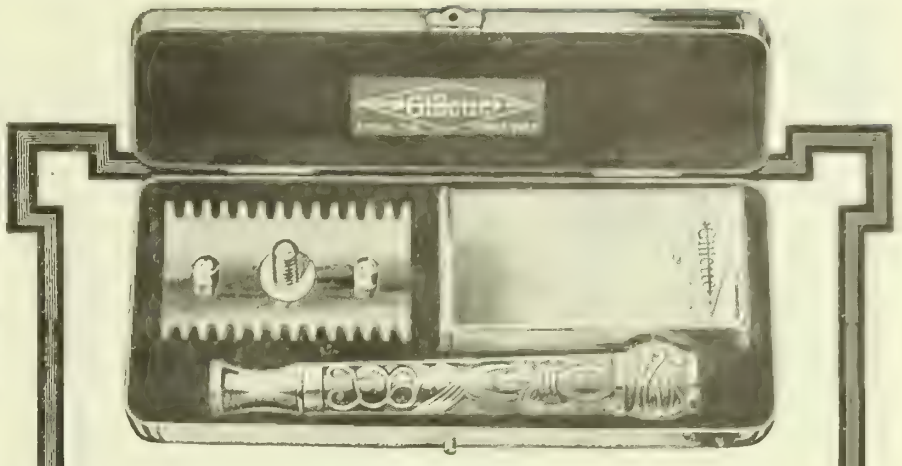
Talking of the smallest coin in the realm, there was a time, some years ago, when it was quite unsafe to ask the Honorable Mr. Stolbury-Normanhurst, undergraduate, for the loan of a farthing, and yet the Honorable S. N. was a very rich young man, who kept a valet, and cut such a swath at Oxford that he came frequently into conflict with the authorities.

The senior proctor of that day was the mildest-mannered man that ever inflicted the highest possible fine. One morning the Honorable appeared before him, and was not only warned, but also ordered to pay into the university chest the sum of five pounds, just a trifle less than twenty-five dollars. The youth had not more than a couple of guineas in his pocket, not expecting to be so heavily progged, so he requested an extension of time, which was cheerfully accorded.

"You may bring the money here at ten o'clock tomorrow," said the obliging proctor.

Now, this misguided youth telegraphed to his bankers in London, as a result of which message there came up to Oxford on the 4:55 express a box containing exactly four thousand eight hundred farthings, addressed to the Honorable Mr. Stolbury-Normanhurst.

Next morning at ten the Honorable, followed by his valet, who for the moment enacted the part of Judas, and carried the bag, appeared before the senior proctor, whose eyes opened in astonishment as the



Gillette Safety Razor

DO you suppose any man would be without a Gillette Safety Razor if he knew what it would do for him?

Perhaps you imagine that it will not do the work for you that it does for others—your face is tender—your beard tough—or there is some special skill required.

All a man needs is to try a Gillette. Three million men with all sorts of beards shave with a Gillette every morning—it is about the easiest thing they do.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices, $5.00 to $7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office
17 Holborn Viaduct

GILLETTE SALES CO.
506 Kimball Building, Boston

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

The name **SUPERBA** on **Cravats** or **Sox** means longer wear, more attractive appearance and more complete satisfaction than can be had in any other make.

Haberdashers everywhere sell **SUPERBA Cravats** at 50c. and $1.00 and **SUPERBA Sox** at 50c. the pair in all colors. If yours cannot supply you, write to us direct.

Send today for "Cravats of Quality," a booklet of much interest to well-dressed men.

H. C. COHN & CO.
218 Andrews St., Rochester, New York

SUPERBA CRAVATS SOX

Automobile Jackets, Blizzard Proof

Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

Registered in U. S. Pat. Office.

Better than an overcoat for [illegible] and work together. Warm, [illegible] Ask your dealer, or send [illegible] paid on receipt of $2.50.

JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept. 57
25 James St., Malden, Mass.

Are you looking for a chance to go into business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities for growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. **Write today for particulars and booklet.**

EDWARD B. MOON, 8 West Randolph St., Chicago

BE AN ORATOR

Learn to talk well. It assures success for preachers, lawyers, clerks, business men. Easy payments. Small cost. Full [illegible] of success. Officers and teachers all [illegible] known men. Investigate. Hundreds [illegible] catalog free. Call for catalog 224.

INTERCONTINENTAL UNIVERSITY
1414 L St., Washington, D. C.

6% NET. Security, First Mortgage Pittsburgh Real Estate

Not affected by financial or trade conditions. Size and time to suit. Judgment Bond for double amount with each Mortgage. Select property. Careful appraisement; character of owner determined. Booklet—FREE

A. C. Leslie Company,
Suite 100, Bakewell Law Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

POST CARDS From Your Own Photos of your home, children, work, [illegible] also local views for dealers; 150 for $1.75; 250, $2.25; 500, $3.00. Larger quantities cheaper. Samples and full information for 2cs.

SUFFOLK POST CARD CO., 591 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

From the day you put down

Cook's Linoleum

you have sensible floors, comfortable, sanitary, easily cleaned, long-lasting—and nearly as handsome as tile or parquetry.

To insure wearing quality, see that the name "Cook's" is printed on the back of linoleum you buy.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum, pattern through to back, is molded in one piece with no joints or seams to open like the old pieced-together kind.

Cook's Printed Linoleum is tough, flexible, retains its pattern longer under hard wear.

Write for *Linoleum Book M*, showing patterns in colors and suggestion-sketches for various rooms.

Cook's Cork Carpet for public places.

Cook's Decora, the artistic wall-covering that can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Beautiful designs in all color harmonies. Comes in rolls; any paper-hanger can put it on. Write for interesting booklet "Home Decoration."

COOK'S LINOLEUM
Trenton, New Jersey

No more holes in your stockings

You can wear stockings of the thinnest and most delicate fabrics without having the toes poke through.

Togards prevent it by protecting the toes of the stockings. They are worn over the forepart of the bare feet underneath the stocking and make darning a thing of the past.

They give longer life to the stockings and insure foot-comfort at all times. They absorb perspiration, protect tender feet and make walking easier.

Soft, light, snug-fitting and elastic; take up little space, and are sanitary and washable. Natural color—not dyed—in sizes for men, women and children.

Lisle—10c a pair; 12 pairs **$1;**
Silk—25c a pair; 12 pairs **$2.75.**

Every pair in a sealed wax envelope bearing the **Togard** trademark

Sold by over 5000 dealers. If yours should not happen to have **Togards,** we'll send them prepaid on receipt of price—be sure to state size of stockings

H.L. Nelke & Co., 2159 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia

Togards

EARNING MONEY

Any one—man, woman, boy, girl—can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. All you need is faith in yourself. If you think you're going to amount to something, write to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

and get your start now.

menial poured forth on his table the equivalent in copper of five pounds in gold.

"I think you will find that all right, sir," said the Honorable Mr. Stolbury-Normanhurst.

"I am quite sure of it," replied the proctor in his suavest tones. "I regret that the duties of my office compel me to have this accumulation counted; but that is merely a form, and casts no reflection on your probity. Please be seated, Mr. Stolbury-Normanhurst."

As the Honorable sat down the proctor arose, whispered a few words to his secretary, then, with a courteous bow to the undergraduate, he left the room.

The secretary counted for an hour, but could not make the account come right, and wearied with his efforts gave place to one of the proctor's clerks, and so, in relays, the counters slowly counted. The rules of the proctor's office did not allow the Honorable to leave until he received his acquittance. About noon an anxious, perturbed valet, loaded with apologetic messages, was scouring Oxford, trying to find the senior proctor. The imprisoned culprit was ready to pay any sum in gold, and to make the most groveling of apologies, if permitted even to go out to lunch; but the proctor could not be found, and no one else had the power to release the Honorable Mr. Stolbury-Normanhurst, who was gradually being driven insane by the slow, monotonous clink of coin.

The Proctor's Little Joke

It was late that evening when the proctor returned, calm and imperturbable. He had evidently dined well, and was good-naturedly satisfied with the world. The usually spruce undergraduate sat there with rumpled hair, in a state of disheveled despair.

"Can't you get it right?" asked the proctor in surprise.

"I regret to say, sir," replied the clerk, "that up to now we have been unsuccessful."

"Dear me, dear me," purred the proctor. "How extraordinary! Why not induce the Honorable Mr. Stolbury-Normanhurst to give you five sovereigns and take away this copper?"

"Great Heavens!" groaned the unfortunate collegian, "I don't need any inducing. That's what I've been begging them to do ever since eleven o'clock this morning."

"Why didn't you send for me?" mildly reproached the proctor.

This was too much, and the Honorable made no reply, but forked over the gold and left; while the valet shoveled the farthings back into the bag.

The chief officials of the colleges are called Heads of Houses. In fifteen colleges of Cambridge these Heads are termed Masters, while in one Cambridge college there is a President, and in another a Provost.

Oxford is much more various. There is the Warden of New College, the President of Magdalen, the Dean of Christ Church, the Principal of Brasenose, the Rector of Lincoln, the Provost of Oriel, and the Master of Pembroke, all Heads of Houses.

Each college has its own peculiar customs; some of them rather quaint. All Souls, for instance, might be called well-named, for it has no bodies; that is to say, no undergrads. It possesses a magnificent building, a chapel which is, perhaps, the most beautiful in Oxford, a splendid library, and is equipped with a Warden as its Head, and numerous Fellows who have nobody to teach. Indeed, a Fellowship in All Souls is about the greatest sinecure on this earth today, for the revenue of the college is slightly more than a hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars a year.

Sixteen years ago a beautiful monument was erected to the poet Shelley within the precincts of University College, yet University College expelled Shelley just two years less than a century ago, which reminds one of the couplet to the effect that:

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Queen's College is honeycombed with tradition. During my early days in England I was fortunate enough to be invited to a Christmas dinner at Queen's, and coming, as I did, directly from Western America, I have never forgotten the quaint ceremony of bringing in a huge boar's head on a gigantic platter, decked with rosemary,

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"WEARS LIKE IRON"

New Life and Looks to Old Doors

YOUR DOORWAY

Is to Every Passer-by an Index to the Character of What's Inside

Does yours do you justice? No need to wait until next repairing time, or put off refinishing it as a "task" to be dreaded.

JAP-A-LAC WILL MAKE IT LIKE NEW. Get a can to-day at your dealer's and everyone who knows what you're going to do will want to "help" with the transformation.

JAP-A-LAC is the hardest, most durable and lustrous colored varnish made. Applied according to directions it "sets" hard as adamant with a mirrorlike surface and "Wears Like Iron."

JAP-A-LAC is made in sixteen beautiful colors for refinishing every kind of woodwork, Bric-à-brac, Chandeliers, Floors, Furniture and every painted or varnished surface from cellar to garret.

JAP-A-LAC has no substitute.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers

If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name, with 10c to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a free sample, quarter pint can of any color (except gold which is 25c) to any point in the United States.

Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.
3089 Glidden Bldg. Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

JAP-A-LAC Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of "What shall I do with my old carpeted floor to make it sanitary and refined?" Your Painter can do it at a little expense or you can do it yourself. Insist on JAP-A-LAC.

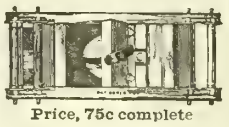
Hayden's Film Tank

Takes all sizes films up to 4 x 5, and is very simple to operate.

Price, $1.00. Why Pay More?

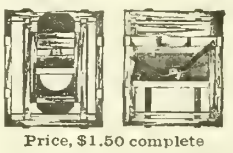
If your dealer does not carry these goods, we will send same on receipt of price.

Hayden's Improved Film Printing Frame



Price, 75c complete

Prints can be made from the roll film in the long strip, and any part of the negative may be placed on any part of the printing paper. It also has a movable set of mats that can be adjusted to any position on the negative and locked, making all prints alike.



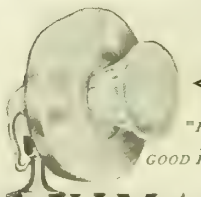
Price, $1.50 complete

Hayden's Convertible Plate Frame

Taking all sizes dry plates from 1 inch wide up to 6½ x 8½. Prints can be made on a 6½ x 8½ paper from a 4 x 5 negative, leaving white border for framing. A postal attachment comes with each frame, making postal prints from any part of the negative and also for the use of making prints from films.

A. C. HAYDEN & CO., Auglim Bldg., BROCKTON, MASS.

NO DISEASE GERMS Collect in The



"Here's to your GOOD HEALTH"

MAXIM ANTISEPTIC MOUTH PIECE

Clean Glass Only—and you talk through a Medicated Air Filter. A positive preventive of disease microbes so easily communicated by indiscriminate use of telephones. Endorsed by all people who value their Good Health and now used in prominent hotels, hospitals, stores and public institutions.

Should be on every 'phone. Made to fit every make. State 'phone used when ordering.

50 CENTS—POST PAID—SEND MONEY ORDER OR STAMPS.

MAXIM SPECIALTY CO.
12 WAVERLY PLACE, NEW YORK

Send for Booklet Live Agents wanted Everywhere

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

COST

The only Professions in which the demand exceeds the supply. We equip you for practice anywhere. No classes; individual instruction. Courses embrace Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, Cost Accounting, Bookkeeping and Business Practice. Write for Booklet N

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N, 27-29 East 22nd Street, New York.
Recognized Accountancy School of the World.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling **High Salaried Positions.** Good artists

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

and upwards, in **easy fascinating work.** Our courses of **Personal Home Instruction** by correspondence, are **complete, practical.** Eleven years' successful teaching. Expert instructors. **Competent workers helped to positions.** Write for **Handsome Art Book, Free.**

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1898)
N. 46 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE

$18

FASTEST—SAFEST GUN EVER MADE

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS. Perfect hammerless non-clogging action. 24 to 32 in. GENUINE IMPORTED DAMASCUS BARREL. FULL length top rib makes quick sighting automatic. Hinged breech block—solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Easy take-down without tools. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR ANY FEATURE NAMED. Don't buy until you see our FREE BOOK describing this pump gun and our superb line of singles and doubles.

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 313 Auburndale, TOLEDO, O.

held high above the servitor, while the procession that followed chanted in Latin the ancient carol beginning with the line:

The boar's head in hand bring I.

Here the twelve Fellows of the college all sit on one side of the table, with the Provost in the center, in imitation of the Last Supper, as painted by Leonardo da Vinci, in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in Milan.

If you dine at Queen's College next New Year's night the bursar will come round after the meal and present you with a needle holding three threads, remarking: "Take this, and be thrifty"; going before you can reply that you came from the land where the sewing-machine was invented.

The picturesque Henry V entered Queen's College when he was twelve years old, and they do say that he went the pace, scattering abroad the ancient equivalent of the electric-light bulb. However, he reformed, and appeared before his father in a cloak decorated with many buttonholes, while from each hole depended a threaded needle. I suppose Henry wished the "governor" to believe that he had done this buttonholing himself, and being in a measure the returned prodigal son of the day, he, perhaps, feared the old man would follow precedent and clasp him to the paternal bosom, therefore as a precaution he came into the presence bristling with needles, like the fretful porcupine. You now see the reason for being presented with a needle and thread on New Year's night, which is the recognized date for good resolutions.

Perhaps the quaintest old-fashioned privilege that Queen's possesses is that just outside its own threshold. The stone steps leading up to the front door are sanctuary. The undergrad about to be nabbed by a proctor and his two bulldogs makes for his own college if he thinks he has any show in a Marathon race; but, if hard pressed, he flings himself panting on the steps of Queen's, and there, for the moment, he is safe. As a usual thing the proctor and the bulldogs give it up when Charles Algernon reaches this sanctuary; but, of course, the young man cannot spend the rest of his term at Oxford on the steps, and if the proctor and his bulldogs care to stand outside long enough they can starve him into surrender. But as this would attract a crowd, which the authorities always wish to avoid, the youth, when he gets his second wind, usually escapes, although the bulldogs sometimes lurk in the neighborhood to pounce upon him when once he gets in the street again. However, as all the world loves a lover, so all the world—except the proctor and his bulldogs—is friendly to a breathless young fellow who has attained sanctuary; and any passerby will gladly search for the proctor, and give information to the fugitive.

On the Steps of Queen's

Once, however, an undergrad played it low down on a determined proctor. It was about nine o'clock at night, and the chase had been red hot. The bulldogs always know when a student is making for sanctuary, and they do their best to intercept him. But in this case they did not succeed. The young fellow flung himself on the steps, and lay there for a time completely exhausted. The proctor called together his equally done-out men, who are termed bulldogs, and they took station on the street to wait patiently until the runner was compelled to act the part of Davy Crockett's coon. Time passed; the collegian sat up, mopped his brow, and complained that, now he had achieved sanctuary, the proctor, or proggins as they call him, wasn't playing the game.

There was no reply, and thus the group held ground until five minutes to twelve. At midnight an undergrad cannot get into his college; and the penalty for being out all night goes far beyond any fine a proctor will impose. At five minutes to twelve the student hammered with the knocker on the gate of Queen's; the door was opened, and the young man, taking off his hat to the proctor, entered and was safe. The point of this story, which is now an Oxford classic, is that Queen's was the young man's college. He might have entered any time he liked, and the proctor could not have pursued him, but the temptation to keep proggins and the bulldogs uselessly standing in the street for three hours was too much for the young man's sense of humor.

So proctors do not always win like the one who counted the coins by proxy.

Sportsmen Agree

There's nothing can equal our Challenge Brand as a collar for hunting—either in the brush or in the open. They are always fresh and neat regardless of dust or bad weather.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

Enable you to enjoy your day in the woods, yet maintain a trim appearance all the while. They are entirely different from other waterproof collars—never shiny, but correct in finish and texture as the best linen.

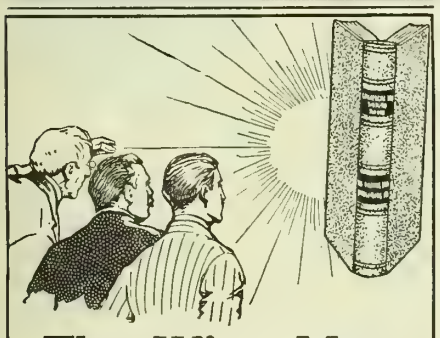
Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit and dressy look of the best linen collars—our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You really can't tell them from linen.

Sold by first-class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs, send us 25 cts., stating size and style of collar you desire, or 50 cts. per pair for cuffs, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our new booklet gives valuable pointers about the correct thing in dress—what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"
725-727 Broadway, New York

Boston, 65 Bedford St. **Philadelphia,** 900 Chestnut St.
Chicago, 161 Market St. **San Francisco,** 718 Mission St.
St. Louis, 505 North 7th St. **Detroit,** 117 Jefferson Ave.
Toronto, 58-64 Fraser Ave.



The Wise Men

in business keep wise by confirming their knowledge of facts, and by securing trustworthy counsel when new problems arise. For immediate guidance in matters of minor importance or circumstances that preclude securing legal advice, correct legal knowledge is secured at once from

Commercial Law Simplified

Correct answers to 2251 legal questions for the Business Man and Accountant, together with a digest of the Incorporation Laws of all the States and Territories. The Text is written in easy, concise style, and this work has been warmly welcomed by all business men who have referred to it.

Some of the 5,000 Subjects Treated:
Contracts, Commercial Paper, Agency Partnership, Corporations, Sales of Personal Property, Bailments, Common Carriers, Chattel Mortgages, Bankruptcy, Legal Remedies.

Commercial Law Simplified contains over 500 pages, 6½x9½, regulation lawsheep binding of excellent quality. Price $5, with privilege of returning if not satisfied after 10 days examination. If interested also ask for our great Business Encyclopaedia offer.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., Dept. O, Detroit, Mich.

Beware of Imitations

of the fasteners men swear by, not at—look for name

Washburne
Pat. Imp.
Fasteners

stamped on the genuine

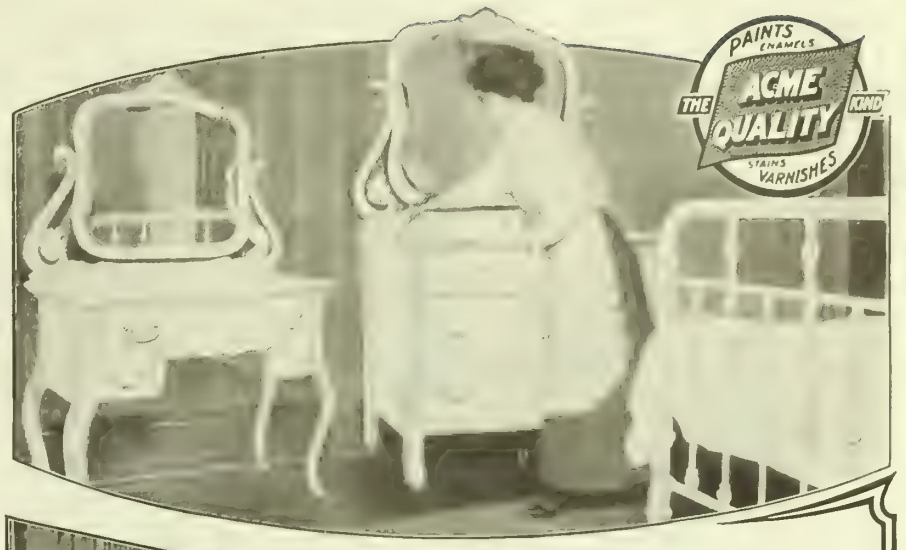
The genuine Washburne Fasteners are **Little but never let go**
Comfort to men in their use

Key Chains - 25c
Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c
Bachelor Buttons 10c

Catalogue Free. Sold Everywhere. Sent Prepaid.

Look for the Name Washburne

AMERICAN RING COMPANY, Dept. 74, Waterbury, Conn.



A Dainty Enameled Bedroom

WHAT could be prettier or more inviting than a dainty bedroom with walls, furniture and woodwork all enameled in white or some delicate tint to harmonize nicely with draperies and furnishings?

ACME QUALITY
ENAMEL (Neal's)

gives that smooth, beautiful, genuine enamel surface so sanitary and easy to keep bright and attractive. Anyone can apply it by following the simple directions on the can.

ACME QUALITY VARNISH—Gives a durable, lustrous finish to door frames, window-sills, scuffed stairs, etc. Inexpensive and easily applied.
ACME QUALITY FURNITURE POLISH—Cleans, polishes, and renews the finish of all varnished surfaces.
ACME QUALITY FLOOR WAX—Ready for use. Gives a handsome, lustrous, satin-like surface easily cared for and very durable. Equally adapted for the wax finish so popular for furniture and woodwork.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an ACME QUALITY Kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes tells you just what paint, enamel, stain or varnish to buy for any kind of work *and the best way to apply it.* Everyone should keep a copy handy. Gives you just the information you want, *when you want it.*

Write for a complimentary copy.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

THE MAN BEHIND THE
BANNATYNE
$1.50 WATCH

SAYS: Today it takes *merely a few hours* to produce a **Bannatyne;** but it took nearly a *quarter of a century* to produce the *first one.* Twenty-five years' experience in designing and making low priced watches, and over 1000 watchmaking tools and machines, is crystallized in the **Bannatyne,**

"A TIMEKEEPER AHEAD OF THE TIMES"

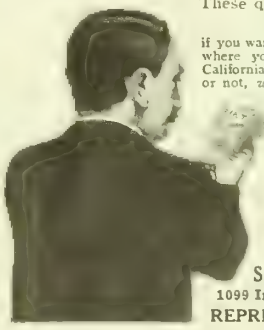
The smallest, thinnest, easiest winding low priced watch. The only one that is accurate and durable—that is a real watch built on watch principles—that has lock setting device for setting hands, noiseless winding, and many other special features found exclusively in much higher priced timepieces. Ask your watchmaker or jeweler for the Bannatyne. If he hasn't it, send his name and ask for booklet, "A Timekeeper Ahead of the Times." Or buy direct from us. Nickel, $1.50, Gun Metal or Gilt Finish, $1.60.

THE BANNATYNE WATCH CO., 39 Canal Street, Waterbury, Conn.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE 10 YEARS FROM NOW?

A bundle of rent receipts or a comfortable home of your own? Will you help support your landlord for 9 years or will you break the rent-paying habit, be your own landlord, and put the money in your own pocket? These questions are for you to answer—it is for you to decide.

You *Can* Own a Home



if you want to—you *can* stop paying rent—you *can* be your own landlord. No matter where you are or where you want to live, from Maine to California—no matter whether you have a single penny saved or not, we can show you a practical way to get the home—the easiest, most satisfactory way in the world to pay for it. There is nothing speculative about our plan—you take no risks—your money is safeguarded at every step. It is a business proposition, backed by [illegible] business men and endorsed by the [illegible] bank in Rochester.

Write for Information Now

Let us tell you all the details of the [illegible] of the company and its [illegible] information [illegible] it you nothing.

SECURITY BUILDING CO.
1099 Insurance Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.
REPRESENTATIVES WANTED!

"WORLD'S STANDARD" *because:* Serrated bristle tufts reach all the teeth; curved handle and long tuft to clean the back teeth; hole in the handle and hook to hang it up by; [illegible] tification symbols prevent confusion; each brush in a yellow box. Three sizes, three bristle textures, three styles of handles.

Prophy-lac-tic De Luxe, colored handles. Adults' only. [illegible]
Write for free book, "Teeth [illegible]" Florence Mfg. Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass

You can't buy a better everyday boys' shoe than the

"American Boy"

From heel to toe, and sole to top, they are made for service—to wear longer. Fit like a glove—unusually comfortable. No other boys' shoes are made just like them. No other upper stock is "just as good" for everyday knockabout service as Menz "Ease" process of tannage, used exclusively for the "American Boy" and our shoe for men—the

Menz "Ease"

Will send you with Catalog C, a sample to test. You'll find it so tough and strong you can't tear it with your fingers—so soft and pliable it will remind you of glove leather even after months of hardest service.

Beware of imitations. Always find the name on sole and on yellow label.

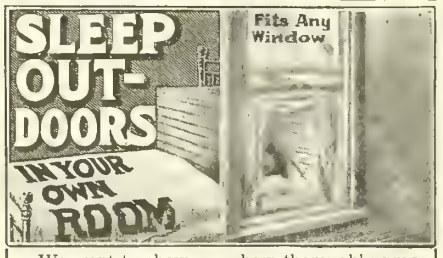
The "American Boy" illustrated is the 8-inch height. Our best selling high top for boys—an ideal winter shoe—will save you money. Standard screw fastened—wears much longer than a Goodyear Welt, tan and black, sizes 1 to 5½, $3.50; 10 to 13½, **$3.00**

CATALOG C

illustrates all heights Menz "Ease" and "American Boy," 6 to 16 inches—$2.50 to $9.50.

We are manufacturers for the shoe retailer and prefer that you buy them of your dealer. If you can't, we will fill your order at the regular retail prices and prepay delivery charges.

Menzies Shoe Company
Makers
431 Gratiot Ave.
Detroit, Mich.



We want to show **you** how thoroughly practical it is to receive all the benefits of out-of-door sleeping—with the face, only, coming in contact with the crisp, out-door air—enjoying the comforts of a warm room, protected from drafts, storms, colds and insects—by using a

Walsh Window Tent

Has an awning to protect sleeper—no nails or screws to mar the woodwork—can be instantly adjusted to any window. Write today for free booklet, "What Fresh Air Will Do," and full particulars of our **30-day free trial offer.**

Recommended by Eminent Physicians Everywhere.

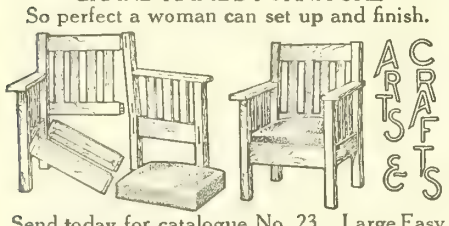
Cabinet Mfg. Co., 309 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.
Manufacturers of Superior Cabinets for Turkish and Vapor Baths

Save Half the Retail Price

Highest quality Made in Sections

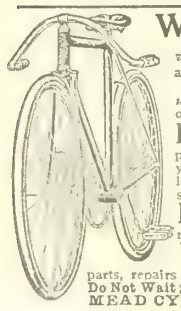
GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE

So perfect a woman can set up and finish.



Send today for catalogue No. 23. Large Easy Rockers, Chairs, Settees, Couches, Tables, Etc.

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE MFG. CO.
23 Fulton Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.**

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous offers* on highest grade 1910 model bicycles.

Factory Prices *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large **Art Catalog** and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory.

Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.* **Do Not Wait;** write *today* for our *special offer.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-55, CHICAGO

WATER AS WEALTH

(Concluded from Page 13)

Sometimes the water theft is more spectacular. In June of this year six armed and masked men stole and successfully secreted 174,000,000 gallons of water belonging to the city of Colorado Springs. Under cover of darkness the gang surprised the caretaker of the reservoir containing the coveted fluid, overpowered him, relieved him of the keys to the treasure and made away with it. Five hours later a posse of ten deputy sheriffs started in pursuit, but in vain. Six men and six horses had accomplished the wonderful feat of carrying away stolen goods weighing 700,000 tons in five short hours and hiding the bulky loot so securely that it was not recovered. To transport the loot the robbers made use of the bed of Bear Creek, whose watershed fills the reservoir and takes away the surplus. While the bound and gagged guardian of the treasure was looking into the muzzle of a revolver, the gang opened the headgates and emptied the reservoir into Bear Creek. The stream eventually ends in a lake owned by the city of Victor, and in this lake the stolen water, having no distinguishing marks, was hidden from the pursuers. Twice before the Colorado Springs reservoir had been robbed by masked bandits, and each time the lake owned by Victor showed signs of a sudden enrichment. Both Colorado Springs and Victor claim the water of Bear Creek and the feud over its possession has been going on for years, but the identity of the predatory parties has remained a mystery to this day.

The inch and the foot are not the only standards of measurement in the transfer of water rights. Water may also be sold by the day, the hour or even the minute. The time method of dividing water originated with the forerunners of the modern irrigation companies, the informal groups of pioneer settlers who, without capital, engineering assistance or bond issues, built their own crude diversion works. The experience of one of these groups in California is typical of the methods employed by thousands of others in all the arid states. Several years before the Civil War eight settlers selected a piece of land in the San Bernardino Valley and proceeded to look for irrigation water. A creek four miles distant seemed to offer the most convenient supply. A crude brush dam was built in its bed by the eight, the home-made reservoir was tapped and the water conducted to the land through an open ditch.

Irrigation by Stop-Watch

Instead of dividing the water into eight parts and giving each member of the pool a constant flow of twenty-five inches, the owners, like most of the irrigation pioneers, agreed that each one should take the full flow of the ditch for twenty-four hours, thus giving every member of the association the entire amount of water taken from the creek every eighth day. As the number of settlers in the neighborhood grew and the available water was taken up, the value of the ditch rose and the owners began to sell the right to use their surplus water. A quarter of a century after the construction of the ditch one of the builders sold half of his water day, the right to use the contents of the ditch twelve hours, every eighth day, for $1300. After that the boom began and sales increased. Today the wobbly brush dam has been replaced by a concrete structure. The open ditch has been relocated along a better route, lined with cement and covered, thus preserving the full flow. Forty-three farmers, instead of the original eight, are supplied from the ditch. The number of irrigated acres has grown from three hundred and fifty to more than a thousand, and the crops produced by the water exceed one hundred thousand dollars in value every year. The heaviest owner has the right to turn the water into his laterals ten hours every eighth day. The two irrigators with the smallest supply use a stop-watch to see that they are deprived of no fraction of the twenty-nine minutes the water runs upon their land. Not a second of the water's use do they intend to lose if they can help it, for they paid ten dollars a minute to use the flow of the ditch, sixteen cents a second or six hundred dollars an hour.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers dealing with the whole subject of irrigation and water rights in the West. The remaining articles will appear in early numbers.

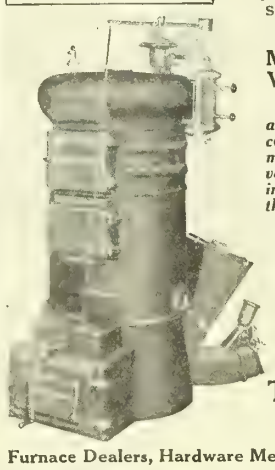
WHY UNDERFEED HEATING
Adds to your Bank Balance

TO reduce the cost of heating plants and increase their efficiency is an important problem in economics, most happily solved by the *Underfeed*—the system which assures positive results—applied either to Warm Air, Steam or Hot Water. Thousands who have experienced the satisfaction of making *smaller* payments to coal dealers and keeping *larger* bank balances for themselves, know that

Peck-Williamson Underfeed
HEATING SYSTEMS
WARM AIR Furnaces—STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers
Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

The proposition is as plain as a pipe-stem. *Cheapest* slack burned in the Underfeed yields as much clean, even heat as *highest price* anthracite. Coal is fed from *below*—the rational way—and all smoke, soot and gases *wasted* in other furnaces and boilers *must* pass through the flames and are consumed. That's *more* heat. Ashes, which are few, are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers. The UNDERFEED with its 50% to 66⅔% *saving* virtue will add to the *renting* or *selling* value of any building.

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.



Take out your *old*, expensive heater and let the Underfeed begin to *pay for itself* by the absolutely certain saving on next winter's coal bills.

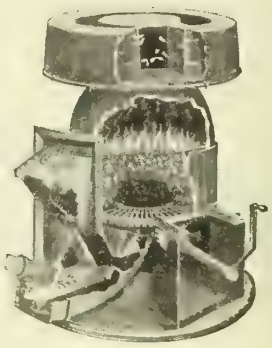
T. T. Blackburn, of Brainerd, Minn., has used an Underfeed two Winters. He writes:

"I find it all right both in regard to heat and as a fuel saver. I used six tons of soft screening coal to heat my seven-room house—coal costing me $5.00 per ton delivered—and I think $30 is very reasonable to heat a house during the winter in this part of the country. I can recommend the furnace to any one."

We'd be glad to send you a lot of facsimile letters of like cheerful note, with our Underfeed Booklet for Warm Air Furnaces, or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—ALL FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY
329 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to write Today for our Sales-Agency Plans, Interesting to All Live Dealers.

Business Opportunity For Young Men

Having From $75 to $200 Cash Capital

$200 to $500 credit will be extended to aid energetic young men who can furnish good references to start in a permanent, legitimate, cash business of their own selection. No particular training or experience required. Write for my free "Special Business Offer" telling how other men are earning from $25 to $100 a week operating one or more of my exclusive, new and novel money making specialties, such as the Automatic Card Printing Press, Lunch and Waffle Wagon, Sign Writer Press, Automatic Shooting Gallery, Complete Laundry Equipment, Vacuum Cleaning Outfits, Automatic Pencil Printing Press (prints advertisements on lead pencils), Peanut and Popcorn Street Wagons, Stands, Roasters and Poppers, etc. I tell you how to do the work and how to get customers. Write for **Free Catalog.**

E. M. Schnadig, 16 Crilly Block, Chicago

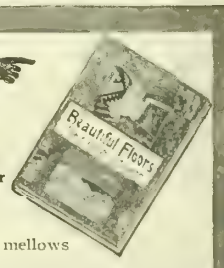
5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

Write for Information

First National Bank
Billings, Montana
Organized 1883

This Book Sent Free



It contains concise, expert advice on each of the following topics:

- Woods Fit for Flooring
- Finishing New Floors
- Finishing Old Floors
- Stopping Cracks in Floors
- Care of Waxed Floors
- Cleaning and Polishing Hardwood Floors
- Finishing Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
- Finishing Dancing Floors
- Finishing Furniture and Interior Woodwork, Etc., Etc.
- Removing Varnish, Shellac or Paint

That rich, subdued lustre which makes floors beautiful, and mellows into still richer effect, is produced by

Old English Floor Wax
"The Wax with a Guarantee"

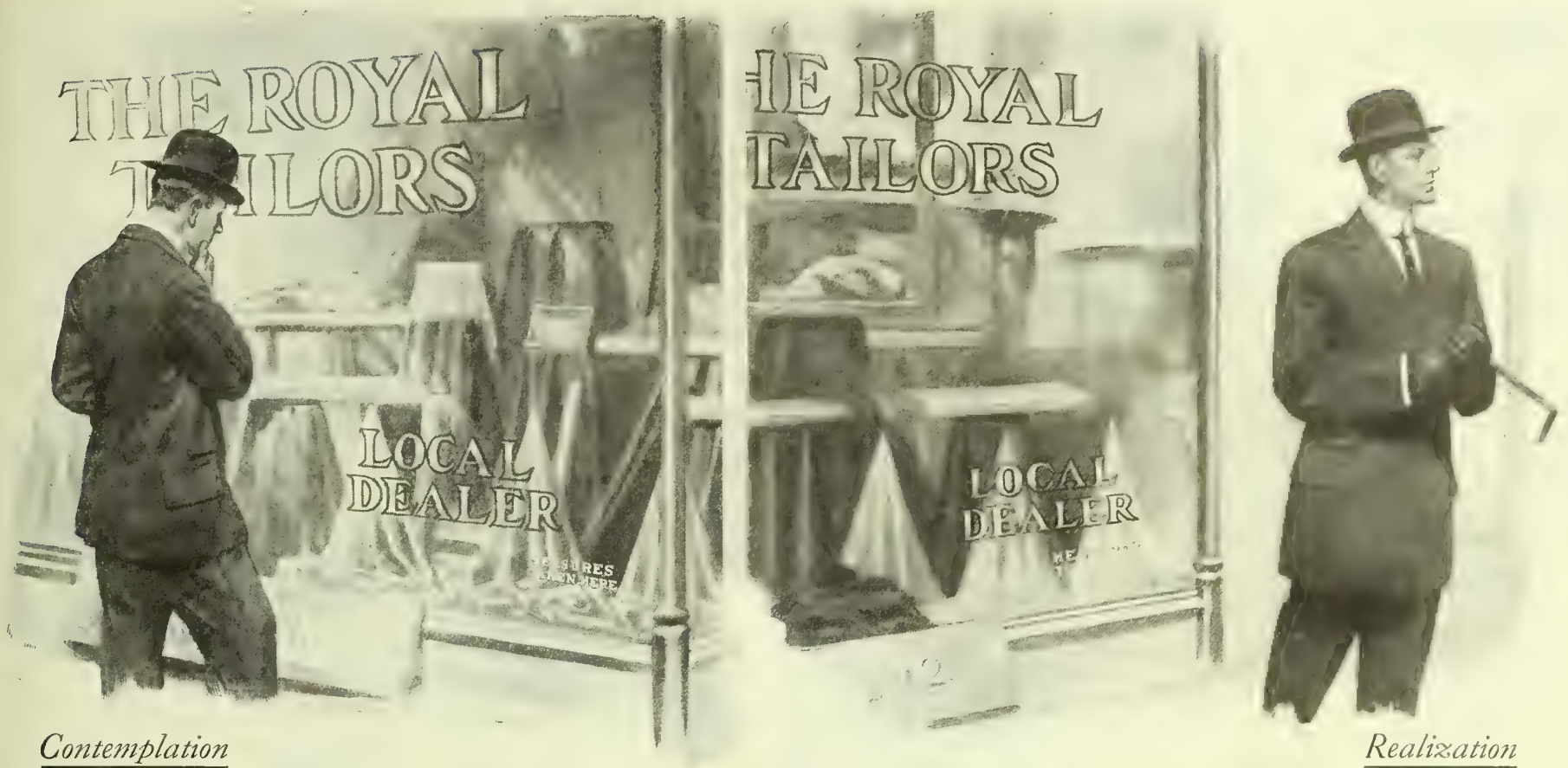
All floor waxes are made essentially from two ingredients—a hard, expensive wax and a soft, cheap wax. That offers an easy way to cheapen any floor wax.

In compounding "Old English" Floor Wax the question of "cost" never enters in—it is entirely a matter of "quality" of product. That's why it proves to be the most attractive, economical, easily applied and satisfactory finish. Equally suitable for finest inlaid, hardwood, or plain pine floors and all interior woodwork. Never flakes nor becomes sticky. Shows no heel marks or scratches. It preserves the floor and is chemically sanitary.

Sample Free but you must use it as directed. Put up in sizes No. 1, 2, 4 and 8. 50c a lb. 1 lb. covers 300 sq. ft. *Sold by high-class dealers in paints and finishes.*

Mention dealer's name in writing for the free sample and the book.

A. S. BOYLE & COMPANY, 1907 W. 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
Also Manufacturers of "BRIGHTENER"—which keeps floors clean and bright all the time.



Contemplation *Realization*

What A Real Tailor Can Do

If you have begun to believe that perfect-fitting clothes "come true" only in fashion pictures—why not call on our local Royal

dealer to-day—or write *us* to have him call on *you?*

Consider it an experiment if you will—but please remember it is an experiment *at our risk!*

If the suit or overcoat we make to your order from measures *that* dealer sends us does not fit and satisfy you to the last seam and stitch—if it does not equal, in style, in workmanship, in grace, any men's-garment you have seen *pictured* this Fall—then you need not accept it—or pay one penny for it. We will assume the loss and the humiliation—not you.

1,000 Successes a Day

One thousand men a day accept this guarantee of ours, and challenge us to make it good.

Some of these men come to our dealers after years of futile experience with local tailors and clothiers,—hope-forlorn of ever getting clothes that are *exactly* right.

They do not look upon our guarantee lightly and indifferently. They accept it with the set determination to make us prove-up or pay the cost if we fail.

Yet we cheerfully assume this risk and responsibility 1000 times a day.

We guarantee to each man to make a suit or overcoat to his order to fit every line and curve of his body, in all its possible variations.

We guarantee to put into each garment all the refinement, all the style and the drape that the fashion picture itself shows; to use All Pure Wool in the fabric and nothing else whether the suit is our lowest or highest priced; to put endurance and *staying* qualities into the workmanship so that the garment will hold its style and its fit until completely WORN OUT—to take the full 100 per cent of the shrink tendency out of the cloth before it is touched by the scissors so that it cannot shrink or slack after the garment is made.

These things are not merely promised—they are *guaranteed in writing.*

Yet last year but 3 in 300,000 returned *Royal garments* on the guarantee privilege.

What need is there to gamble and speculate with local tailors—when you can buy on a guarantee like this; when this system will bring you for $25, $30 or $35 the finest custom-cut, Pure Wool, made-to-order suit or overcoat any money can buy—with this guarantee to insure your permanent satisfaction?

Call on our local dealer to-day and see his magnificent collection of 500 Fall and Winter Woolens.

This Big Book of Beautiful Cloth Samples—Free
The Royal Tailors,
419-425 Fifth Ave., Chicago.
Please send, prepaid, your book of the Samples and Styles—and the name of the nearest Royal Dealer.
Name
Address

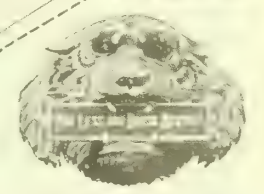
Drawing Copyright 1909, by The Royal Tailors

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

The Royal Tailors

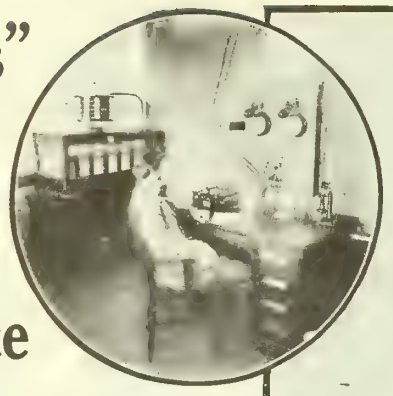
Chicago New York

Joseph Beehan
President



148 Branch Royal Stores

"Wireless" demands efficient motor service



The reliable working of these generators saved many lives in the recent marine disasters.

The wireless telegraph on ocean and lake steamers is equipped with Robbins & Myers Motor-Generators. Their reliability is absolute and unquestionable.

This is true of *all* Robbins & Myers Motors.

We make nothing but small direct current motors, 1/30 to 15 H. P. For printing and engraving machinery, washing-machines, iron and woodworking machinery, adding machines, air compressors, etc.

To Manufacturers:—

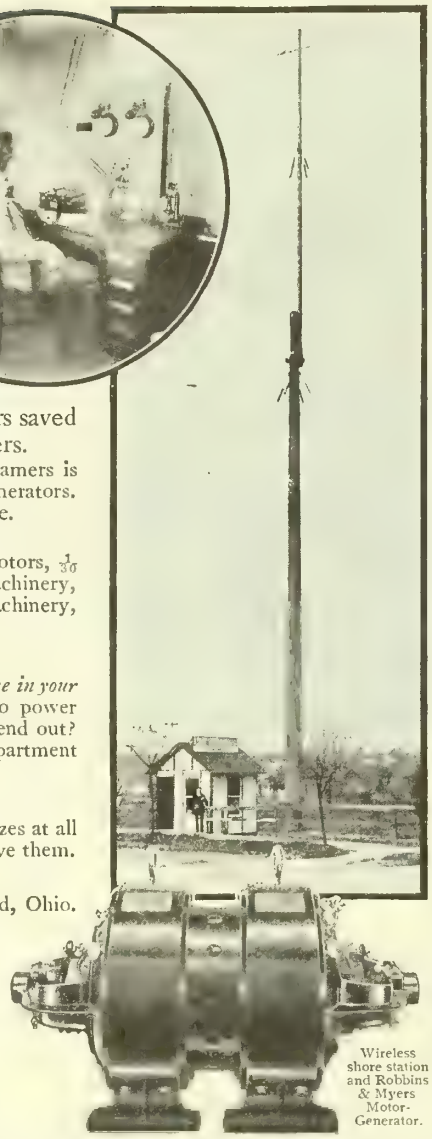
We have or will make a motor for every machine in your shop. Have you some problem in regard to power used in your factory or in the machines you send out? If you have, write today to our Engineering Department and let us help you.

Where to get them

We carry a complete stock of motors in all sizes at all our branch offices and dealers everywhere have them.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.,
1305-1405 Lagonda Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

Branches in NEW YORK, 145 Chambers St.; PHILADELPHIA, 1109 Arch St.; CHICAGO, 48 West Jackson Boulevard; BOSTON, 176 Federal St.; CLEVELAND, 1408 W. 3rd St., N. W.; NEW ORLEANS, 312 Carondelet St.; ST. LOUIS, Locust and 11th Sts.; KANSAS CITY, 120 W. 13th St.



Wireless shore station and Robbins & Myers Motor-Generator.

Robbins & Myers Motors

Direct Current "The Standard" 1-30 to 15 H. P. For every machine

The Best Fall and Winter Hose Are "Holeproof"

You don't know what hose comfort and satisfaction are until you have worn Holeproof Hose—*genuine* "Holeproof."

Six pairs wear six months, absolutely free from rips, tears and holes or you get new hose free.

The whole family can have them, father, mother, daughter and son.

The hose are soft and attractive—made from highest grade cotton costing an average of 63c per pound.

We have had 31 years of experience. We made the first guaranteed hose on the market.

You don't want an amateur make when genuine "Holeproof" don't cost a cent more. Look for "Holeproof" on the toe.

Try these wonderful hose. You'll never wear any other for these are the finest hose ever made.

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (mercerized, extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Write for Free Book—"How to Make Your Feet Happy"

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
360 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Facts About 6% North Dakota Farm Mortgages

Every investor, small or large, should inform himself on North Dakota Farm Mortgages.

These mortgages are secured by farms of utmost fertility in a rich and growing country where values have trebled in a few years. The income is very liberal. It is the utmost that an investment of this degree of safety can pay. It is 6%, almost twice that paid by eastern investments of the same security.

This type of investment is safe. I have handled over $1,500,000, and never has a cent been lost to investors.

I have written a book based on my 27 years' experience. It gives the facts about these farm mortgages.

My book explains why western investments of this degree of safety pays so liberal a rate of income.

Send this coupon today. [4]

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Lisbon, N. D.

Dear Sir:—Please send me your new book, "Investment Facts."

*Name*_____

*Town*_____

*State*_____ 183

Walla Walla, Washington

Sounds good, does it not? The mere name is pleasing before you see the place. It has a good "home sound." You will be profoundly impressed with this when you have seen it in all its loveliness, for yourself.

Walla Walla is located in the extreme southeastern part of Washington in the heart of the rich and fertile Walla Walla Valley on the

Northern Pacific Railway

There are not alone opportunities for grainmen and for stockmen, but in other lines the profits are decidedly alluring: gardening, fruit, vegetable and poultry-raising and dairying.

The average summer temperature is 71 degrees—the average winter temperature is 36 degrees. That sounds good, too, doesn't it? Business and pleasure may be pursued in the open air nearly every day in the year. The annual rainfall averages 17 7-10 inches and less than 1-10 falls during the harvest months. Pears, peaches, plums, prunes, apricots, nectarines, berries, currants and grapes are all produced bountifully. 15,000 pounds of cherries have been taken from a single acre. And apples! They are the staple. The crop from one orchard in 1908 was 35,000 boxes, valued at $50,000 in round figures! In the vegetable line, take one example: Asparagus nets $350.00 an acre!

Sounds *very* good, does it not?

And the best of it is—it's true.

Walla Walla the city has a population of about 22,000, with lovely homes, good schools, fine churches.

The Valley has some of the finest land out-doors.

Walla Walla has all she wants—but *YOU*.

She invites—will you accept, or at least investigate?

NORTHERN PACIFIC — YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

For information about how to go to Walla Walla, fares, etc., address

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

For illustrated booklet about Walla Walla and full particulars, address

C. W. MOTT, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

NEVER MIND LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE WILL MEND IT

Our new patented cap corks the bottle without a cork.

No waste—no leak—contents kept air-tight for instant use.

All dealers, 10c. Also in non-leakable tube form, same price.

RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Gloucester, Mass.

The Rapid Combination Roasting and Boiling Fireless Cooker

You'll Be Surprised at the Low Direct Price I'll Make You

Satisfaction guaranteed by full 30 days' trial or no charge—Pays for self fastest—Cooks fastest—No experience necessary—Saves 50 per cent on fuel, time and work—Non-rusting-metal-lined—Perfect insulation—Steam can't escape—**Boils, Steams, Stews—Roasts, Bakes, Fries.**

30 FULL DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Complete, with Genuine Aluminum Cooking Utensils Free. Also Metal Composition Heat-Radiators. Can't Break or Crack.

Cover completely protects cooker from dust, and makes it useful as a seat. Send name today for Over-125-Splendid-Recipe Book and Catalog Free, and low direct-to-you factory prices.

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 14
220 21st St., Detroit, Mich.

BOOK FREE

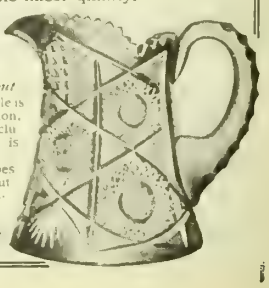
Cut Glass with a Trademark

Depth of cutting, high polish and beauty of design are always assured features of "Clark" Cut Glass which for 25 years has been handled by the highest class dealers and recognized by connoisseurs as the finest quality. The name

Clark

(the arrow points it out) stamped on every article is a guarantee of perfection. Among new and exclusive designs, "Rose" is especially attractive.

If your dealer does not sell "Clark" Cut Glass, send for illustrated booklet.



T. B. Clark & Co., Inc.
Honesdale, Pa.

"UNIVERSAL" COFFEE PERCOLATOR

is the perfection of the drip process and excels other ways because it extracts all the wholesome and invigorating essence before the water boils.

It is simple and always makes delicious and aromatic coffee which is enjoyed even by those who cannot drink coffee made in any other way.

The delightful aroma is retained—no settling required—always clear as wine.

$2.50 and upwards.
Our book is free to lovers of good coffee.
Sold by Hardware Dealers.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK,
110 Commercial Street,
New Britain, Conn.

Try our box of delicious

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

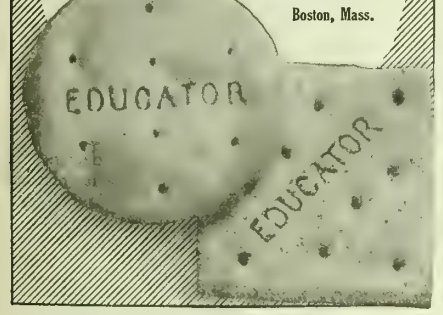
SENT FREE

Just to let you prove to yourself and every member of your family how much better Educator Crackers are than the kinds you *usually* get, we will send you an assorted box containing a variety of the best liked kinds. Please send your name and address and your grocer's name, too, if convenient.

The Name EDUCATOR is on every Educator Cracker

After you have tried them, ask your grocer for Educator Crackers. If he hasn't them, and won't get them for you, we'll supply you direct.

Johnson Educator Food Co.
209 Tremont Street
Boston, Mass.



SALESMEN WANTED

We want a few strong, ambitious, determined salesmen to sell Frederickson Art Calendars for Advertising. Our line has produced a profound sensation throughout the country, and for next year we will eclipse all previous efforts of American Calendar Manufacturers.

If you are a man with a record as a successful salesman in any legitimate line, with supreme confidence in your own ability to do things on a large scale and are seeking to better your own condition—write us.

THE FREDERICKSON CO., Art Publishers
302 First National Bank Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Fortunes in Patents, Patents That Pay and What to Invent (containing list of inventions wanted) and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D.C. (Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.)

FAMILY TIES

(Continued from Page 11)

"All right," Mr. Small said. "If that's the case go ahead and have your lunch. I won't detain you none."

He put his hand on Abe's shoulder, and the little procession passed into the store with Abe and Mr. Small in the van, while Frank Walsh constituted a solitary rear-guard. He sat disconsolately on a pile of piece goods as the four others went into the sample-room.

"Sit down, Mr. Small," Abe said genially. "Mr. Berkowitz, take that easy chair."

Then Morris produced the "gilt-edged" cigars from the safe, and they all lit up.

"First thing, Mr. Small," Abe went on, "I should like to know where I seen you before. Of course, I know you're running a big business in Walla Walla, Washington, and certainly, too, I know your *face*."

"Sure you know my face, Abe," Mr. Small replied. "But my *name* ain't familiar. The last time you seen my face, Abe, was some twenty years since."

"Twenty years is a long time," Abe commented. "I seen lots of trade in twenty years."

"Trade you seen it, yes," Mr. Small said, "but I wasn't trade."

He paused and looked straight at Abe. "Think, Abe," he said. "When did you seen me last?"

Abe gazed at him earnestly and then shook his head. "I give it up," he said.

"Well, Abe," Mr. Small murmured, "the last time you seen me I went out to buy ten dollars' worth of schnapps."

"What!" Abe cried.

"But that afternoon there was a sure-thing mare going to start over to Guttenberg just as I happened to be passing Butch Thompson's old place, and I no more than got the ten dollars down than she blew up in the stretch. So I boarded a freight over to West Thirtieth Street and fetched up in Walla Walla, Washington."

"Look a-here!" Abe gasped. "You ain't Scheuer Smolinski, are you?"

Mr. Small nodded.

"That's me," he said. "I'm Scheuer Smolinski or Sidney Small, whichever you like. When me and Jake Berkowitz started this here Small Drygoods Company we decided that Smolinski and Berkowitz was too big a mouthful for the Pacific Slope, so we slipped the 'inski' and the 'owitz.' Scheuer Small and Jacob Burke didn't sound so well, neither. Ain't it? So, since there ain't no harm in it, we just changed our front names, too, and me and him is Sidney Small and James Burke."

Abe sat back in his chair too stunned for words, while Morris pondered bitterly on the events of Saturday night. Then the prize was well within his grasp, for even at that late hour he could have persuaded Mr. Burke to reconsider his decision and to bring Mr. Small over to see Potash & Perlmutter's line first. But now it was too late, Morris reflected, for Mr. Small had visited Klinger & Klein's establishment and had no doubt given the order.

"Say, my friends," Frank Walsh cried, poking his head in the door, "far from me to be buttin' in, but whenever you're ready for lunch just let me know."

Mr. Small jumped to his feet. "I'll let you know," he said—"I'll let you know right now. Half an hour since already I told Mr. Klinger I would make up my mind this afternoon about giving him the order for them goods what Mr. Burke picked out. Well, you go back and tell him I made up my mind already, sooner than I expected. I ain't going to give him the order at all."

Walsh's red face grew purple. At first he gurgled incoherently, but finally recovered sufficiently to enunciate; and for ten minutes he denounced Mr. Small and Mr. Burke, their conduct and antecedents. It was a splendid exhibition of profane invective, and when he concluded he was almost breathless.

"Yah!" he jeered, "five-dollar tickets for a prize-fight for the likes of youse!"

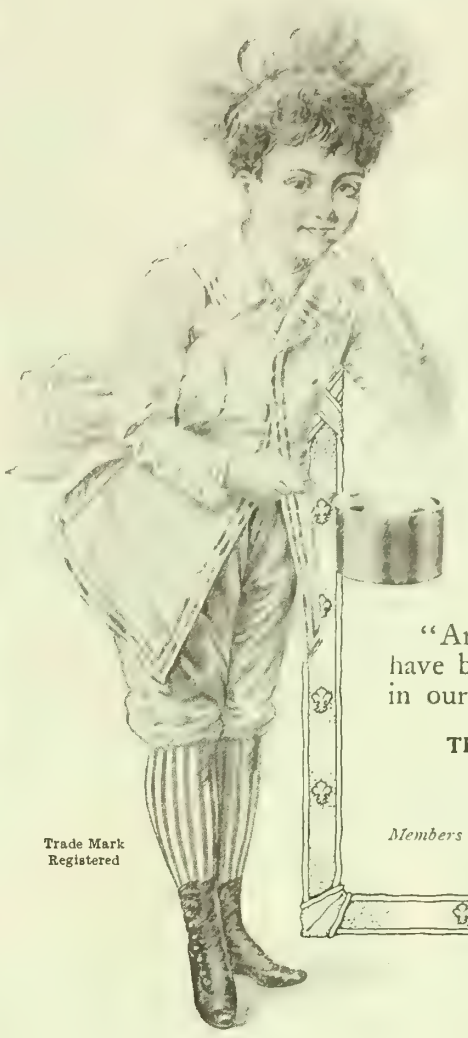
He fixed Morris and Mr. Burke with a final glare.

"Pearls before swine!" he bellowed, and banged the sample-room door behind him.

Mr. Burke looked at Morris. "That's a lowlife for you," he said. "A respectable concern should have a salesman like him! Ain't it a shame and a disgrace?"

Morris nodded.

"He takes me to a place where nothing but loafers is," Mr. Burke continued, "and



Trade Mark Registered

Our Little Chef on Purity—

"The dictionary says *purity* means 'freedom from foreign admixture or deleterious matter.'

"And that is exactly what it means when applied to *Franco-American Soups* or any of our other products.

"Whether it be Soup, a broth for an Invalid, a Paté, Potted Beef or Plum Pudding, you can absolutely rely upon its purity if it is from the Franco-American Kitchens.

"Artificial preservatives never have been nor ever will be used in our kitchens."

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.,
Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Members of the Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products.

Railroad Oysters *vs.* Sea Oysters

By the time most oysters get inland, they taste more of the railroad than of the sea. Their natural delicate flavor is washed away by frequent re-icing.

They are soggy instead of firm; watery instead of meaty; insipid instead of tempting.

Except Sealshipt Oysters, which taste the same and *are* the same—*everywhere and always*—as the day they were dredged from the deep.

Sealshipt Oysters

All of the Sea Flavor Saved

The only known way of shipping oysters in bulk, besides the Sealshipt way, is to ship them in open tubs.

The ice is in the tub with the oysters. When it melts the expressman, with his naked hands, puts in more railroad ice.

What the "Liquor" Is

The "liquor" which you buy with oysters is merely this melted ice. It sloshes around and washes the goodness out of the oyster.

No wonder perfectly good Blue Points become Railroad Oysters before you get them. No wonder they are soggy and taste of the railroad ice and the tub.

No wonder the fine flavor of the oyster is gone when the oysters get to you!

But Sealshipt Oysters are different. A Sealshipt oyster in Denver, Colorado, tastes the same as it does when it is hauled out of the sea, because it *is* the same.

Sealshipt Oysters go into air-tight, germ-proof containers. These containers are sealed *at the seaside*. Your dealer is the first to [illegible] that seal.

In transit, the ice goes outside of the container. No water or liquor can get in. No human hand can touch the oyster.

And when your dealer breaks the seal *his* responsibility begins—responsibility to [illegible].

For both shipper and [illegible] are under contract. They can handle Sealshipt Oysters [illegible] in the Sealshipt way. And the Sealshipt way embraces every move of the oyster till it is handed you in a Sealshipt package.

"Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

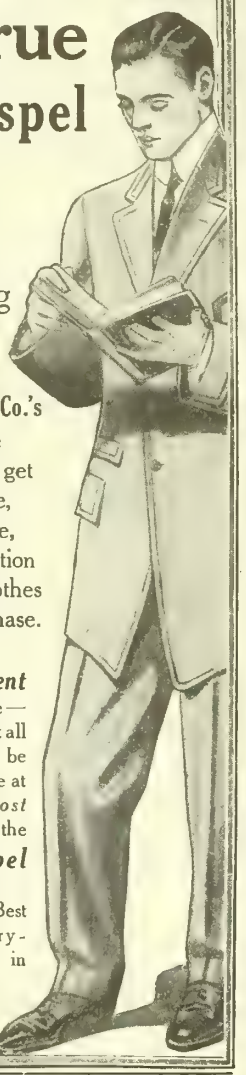
If you want to know the flavor of the real oyster, write us the name of your favorite [illegible]. We will send you, free, our [illegible] "Seaside Oyster Dishes" which gives [illegible] unknown inland. Address [illegible]

The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.
Formerly National Oyster Carrier Co.
Sealshipt Oyster Stations at 50 Coast Points
General Office and Factory: South Norwalk, Conn.
Sealshipt Groceries and Markets Everywhere
Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

Wholesale Drapers

'tis true *as* Gospel

that in buying



Schloss Bros. & Co.'s Baltimore Clothes you get more Style, more Value, more Satisfaction than in any clothes you can purchase.

The ***best investment*** you can make—look your best at all times—you will be astonished to see at what *little cost* if you insist on the ***Schloss Label*** shown above. On sale at the Best Clothiers everywhere. Made in Baltimore by

Schloss Bros. & Co.

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince

THE SURBRUG COMPANY

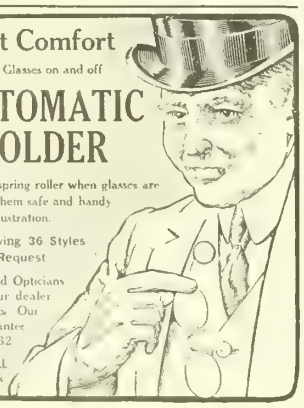
132 Reade Street New York

It's a Great Comfort

to those who wear Glasses on and off

The AUTOMATIC EYE-GLASS HOLDER

winds the chain on a spring roller when glasses are not in use and keeps them safe and handy. Worn as shown in illustration.



Catalogue Showing 36 Styles Free on Request

Sold by Jewelers and Opticians. We'll mail it if your dealer hasn't it. 50c. and up. Our name on back guarantee it. Established 1832

KETCHAM & McDOUGALL
19 Maiden Lane, New York

for two hours I got to sit and hear him and his friend there, that big feller—I guess you seen him, Mr. Perlmutter he told me he keeps a beer saloon—another lowlife—for two hours I got to listen to them loafers cussing together, and then he gets mad that I don't enjoy myself yet."

Mr. Small shrugged his shoulders.

"Let's forget all about it," he said. "Come, Abe, I want to look over your line, and you and me will do business right away."

Abe and Morris spent the next two hours displaying their line, while Mr. Small and Mr. Burke selected hundred lots of every style. Finally, Abe and Mr. Small retired to the office to fill out the order, leaving Morris to replace the samples. He worked with a will and whistled a cheerful melody by way of accompaniment.

"Mister Perlmutter," James Burke interrupted, "that tune what you are whistling it, ain't that the drinking song from Travvy-ater already?"

Morris ceased his whistling. "That's right," he replied.

"I thought it was," Mr. Burke said. "I was going to see that opera last Saturday night if that lowlife Walsh wouldn't have took me to the prize-fight."

He paused and helped himself to a fresh cigar from the "gilt-edged" box.

"For anybody else but a loafer," he concluded, "prize-fighting is nix. Opera, Mr. Perlmutter, that's an amusement for a gentleman."

Morris nodded a vigorous acquiescence. He had nearly concluded his task when Abe and his new-found brother-in-law returned.

"Well, gentlemen," Mr. Small announced, "we figured it up and it comes to twenty-five hundred dollars. That ain't bad for a starter."

"You bet," Abe agreed fervently.

Mr. Burke smiled. "You got a good line, Mr. Potash," he said. "Ever so much better than Klinger & Klein's."

"That's what they have," Mr. Small agreed. "But it don't make no difference, anyhow. I'd give them the order if the line wasn't *near* so good."

He put his arm around Abe's shoulder. "It stands in the Talmud, an old saying, but a true one," he said—"'Blood is redder than water.'"

Prudent Finance

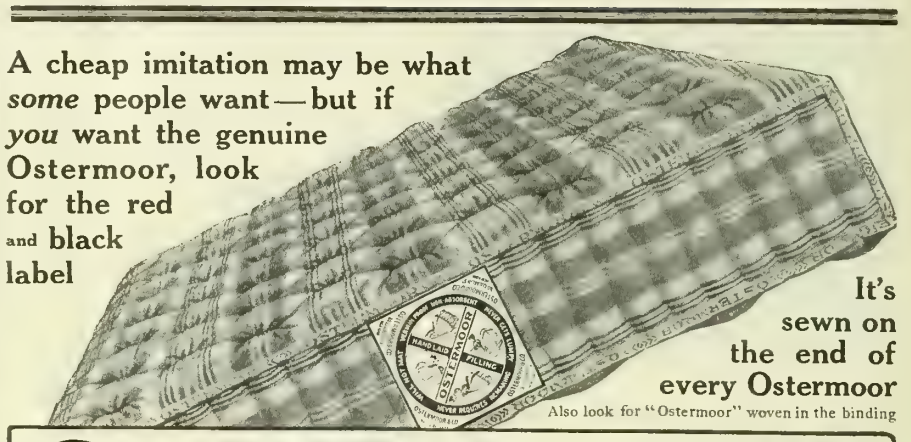
THREE men are equal partners in a business that is now yielding net profits of about $20,000 a year. During the crisis of 1907 the house was grievously pressed for ready money—indeed, with a little more pressure here and a little more weakness somewhere else it might conceivably have gone under. Net profits had, to that time, been divided for their individual incomes. Growth and depreciation were provided for before net profits were figured. When the storm had been weathered these partners held a conference. It was agreed that all three were in business to acquire a competence. Also, that while profits were being shaved close, leaving no competence in the business, yet none of them was building up a competence privately. So ten per cent of the gross profits is now set aside each quarter as a reserve fund, forwarded to a bond house, and there invested in bonds on expert advice.

Interest on these securities is added to the reserve, as well as profits that may accrue from rise in value. About $3000 is thus set aside yearly and as the business grows the amount put into reserve will increase. In the worst financial stringency it will be possible to raise cash quickly on these securities, so that the house will never be caught in a tight corner again.

At the same time, the reserve forms the competence of the partners, each on retirement drawing one-third. Individual extravagance, therefore, will not interfere with this plan of building up competences. The first year's reserve was invested in legal securities for savings-banks. These give the least income, but a high degree of stability. As the reserve grows in future years it will be possible to invest in bonds of less stability, but paying greater income.

For several years' accumulation of the best bonds will give sufficient negotiable securities for emergencies. The rest can be invested in bonds that might suffer a greater temporary depreciation in bad times, yet not affect the reserve, as it will not be necessary to sell them.

A cheap imitation may be what *some* people want—but if *you* want the genuine Ostermoor, look for the red and black label



It's sewn on the end of every Ostermoor

Also look for "Ostermoor" woven in the binding

The Mattress That is Built—Not Stuffed

Ostermoor $15.

"Good for a Lifetime's Bedtime"

The Ostermoor phrase, "*Built—Not Stuffed*," is the keynote of Ostermoor superiority. The Ostermoor Mattress is built up, layer upon layer, with absolutely uniform softness and resiliency from one end to the other. The filmy sheets that are the "units" in making an Ostermoor are spun thin as tissue—it takes over four thousand of these tissue sheets to make an Ostermoor. Wonderful machinery, patented and used only by us, spins out these sheets, then respins them, joins and interlaces them into layers, which are laid by hand within the tick (see picture below).

It is this unique process that makes the Ostermoor "Good for a Lifetime's Bedtime"—that keeps the Ostermoor comfortable as new after 50 years' use, as users have proudly told us.

Contrast the Ostermoor-built way with the mode of stuffing a hair or common cotton mattress by handfuls, each handful becoming ultimately a lump to spoil the user's rest; or with the cotton batting process used by imitators of the Ostermoor which make mattresses that soon become flat, lumpy, soggy.

MATTRESSES COST Express Prepaid	
4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 lbs.	13.35
3'-6"—35 lbs.	11.70
3'-0"—30 lbs.	10.00
2'-6"—25 lbs.	8.35

All 6 ft. 3 in. long
In two parts, 50c. extra

144-page Book and Samples FREE

Our book, "The Test of Time," contains over 200 illustrations—about beds; about sleep—some things you will wish you had known long ago. Of course, it also explains the merits and Styles of Ostermoor Mattresses, Church Cushions, etc. This book costs you only a postal card; with it we send free samples of ticking.

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. Write us and we'll give you his name. But don't take chances with imitations at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—our trade-mark label is your guarantee. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received by us, when we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if for any reason you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money. The free book—don't forget it—a postal brings it.

TRADE-MARK Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 101 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd, Montreal.

Kenyon

Specialties *FOR MEN $10 to $30*
Kenreign Rain Coats
Kenyon Overcoats
Kenyon Gabardines
Kenyon London Slip-on
Kenyon Hangwell Trousers

Novelties *FOR WOMEN $10 to $30*
Kenyon Utility Coats
London Slip-on Coats
Rubberized Silk Coats
Gabardines
Summer Coats

Many Styles are Motor Coats and Dusters

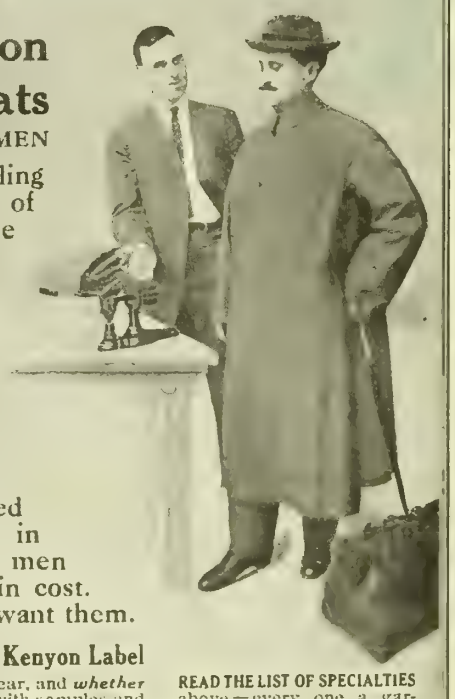
London "Slip-on" Coats

(*Triple-Ply*) FOR MEN AND WOMEN

are Reigning in London and selling on sight in America, because of their practical value, and because their style is distinctly the mode of the day.

They are not only rain-proof—they are storm-proof, impervious to wind and water, yet "light as a feather," folding so small that one can be placed in a traveling bag which already seems full.

Made of two very light worsted fabrics with rubber between, in plain and fancy colors for both men and women. Very moderate in cost. Heavier fabrics for those who want them.



For Sale at good stores **Look for the Kenyon Label**

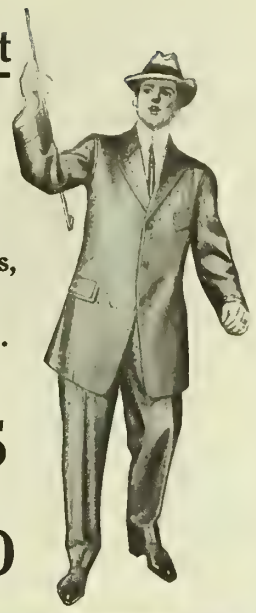
Ask your dealer or tell us what size you wear, and ***whether men's or women's.*** We will send style book with samples and will see that you are supplied.

READ THE LIST OF SPECIALTIES above—every one a garment you need, of permanent usefulness.

C. KENYON COMPANY

23 Union Sq., New York—Wholesale Salesrooms—200 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

On Credit



All-Wool Suits and Overcoats, Your Choice of 30 Fabrics, Made in the Latest Styles.

Prices
$12.95
to
$27.50

Sent on Approval
Six Months to Pay

The cleverest clothes produced in America are shown in our Fall Style Book. We want to send it to you free.

See how little good clothes cost when bought direct from the maker. See the styles on which our designers have worked for the last six months.

We will send with the book thirty samples of cloth, the latest patterns, every one an all-wool fabric. We send also a tape line, with simple instructions for measurement. We will guarantee to fit you perfectly in any style made in any cloth. Make your own choice from our enormous variety.

The suit or overcoat will be sent on approval. If not satisfactory, send it back. You are under no obligation. We will return your first payment.

Any garment in this book will be sold to you on credit—sold at these amazing prices. You pay a little down and a little each month—pay for the clothes as you wear them. No extra price, no interest, no security.

Thus you can wear the cleverest clothes created. You can buy them at prices which no dealer can begin to meet. You can have a very wide choice. And you can pay as convenient.

There are legions of the best-dressed men in the country who are buying their clothes from us every season. They get three suits for what you pay for two. They get the utmost in style, and all-wool cloth. And they pay as they wear the clothes.

We invite you to join them. Please send for this book, and see our remarkable offers. Just write a postal or letter. Do it now. (2)

THE CLEMENT CO.
435 Franklin Street, Chicago
Mail me your Style Book—free.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

To interest and develop your boy-

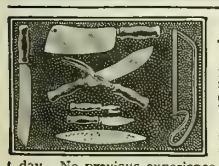
Give him a magazine of his own—a real boys' magazine, filled with bright fascinating stories by noted boys' authors, history, travel, biography and current events, all beautifully illustrated. Over 250,000 boys are enthusiastic readers of

The American Boy

Parents everywhere endorse it as wholesome and helpful to their boys. Proper sports and games, practical departments of stamp-collecting, photography, carpentry, electricity and other branches of science simplified for boys. Tells just how to do and make things. Send $1.00 for a full year.

On sale at all news-stands at 10 cts.

Sprague Publishing Co., 95 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



AGENTS—

Make big profits selling this 8-piece Kitchen Set. H. S. Cunningham made $12 a day. Copy of sworn statement furnished. We have agents who have

MADE $40 A WEEK

Write today for terms of free outfit and how to make $3 to $10 a day. No previous experience necessary. All goods guaranteed. Money back to any customer not perfectly pleased. Our elegant display sample case makes sales easy.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 468 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

25 CENTS 13 WEEKS

In this illustrated national weekly all the important news of the world is stated clearly, fairly, briefly, for busy readers. Unique foreign summary, popular novels condensed, odd sketches, home diversions—many original features of rare interest; reliable, entertaining—THE paper for the home.

The Pathfinder $1 A YEAR EVERY WEEK THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

Send 25c now for 13 weeks to Pathfinder, Washington, D. C.

Amberol Records
New Style 1910 Outfits

Why Don't YOU Get This Phonograph On FREE TRIAL?

For almost four years I have been making the most liberal phonograph offer ever known! I have given hosts of people the opportunity of hearing the genuine Edison Phonograph right in their own homes without a cent of cost to them.

So far you have missed all this. Why? Possibly you don't quite understand my offer yet. Listen—

MY OFFER: I will send you this Genuine Edison Standard Outfit (the newest model), complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records, for an absolutely free trial. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this Phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and judge it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will stop and think just a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

Why I Want to Lend You This Phonograph:

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the genuine Edison Phonograph. I can't tell you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison, nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine new style Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. *The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.*

You Don't Have to Buy It:

All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful new style Edison. You will want to do that anyway because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens), I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent, or even assist in the sale of a single instrument.

If You Want to Keep It

that is, if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so, but it is not compulsory. I am asking you merely to send for a free demonstration.

Our Easy Payment Plan:

I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the Phonograph while paying for it. $2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage or anything; no guarantee from a third party, nothing before a third party, public, and the payments are so very small and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

Get the Latest Edison Catalogs

Just sign your name and address on the attached coupon now and mail to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalog, the Gold Moulded Records (over 1,500 of them in all languages), and our Free Trial Certificate explaining everything to the smallest detail. Sign the coupon, get the catalogs, and select a record or two, and we will send you the records. Remember the free concerts.

Sign the coupon right now

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY INSTRUMENT

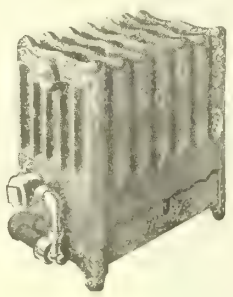
Thomas A. Edison

F. K. Babson, Edison Phon. Distrib'rs, Edison Block, Dept. 4017, Chicago
Canadian Address, 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,
Please send me without any obligation on my part your Edison Phonograph Catalog, your Edison Block, Suite 4017, Chicago, Ill.
Edison Gold Moulded Records, and your Free Trial Certificate explaining your Edison Phonograph offer.
Name_____
Address_____

When Heat Means Life
CLOW

In case of sickness, when a warm room is essential—often a requirement on which life itself depends—it is important that you should be able to get heat quickly; and the most uniform of 11 kinds of heat—steam or water. Whether in case of a sudden call at night, when the fires are low in the basement—or out entirely—as in the raw days of Spring and Fall; or in the severest Winter weather, the **Clow Heating System** stands alone in its complete and quick adaptation to all emergencies.

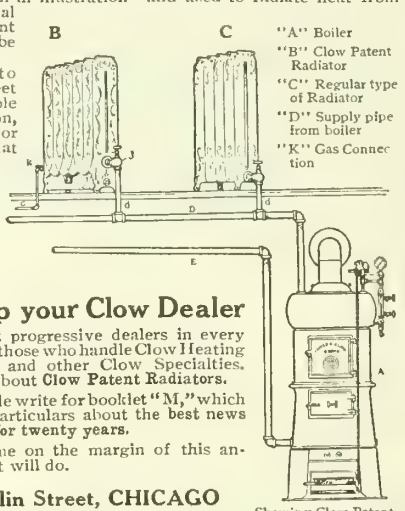


Heat Without Coal

There are two kinds of Clow Radiators—radiators of the regular or Buena type and Clow **Patent** Radiators. The Clow Patent Radiator **is a whole plant in itself.** In any room in which there is a Clow Patent Radiator you can have steam or water heat (depending on the type) **at any time of day or night, at any season of the year, simply by lighting the burner in the base of the radiator.**

These Patent Radiators can be connected with the regular steam and hot water pipes—as shown in illustration—and used to radiate heat from the central boiler in the usual way when the whole plant is in operation, or can be used independently.

When converted into independent heaters to meet emergencies when the whole plant is not in operation, gas is used for fuel. The type of Clow Patent Radiator furnishing water heat is known as the **"Gas Water;"** that furnishing steam as the **"Gasteam"** Radiator.



Showing Clow Patent Radiator Connected with Ordinary System

If you are building, you should look into this heating idea at once and install a system in which **it will never be necessary to start the whole plant to heat one room.** If you already have a steam or water heating plant of the ordinary type, you should have one of our dealers install the Clow Patent Radiators in certain rooms—as dining, sewing, bath, sitting room, nursery or conservatory.

If you have only furnace or stove heat, you can still have a Clow Patent Radiator in any room, provided you have gas connections. A Clow Heating Plant in which Clow Patent Radiators are included, alone furnishes the perfect heating system for mild climates such as California and the South—and for special needs in all climates; not only for homes but for offices, clubs, churches, stores, apartment buildings, railway stations, banks, garages, theatres, hotels.

Look up your Clow Dealer

The most progressive dealers in every locality are those who handle Clow Heating Appliances and other Clow Specialties. Ask them about **Clow Patent Radiators.**

Meanwhile write for booklet "M," which gives full particulars about the **best news in heating for twenty years.**

Your name on the margin of this announcement will do.

JAMES B. CLOW & SONS, 346-360 Franklin Street, CHICAGO
Manufacturers of Heating and Plumbing Goods for nearly Half a Century.
WORKS: Chicago, Ill. Coshocton, O. Newcomerstown, O.

The Logical Way

to do combined writing and adding is on a combined writing and adding machine

The New Model 11 of the

Remington Typewriter

with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment is the only general writing machine which adds. It is the only adding and subtracting machine which writes. It is the only machine which affords the maximum of labor-saving in combined writing and adding work.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

FLOOR VARNISH

This is the floor finish that gives the greatest wear with the least amount of care. It resists the grinding of heels, the dragging of furniture, the sliding of chairs, and all kinds of hard usage.

Send For Free Sample Panel
finished with "61"—(Use coupon below)

Test It Yourself

Hammer it, stamp on it—you may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.

"61" means fewer cautions to children, and fewer sermons to servants—it is a tough, hardy finish for floors that are used *every* day. **"61"** will stand anything the floor would stand if it wasn't varnished.

"61" won't chalk, or crack or chip—it won't get sticky in warm weather, nor turn white under moisture. Its life is longer than that of any other floor finish, hence it requires *fewer* renewals.

"61" is sold in all size cans by good dealers. If your dealer does not sell **"61"** send direct to us, and we will ship prepaid through our nearest agent at regular prices as follows: 1 gallon, $3.00 (will cover about 600 square feet, one coat); ½ gallon, $1.60 (will cover about 300 square feet, one coat); 1 quart, 85c. (will cover about 150 square feet, one coat). **"61"** is for floors *only*, but there are other

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES
For Every Purpose

Each of these is as well adapted to its particular use as **"61"** is for floors. Our Descriptive Price List, telling all about these varnishes, is sent upon request. If you have varnishing difficulties of any kind, or want to know anything about varnishes, write us, giving full particulars. Our varnish experts are at your command.

Pratt & Lambert, Inc.
83 Tonawanda St.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send Free Sample Panel finished with "61" —and your Floor Booklet.

Name .....

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
83 TONAWANDA ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.
FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES

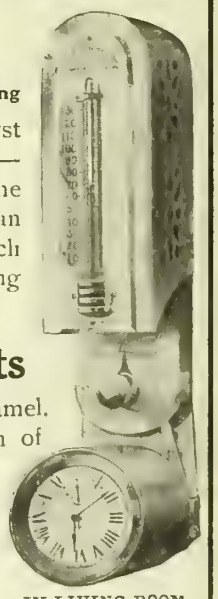
"If the Star is on the Label there is Quality in the Can"

Go, Ask the Nearest Heating Man in Your Home Town About This

Minneapolis Heat Regulator
and Time Attachment

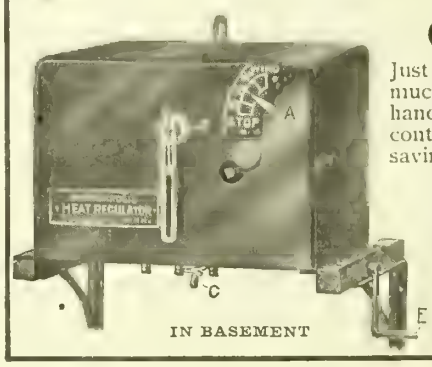
Applied to Hot Water, Hot Air, Steam and Natural Gas Heating

For over 25 years it has been the standard—The first practical regulator—Correct in principle at the start—Unaltered in the main essentials—Always the best for the time—Constantly improved and more so this season than ever. Note the improvements that together add so much to the completeness of a machine that does your thinking for you—never forgetting—never sleeping.


IN LIVING ROOM

1910 Model—5 Improvements

Cover—Solid pressed steel. **Finish**—Baked black enamel.
"A"—Winding Index, shows at a glance condition of motor as to winding.
"B"—Dust Proof, cotton sleeving at shaft.
"C"—Basement Switch, for convenient operation of motor in basement.
"E"—Easy Winding Key, works like a crank.



IN BASEMENT

Our New 1910 Booklet

Just off the press, containing full details and much general information, should be in the hands of every dealer, every user, and every one contemplating the purchase of this sanitary, fuel-saving device.

Sold by the wholesale and retail heating trade everywhere under positive guarantee of satisfaction.

W. R. SWEATT, Sec'y
GENERAL OFFICES
705 Palace Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
144 High St., Boston 606 Court St., Syracuse

"ANSCO"

FILM

for perfect negatives, from every standpoint. For best results from your negatives use CYKO Paper.

You'll get *all* in the negative—color values, tone, light and shade, brilliancy, transparency. No gray, muddy negatives, no frilling with Ansco Film. Speed and latitude with perfect detail.

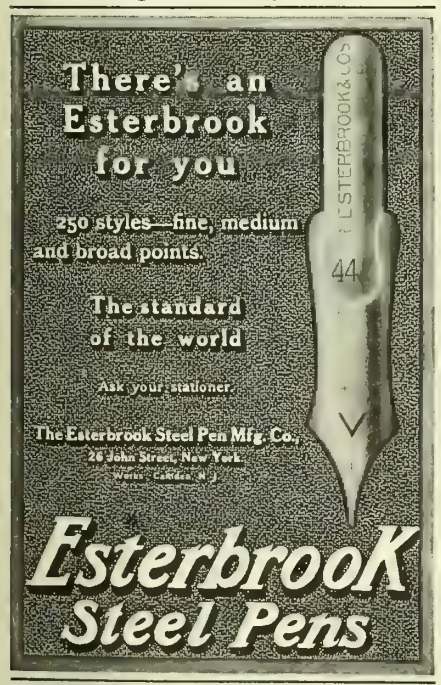
If you have been troubled with spoiled negatives from numbers *offsetting* on the film your remedy is to use Ansco Film. *Our properly prepared* black paper and enduring emulsion prevent this and assure best results.

Non-curling. Fit any film camera. Exposure numbers always register. Keeping qualities unsurpassed.

INDEPENDENT DEALERS everywhere carry a full line of Ansco Film, Cyko Paper, Chemicals

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—A two volume photographic library. Write us or get it from your dealer. LOOK FOR THE ANSCO SIGN.

Ansco Company
Binghamton, N. Y.


There's an Esterbrook for you
250 styles—fine, medium and broad points.
The standard of the world
Ask your stationer.
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.,
26 John Street, New York.
Works: Camden, N. J.
ESTERBROOK & CO.
Esterbrook Steel Pens

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and **Easy Payment Plan free.**

Sprague Correspondence School of Law
709 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

LIGHT ROOMS—HEAVY SAVINGS

"SUN" Hollow Wire System Inverted Shadowless **Gas Arc Lamps** Better than Electricity, for Halls, Churches, Stores, Public Buildings, etc. Agents Wanted. Get Catalog.

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.
424 Market St., Canton, O.

10 DULL RAZOR BLADES 25c

Send 10 double or single edged blades. We restore keen edge better than new. Every blade hair-tested.
CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

THE BOY WHO LOST WEIGHT

(Concluded from Page 17)

Cole's knees and felt him topple to one side. The referee was above them now, clawing like a fox-terrier at a hole. "Third down and six yards to go!" yelped the referee.

"Once more," said King, rising to his feet. "Once more, McGregor; once more!"

But the big man, standing above King, swayed slightly; his eyes were half-closed. "I can't," he mumbled vaguely; "King! I can't!" And King saw that his right arm hung limp from a strained shoulder.

He leaped into the line at his old position at center, and with his hands behind him held McGregor back. "Stay right behind me and follow me up," he said. "Follow me up," he repeated fiercely.

The ball at his feet left the ground suddenly, and he sprang aside, evading the charge of his opponent; he saw a white-bandaged head surging toward him, and lowering his beneath it, crashed his shoulder up against Cole's knees. "Squeeze his knees, squeeze his knees," something was reiterating within his head, and he wrapped his arms tight. But slowly he felt within his grasp the two legs, like live, iron pillars, parting. Cole came on one step, two steps. With a snarl King tightened again. He had them this time, pasted against each other, motionless. But he felt Cole rise in his arms to some tremendous pressure. His back bent backward; he gave way, one step, two steps; again his back began to bend backward; Cole was rising again, rising straight up, like a corpse from the depths of the sea, rising, rising to some huge force, out of his grasp, out of his strength. His back, bending backward, was cracking; he could not hold that, not that. Ah, what was this! Two supple arms like tentacles folding themselves about Cole, above his. And a supporting body against him. McGregor! Now they had him! Cole began to descend, erect still, as with cannon-balls to his feet. His feet were on the ground now. A milling movement grasped them; there was a commotion above as of a train off the track and bumping the ties; a tension broke . . . and he was on the ground, a fearful weight upon him, and at his elbow the ball, as if alive, was twisting from side to side and sliding forward in the mud in little jerks. He threw both arms across it and held it very still.

He held it thus a long time, while above him the mass was disentangling; and it was only after the referee had shouted three times in his ear that he let it go. And then he was afraid to look. Feeling panting bodies about him he dared not look around.

Finally, astonished at the long silence, he dropped his eyes to the ground. The referee was kneeling above the ball, measuring its position with great concern. The ball was right up against the goal-line. "Maybe it touches it," King thought. The referee rose. "Orange ball!" he shouted suddenly and loudly.

Instead of exultation a weakness now was pouring through King's veins. From the far stands a tempest of sound was coming across the field in shrieking waves to the little group of sodden men. "Kick," cried King. It seemed to him suddenly that, if left for another moment alone, the ball, stopped with such effort, would, of its own volition, give a little hop and go over the line. "Kick! Kick!" he cried.

His mates were taking their positions to his right and his left, and Drake was dropping back for the kick. King sent him the ball from between his legs in a long pass and held the opposing center, who was charging to get through.

At length, like a blessing, there came to his ear the thump of the kick, and he let go his man. Far up he saw the ball sailing along the sky, and beneath it, razing the ground, the two ends going like jack-rabbits. The ball soared, then began to descend in a long spiral toward the center of the field. It lit against the bosom of a Blue-clad man. Henry had left his feet and was shooting above the ground like an arrow. He struck the Blue-clad man, who immediately seemed to disappear within the earth.

A strange union seemed to have been established between King and the Blue-clad man; for he also was sinking into the ground. Or rather the ground was rising about him. And the sky was coming down to meet it. Both were very soft and wafted him away. Through a haze there came the insupportable iteration of a referee's whistle. Then a voice. The voice of a doctor. It was far off and yet very near. It said: "Take that man to the hospital, quick! I'll be up in a moment." And then, with a boom: "Well, we won!"

. . . . . .

When King awoke he was conscious of having lived an eternity of some strange, hot and tumultuous existence full of pain and of problems that must be solved and yet were insoluble; he was weak from it yet, to the marrow of his bones.

He was in a clean, bright room; through the curtainless window of it a clear sun shone; a golden plash of it was upon the polished floor. Against the wall, beneath the window, something rubbed incessantly, with a slight, dry rustle. After a while he decided that it was a tree, there beneath the window. This seemed to be all he wanted to know, and he sank back to sleep, relieved and satisfied.

When he awoke it was with a feeling of deep peace. A fresh, starched young woman in a blue gown, with a white cap upon her brown curls, came in, moved quietly about for a while, then went out. King, his chin upon his chest, looked dreamily at the blue sky visible through the window.

After a time, without effort and without a shock, a conclusion came to him. "I've been ill," he said.

Somehow, he was very tired after that and went back to sleep.

The next day, in the same way, he came to another conclusion. "I didn't make the Team," he said.

It was twenty-four hours before another fact floated before his mind. This time it made his heart thump. "I played," he whispered to himself; "right at the end, I played!"

Then came the memory of a voice saying through a haze: "We won!"

This, he felt, would satisfy him for a long time. He turned upon his side and went to sleep again.

Henry was sitting on a chair by the bed when he woke. The nurse came in and propped him up with pillows. Seated thus, his head sunk in the fresh, crackling slip, he gazed long, idly, through the window. At intervals he threw a slow glance at Henry. He was conscious of smiling, smiling all the time, and felt very foolish. Finally: "Did we win?" he asked.

"We most certainly did," said Henry, enthusiastically. "Don't you remember? Ten to six. Here are clippings; I brought them three weeks ago."

He pointed to the washstand. Against the bowl was a bundle of thin newspaper clippings. They were dry and shriveled and looked like a bundle of snakes. King felt a distaste at the idea of reading. "What's been the matter with me?" he said, again looking at the sky through the window.

"Typhoid," said Henry. "Say, no wonder you were losing weight"—his face, which had darkened, lightened again. "The bugs must have been in you already, getting ready."

They were silent again, a long time. "I played in the game?" said King doubtfully.

"I should say yes. Here, look at those clippings." And Henry, with a movement of his arm, threw the coiled strips of paper upon King's knee.

King toyed with them a moment. He did not feel like reading. "I remember," he said; "two downs."

He was smiling again, humbly and humorously. "Two downs!" he repeated.

"Here's the clipping from the Sun," remarked Henry, placing a long strip in his hand.

And King, submitting, read. "In the list of heroes enshrined forever in the hearts of Orange men, to be handed down in college legend and story," the little, black characters said, "a new name yesterday took its place—that of Amos King. With his battered team backed up against the last white ——"

King dropped the clipping; his eyes wandered off straight ahead through the window to the blue sky, and again the childish smile came upon his lips. "Gee!" he said.

"That will make a difference, eh?" said Henry.

Madam, you need never sweep nor dust again.

A Free Trial

of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten times better.

Rugs and carpets are cleaned *on the floor*, and the furniture is not disturbed.

Think what it will mean to you—day after day—year after year—to have your entire home spotlessly clean and sweet, purged of the disease germs that swarm in the dust—germs of consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria. Not just twice a year, but every day—*all the time.*

And it is so *easy* to clean house with the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. The drudgery and confusion are all gone. There is not enough labor left to tire a child.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner makes housecleaning the work of a few minutes, instead of many hours, and costs to operate less than 3c an hour.

And I am willing to prove all this to you at my own expense. I will send you a cleaner for a *free trial* in your home, no matter where you live. You may use it and test it severely. It will speak for itself.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I am willing to do even more. If you wish to keep it after you have tried it, I will give you a *year* in which to pay for it—*a whole year to prove its merit.*

I gladly make this offer, because I *know* the machine is reliable and durable, and that the people who buy it on small monthly payments will *keep* it, for the *longer* they use it the *more* they will like it.

Fill out the coupon below, and let me send you our booklet on scientific house-cleaning.

A Business of Your Own with

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

On the Pay-from-Profit Plan

To those who wish to earn $5 a day and upwards, by cleaning for others and taking orders for Duntley Cleaners, we offer a fine and permanent arrangement. It enables you to engage in a most profitable business of your own.

By this plan you have *three separate ways* of making money easily and quickly by cleaning for profit—by renting—and by selling Duntley Cleaners to those who will want to buy after you have done work for them.

To *prove* what you can do, we send you the machine, instruct you in its use, advertise you and put you in business. Before you invest a cent you get the free use of the machine and *actually begin making money.*

You therefore take no possible risk.

Fill in the coupon below—right now, before you forget—and let me tell you all about it.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

..... *Cut on this line and mail coupon at once* .....

Duntley Mfg. Co., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.
Send me catalog of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for .....household ..... position ..... profit plan.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested.

For *all* The Family

Thermos equipment is a household necessity for *all* the family. We cannot begin to enumerate the comforts that Thermos brings.

Bottles—Pots—Jars—they keep liquids and solids hot—without fire—or cold—without ice—*for days*.

In the sick-room—the nursery—at the bedside—for a dainty hot or cold luncheon—you'll find Thermos a lasting comfort. *You* can think of numberless times when a hot or cold liquid or solid was needed You could not get it without great inconvenience.

With Thermos you now may have anything your palate craves, or your body needs—no heating or cooling—no waiting—no steps to take. Thermos articles are indispensable to automobilists.

Thermos is one of half a dozen remarkable inventions that tend to make life more worth the living

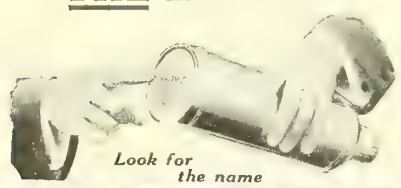
The Thermos idea will be the dominant one this Xmas.

Please Be Cautious!

Everyone who intends buying Thermos bottles, pots or jars, wants and asks for the genuine articles. Please be cautious. There are attempted imitations made to deceive you.

If some dealer offers you some other article, *leave that dealer*, and go to a reliable store. Send for booklet "For the Health of your Family." Free, if you address The American Thermos Bottle Co., 27th & Broadway, New York City.

THERMOS
THE BOTTLE



Equal to
A New Blade
Every Day

Think of the pleasure of shaving with a brand new blade every day—of the cool, close shave it means. "Too expensive!" you say. Yet the Pullman Automatic Safety Razor Stropper will make old blades brand-new at no extra cost.

For the Pullman gives the blade the same keen cutting edge the maker put on the blade. It strops all the edges without removing the blade. And it gives the edge the same bevel always, regardless of the pressure you put on the stropper. For the Pullman is absolutely automatic—needs no skill.

The Pullman Stropper

sharpens perfectly any single or double-edge safety razor blade. Simply run the stropper along the strop. No skill—no care—no wrist motion is needed. You can't help getting a sharp, close-shaving edge.

Soon Saves the Dollar It Costs

The Pullman Stropper costs but $1.00. Yet the new blades it saves you buying will soon repay its cost.

Go to your dealer for the Pullman. If he hasn't it, mail us $1.00, state the kind of razor you have and your dealer's name, and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. If you are not perfectly satisfied after a two weeks' trial, we will return your money at once

PULLMAN MFG. COMPANY
23 Pullman Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.
Makers of Sash Balances, Garment Hangers, Etc.

"Twin Grip"
PAPER FASTENER

It's just that double grip and the turn-down lips at the tip that make this fastener ideal for your office. Neither top, bottom nor middle paper can become loose—the twin prongs hold them all.

The De Long Hook and Eye Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Send for free samples in four sizes.

THE TRIALS OF TONY

(Concluded from Page 14)

for a commission is the very bird we're all looking for."

"Yes, sir, but they break so easy."

"You can't make omelets otherwise, Algernon."

Tony had been listening to his father's arguments with an air of returning gayety.

"Great business, I call it!" he exclaimed.

"D'ye mean to say you're on for it, Tony?" asked Algernon.

"Anything for a quiet life, dear boy. Where does one play this kind of game? I remember once noticin' hens near Epsom. What about trainin' 'em there? They'll lay as well one place as another, I s'pose."

"They do it best in New Zealand, I believe," said his father with a casual air.

"New Zealand," mused Tony; "that's a longish way off, ain't it?"

"Only twelve thousand miles."

"Beastly hot there; what?"

"One of the finest climates in the world."

"Oh, but I say, sir ——"

"Remarkable for the beauty of its women," Lord Raymes interposed hastily.

"Right you are," said Tony.

"Tony!" cried his friend disconsolately. But the die was cast.

. . . . . .

It was just three weeks later that Lord Raymes and Lady Custerd found themselves dining alone together. From the fullness of her heart Lady Custerd murmured half aloud: "I suppose Tony's now right out at sea!"

"You suppose he's still quite at sea, eh?" Lord Raymes asked. "Yes, I presume one must take that for granted."

"I said that he must have sailed by now," she corrected.

"I have certainly taken every precaution I could think of. I didn't give James Rutland the chance of meeting him till three hours before the ship sailed. Hang it, James couldn't back out of it at three hours' notice!" His air grew cheerier. "Yes, Gwendolen, I think we are almost justified in regarding our dear Tony as an exile on the deep."

"Of course we all have our faults," said Lady Custerd; "but poor Tony really had much to contend with."

His father cordially agreed.

"Nature treated him shamefully; she seemed to have forgotten everything."

"Yet he had a charming disposition!"

"He would let one stroke him all day."

"And he repaid every obligation with genuine affection."

"With absolutely nothing else," Lord Raymes concurred.

"I shall long for him to come back!"

"You will have the sympathy of all New Zealand," Lord Raymes assured her.

"But it's so far for him to come!"

"Twelve thousand miles," said he. "Gad, I never dreamt I should ever get as far away from Tony as that!"

"Hullo!" said Tony.

The two disconsolate mourners stared at the apparition in silence.

"Didn't expect me back so soon; what?" it continued.

Lord Raymes was the first to recover.

"I ought to have," he confessed, "but something in this fine weather made me feel sanguine."

"Isn't the ship sailing tonight?" cried Lady Custerd.

"Oh, she's sailin' all right."

"And James Rutland?"

"He's not going either."

"Not going either? Why not?"

"Says he's got a nervous headache."

"When did it come on?" his father inquired stoically.

"It seemed to begin about two minutes after he saw me. At least he looked all right when I met him, but as soon as we started talkin' I noticed him gettin' queerer and queerer. Oh, by the way, I've got a letter from him."

His father opened it with philosophic calm. It contained only his own check for two hundred pounds and this penciled line written in a hand that evidently quivered with the stress of strong emotion:

"Not big enough."

"I told you Rutland was an ass," said Tony.

"You were wrong," his parent replied.

Editor's Note -This is the second in a series of short stories describing the adventures of Tony. The next will appear in an early number.

Up from servitude to the three D's—Dirt, Disease, and Drudgery.

Away from old-fashioned, half-way methods of cleaning. Up to the new, thorough, easy and economical way by the new vacuum process, with the

New York Vacuum Cleaner

"The New Servant in the House"

It acts by suction. Simply rocking the lever of the little machine to and fro produces an irresistible suction at the nozzle end of a long, pliable hose. Wherever the nozzle touches it cleans. Carpets, rugs, drapery, furniture, clothing, book-cases, radiators, moldings, become absolutely cleansed of dirt, dust, germs, moth eggs. Everything that should not be there is instantly sucked up into the machine. Cleans all of these without moving them from position, without the least injury or wear.

Send for our book "The New Servant in the House." It's free

If you would know more about the wonders of Vacuum Cleaning send for this book. It will convince you that the "New York" Vacuum Cleaner is destined to become a necessity in every home where *real cleanliness* is prized. Send for it to-day.

Two Weeks' Trial at Our Risk

The price of the "New York" Vacuum Cleaner for hand operation is $25.; equipped with electric motor, $60. Send us the amount by check, Express or Post Office money order and we will send you a machine ready for use. Try it two weeks. If not found exactly as represented, return the Cleaner and we will refund the money at once. We could not afford to have a single dissatisfied buyer. Our financial standing and the publishers guarantees this promise to you.

New York Vacuum Cleaner Co.
550 Marbridge Bldg., Broadway and 34th St., New York

Agents of ability and standing wanted in every locality in the United States and Canada. Write for particulars.

MUSIC-MASTER
Wood Horns (NOT VENEERED)

Why not bring out of your talking machine, or phonograph, all the beauty and richness of the original tone? You never will, while you use a metal or veneered wood horn. But you can, with the **MUSIC MASTER HORN!** Built of solid wood, according to scientific acoustics, the **MUSIC MASTER** has vibratory freedom and acts as a sounding-board, enhancing the power and quality of the record reproduction with perfect fidelity to the original.

The Music Master

The **MUSIC MASTER** makes a cheap machine sound better than a high-priced one.

Sent on one week's trial. Choice of oak, mahogany or spruce, for any make or style of machine. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Ask your dealer for the MUSIC MASTER; if he can't supply you, write us. Full description sent on request.

Sheip & Vandegrift, Inc., 813 N. 5th St., Philadelphia

Columbia Phonograph Company, exclusive distributors for Music Master Wood Horns to fit the Columbia Graphophones.

SAXONIA
INCANDESCENT
KEROSENE OIL
BURNER

IT SAVES YOU MANY DOLLARS EVERY YEAR NO MATTER WHAT YOU NOW USE

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW OF THIS WONDERFUL BURNER. MORE THAN 100000 IN DAILY USE. THE GOVERNMENT USES THE SAXONIA
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND PROOF OF THE GREAT MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES OF THIS BUSINESS
ONE BURNER COMPLETE READY TO LIGHT SENT EX PA IN US FOR $3.00 EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY - DO NOT DELAY REFER TO DUN AND BRADSTREET
U S AUTO LIGHTING CO 32 TAYLOR ST. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

IT GIVES 80 CANDLE POWER WHITE GAS LIGHT WITH NO ODOR FITS ANY SCREW COLLAR LAMP

Don't Throw it Away

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample package, 10c Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N.Y.

HOME STUDY

THE University of Chicago OFFERS

350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.

The U. of C., Div. C, Chicago, Ill

AGENTS Portraits 35c, Frames 15c, Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free
Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 4017, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

LAME PEOPLE

BEFORE

All persons afflicted with a shortened or weak limb should write at once for our booklet "A." The Pittsburg Orthopedic Company, the largest manufacturer of deformity appliances in the world, 635 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.

AFTER

A 4-Passenger Coupe, with removable top which may be replaced with leather Victoria or buggy top. Exide, Waverley or National Batteries. Choice of solid or pneumatic tires. Price, $2,250.

Waverley

Perfection of Style and Service in an Electric

Why Pay More When the Waverley Satisfies These?

Cost was not a consideration with these people when they made their selection. Yet they prefer the Waverley Electrics to other electric vehicles selling up to $3,000.

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie. Mrs. Carnegie has purchased 12 for Winter Island, Fernandina, Fla., the winter resort of the Carnegies.

John B. Herreshoff, the famous yacht designer. Three Waverleys have been purchased by the Herreshoff family.

Representative James Tawney, Chairman of House Appropriation Committee.

Ex-Attorney-General Charles J. Bonaparte. Has purchased two Waverleys.

Sec'y of the Navy Geo. von L. Meyer.

William E. Horlick, Racine, head of the Horlick Malted Milk Co.

Dr. Frank Billings, Chicago's most famous Physician.

War Department, U. S. Government.

Emil Berliner, the noted electrical engineer of Washington.

Thomas A. Edison.

An electric vehicle must be right in all points to satisfy men like Edison, Herreshoff and Berliner.

The Waverley is made in the largest electric carriage factory in the world. No other factory has such facilities. That is why we can turn out the highest grade of cars at the lowest prices.

The design for its beautiful body is copyrighted. Choice is given of Majestic Blue, Waverley Maroon or Brewster Green with upholstery to match.

The new Waverley driving system is enclosed in a dust-proof case which prevents noise and keeps the dust out. No other system attached wholly to body is completely enclosed. The motor is suspended from the body between springs.

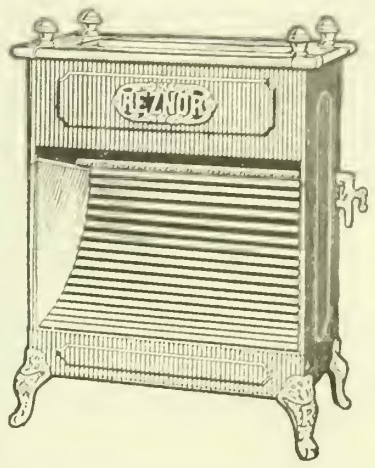
The Waverley positively cannot be started except on slow speed. The handle must first be moved to off position. The Waverley never jumps.

The Waverley Patent Drop Sill brings the step so low that it is even with many curbs and not more than 8 inches above any. From the step to the inside is only 11 inches.

[13] *Send today for our Beautiful Art Catalog G2 showing Waverley 1910 Models. The book will be mailed to you free by return mail. Address*

The Waverley Company, 142 South East Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Think of Trying a Stove in Your Home for a Week



If you don't prove, in your own home, that the Reznor is the best gas stove, the dealer will refund the money you paid him.

How are you going to prove this about the Reznor?

Go to your dealer and buy one.

Use it at home for a week.

You'll know in less time than that what a splendid heater the Reznor is.

But wait seven full days before you decide finally.

Then, if you haven't proved that the Reznor is the best heater—that it gives more and better heat—that it requires less fuel than any other gas heater you ever saw—

Back to the dealer it goes and you get the money.

Was a proposition like this ever put up to you before?

No. You never bought a stove that you could return and get full price for.

If the Reznor were not the only successful reflector gas heater in the country, we couldn't sell it the way we do.

We offer you the best gas heating stove in the world and the chance to get your money back if you don't prove it.

REZNOR

(The Original Reflector Gas Heater)

Get a Reznor in the house.

See how little gas it burns; what strong heat it diffuses over the entire floor and through the room (the only heater that heats that way); notice how you feel the heat the instant the gas is lighted; how cheery and comfortable the heat is.

Go to your dealer first. If he hasn't got the Reznor, write us for literature, give his name, and we will tell you how to get one.

Reznor Manufacturing Company

Dept. A West Main Street Mercer, Pa.

More than one hundred thousand Reznors sold in the last three years

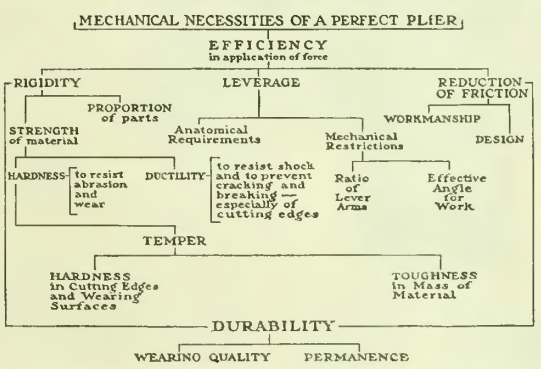
REZNOR Trade Mark

UTICA TRADE MARK

Pliers and Nippers are Human

in their characteristics and qualities. Some are bad, some are good—some one kind is best. All tools have a certain period of life, measured by the amount of work they perform. Some refuse utterly—as they are soft; some fail to meet an emergency—they break; some die gradually—by wearing out. Good pliers are like good workmen,—they easily and successfully accomplish the work designed. Pliers and nippers are intended to apply great force upon small surfaces by the application of the principle of the lever. The proper adaption of this principle to a tool means consideration in design and shape, material and manufacture. We have given special attention to the requirements that go into the manufacture of a perfect plier.

UTICA Pliers and Nippers



fill every requirement of a perfect tool. The anatomical construction of the hand has been taken into consideration. UTICA pliers fit the hand and allow the application of every ounce of force obtainable without cramping or bruising the muscles. Drop forged, of high-grade steel. Cast steel could not stand the strain of such work. Our process of tempering produces an extreme degree of hardness in cutting edges and wearing surfaces, together with toughness and rigidity in the mass of the tool. UTICA pliers and nippers will readily snip a steel wire nail, or cut cleanly a hair from the head. The great care expended in choice of materials and workmanship throughout make UTICA pliers and nippers stand up under any strain incident to the work required of them. They will last longer than any other make of pliers. We have records of tools in use to-day that have been in continuous service for over seven years. You can not always tell quality by appearance, but if the name UTICA is stamped upon the plier or nipper, you can buy it with the surety that it is the best tool of its kind, guaranteed not to break during work. Every tool, before it leaves the factory, passes the severest inspection of practical intelligent workmen who are instructed to break every tool they can in making the tests. Our line of tools covers designs intended for all kinds of work. There is no use for which a plier is needed, that we have not some tool to meet the requirements. Pliers for

Householders Electricians Blacksmiths Shoemakers
Autoists Farmers Jewelers Plumbers
Mechanics Milliners Wire Workers Linemen

UTICA pliers and nippers are manufactured by

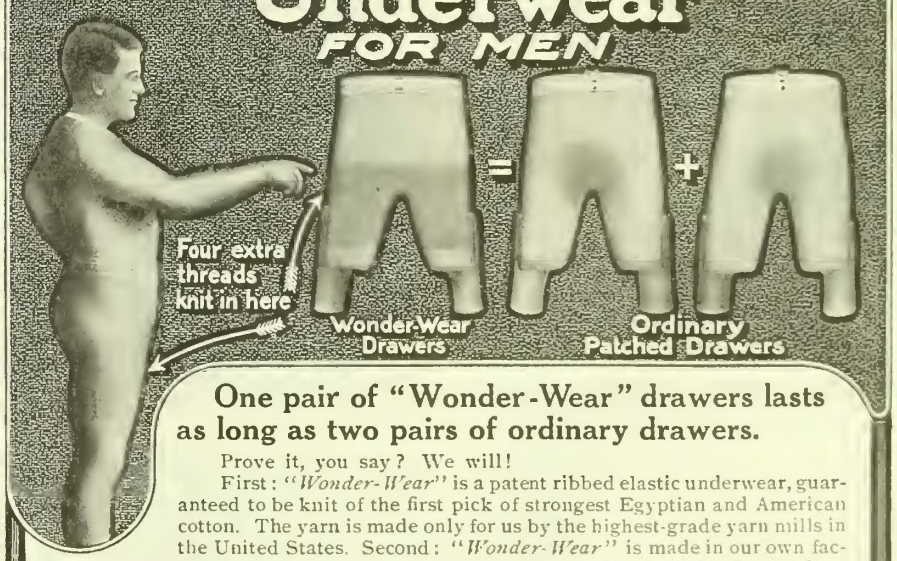
Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Utica, N. Y.

and are for sale at hardware and electrical supply stores. If your dealer does not keep them let us know, and we will see that you are supplied.

If you are interested, we will be glad to send, absolutely free, our handsomely illustrated booklet, "Plier Palmistry," which covers the entire subject of the plier and its uses. Send your name and address.

UTICA TRADE MARK

Wonder-Wear INTER-KNIT Underwear FOR MEN



One pair of "Wonder-Wear" drawers lasts as long as two pairs of ordinary drawers.

Prove it, you say? We will!

First: "*Wonder-Wear*" is a patent ribbed elastic underwear, guaranteed to be knit of the first pick of strongest Egyptian and American cotton. The yarn is made only for us by the highest-grade yarn mills in the United States. Second: "*Wonder-Wear*" is made in our own factories, the most complete, sanitary and up-to-date in the business, where only the newest, most perfect knitting-machines are installed. Third: Every shirt and pair of drawers are close-knit without a flaw, and perfectly finished—smooth, snug-fitting and comfortable. Fourth: "*Wonder-Wear*" will neither stretch nor shrink.

Here's the strongest proof

"*Wonder-Wear*" has four strong extra threads inter-knit right into the drawers, all the way around, from just a little below the waist-line to half-way to the knees, which doubles the strength of seat and crotch, and where the trousers-pockets rub. No added thickness or weight. No thick, clumsy patch to bunch up. No unnecessary seams to rip out. This process of reinforcing is found only in "*Wonder-Wear*" drawers, and makes them snug, warm and easy. What a blessing to every man and boy. "*Wonder-Wear*" shirts wear unusually long, too—a set of "*Wonder-Wear*" is the ideal underwear.

Be sure this trade mark is on every garment

INTER-KNIT WONDER-WEAR UNDERWEAR AUGUSTA KNITTING CO. UTICA N.Y.

PRICES PER GARMENT—shirts and drawers: Heavy weight, silk finish, $1; Medium weight, superior finish, 75c; Light weight, 50c. Boys, 50c. All sizes to fit all men and boys.

For sale by best dealers everywhere. If your dealer doesn't sell it, let us know, and we'll tell you where you can buy it. Or send us the price, specifying what size undershirt and drawers you wear, and we'll send direct by express.

Augusta Knitting Co., Utica, N. Y.

Robischon & Peckham Co., 349 Broadway, New York, Selling Agts.

THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 21)

operator replied that Hamilton had just stepped out. Pound gently bit his lip. "Have him call me as soon as he comes in," he wired. An anxious quarter of an hour passed. Having heard nothing, Pound called again, and again was told that Hamilton was out.

Wyandotte and Long Falls, he knew, were only about thirty-five miles apart. Probably a telephone connected them, or there might be a train soon. He wrote a message to go to Emma over the public wires:

Pork patriotism Rexford. Put ham on. Books basalt ignite. Accelerate.

They had, in fact, no cipher for the public wire, but he knew she had wit enough to interpret his message as he meant it: "The fat man is Rexford; warn Hamilton; tell him to burn the books; be swift." He signed it "First National," which was as good a name as any other.

That message to Emma was at least an anchor to the windward. Fifteen minutes later he again called for Hamilton, but Hamilton was still out. Then a very distressing suspicion rose in Pound's mind. Now, Hamilton himself was a telegraph operator and a good fellow; among telegraph operators there is a sort of freemasonry; no doubt this operator at Long Falls would do his best to shield Hamilton if he needed shielding. Pound began sending imperative questions to the operator, which the operator evaded or parried. Pound's apprehension and anger steadily rose. At length he sent: "I've known Pete Hamilton for years; he's one of my best friends; I'm responsible for him and for that office. I want you to answer point blank whether he's been drinking today. If you don't answer in one minute and answer right I'll fire you on the spot and close the office."

The answer came promptly: "Guess Ham's been taking something, but he's out working with a man that he thinks is going to make a good customer."

And to Pound's demand for a description of the man the operator replied: "Fat; fifty to sixty years old; bald; puffy face; wears long, greasy frock coat; has roll of fat in back of neck."

"Leave your key. Go out and find Ham. Bring him in," Pound directed. He knew that, even as his own nervous fingers rattled the little black button, the operator at Long Falls was reading the message; yet a sense of the awful hundred and ten miles which stretched between them lay upon him like a nightmare.

Only a minute passed, however, before the operator sent: "Ham and the man are here. Do you want to talk to him?" Another minute passed, then the instrument spoke in a different voice. "Hello, old man; what you want?" it clicked off. To Pound's expert ear the voice ran its sounds together—fairly hiccoughed and slobbered. It was Hamilton, and Hamilton was very drunk. Pound knew it as well as though he had seen him staggering.

There was a situation—Hamilton hopelessly drunk, and Rexford at his elbow!

Pound didn't know whether or not Rexford could read the wire; but he knew the psychology of intoxication—one might as well lean on a shadow as depend upon Hamilton in this state for anything. His heart sort of broke. He wired merely: "You shouldn't leave the office this way. You're tight, old man. Be very, very careful." When he finished sending the message his brow and the backs of his hands were moist with perspiration.

Three months before, in a less desperate case, he would have thought of flight. The idea did occur to him remotely now. More than half the profits which the confederates had drained from the Wyandotte and Long Falls offices had been forwarded to him. He could draw nearly five thousand dollars from the bank, and skip. But he was a bolder man now. His fingers almost touched the stake he was playing for, and that inspired him. He didn't propose to run like a dog and be hunted like a dog. He hated porcine Rexford out of all proportion to any cause he had for hatred. He was chock full of a dogged rage to play the game out with the fat man. He hadn't heard from Emma. Very likely she was on her way to Long Falls brave as a weasel.

Leaving the office he looked up a timetable. The first train he could get for Long Falls was an accommodation leaving at half-past eight, reaching there a quarter to one. But he saw that a train passed through Wyandotte, going to Long Falls, at a quarter to three that afternoon. Perhaps Emma had taken it. There was nothing for him to do but wait for the half-past-eight train.

When he got into the train he could hardly make it feel true that only six hours had passed since he heard from Long Falls. It seemed more like six months. Now and then he was obsessed by a notion that the train wasn't going at all; its revolving wheels merely marked time. When it should have been long past midnight it was only ten minutes past nine. He couldn't read; could only sit in the seat and suffer. Presently the moon arose, and he stared out at the glimmering prairie landscape, which seemed not so much to march past the car window as to perform a slow, dizzy waltz around it.

The brakeman bustled through the car, lantern in hand, and shouted "Wyandotte! Wyandotte!" So they were that far at last! Only an hour and twenty minutes more! The imminence of the journey's end made his nerves ache. And then it seemed as though they would never leave Wyandotte. The train crew and depot men pottered idiotically around the platform, where a score of townspeople loafed. It seemed to Pound that those loafing townspeople must have been there from immemorial time, like figures carved on an Egyptian temple. After a long, long while he got a disagreeable impression, in spite of the testimony of his watch, that they must have passed Long Falls while he slept.

Finally the brakeman called it: "Long Falls! Long Falls!" And, at the sound, Pound's excessive nervous agitation suddenly left him. He could fairly feel the quivering little fibers in his arms and breast settle and grow firm. Stepping out of the train he surveyed the station calmly—a large, barnlike building, painted red. It occurred to him there was rather a large crowd for a country railroad station at one o'clock. He looked it over coolly, but saw no familiar face. He had provided himself with the name of the leading hotel; so now he gave his bag to the bus driver, saying he would walk. He felt cramped, he explained casually, from sitting in the train.

Soon, up the moonlit street, he saw quite a crowd—two or three score men—standing at the curb and on the cement sidewalk. In front of them was a wide gap in the row of buildings. For merely an instant he wondered what they were doing. Then he saw that a broad, bluish mist rose steadily in the gap, floating up into the opalescent air, and his eye caught the glow of live embers. His heart gave a big leap.

Half a dozen men loitered in front of the hotel, looking up and across the street to the smoky gap. He paused beside them.

"Yes, sir," one of them was saying, "if there'd 'a' been a good south wind it'd 'a' swep' the whole block sure!"

"What burned?" Pound inquired, like a casually-interested stranger.

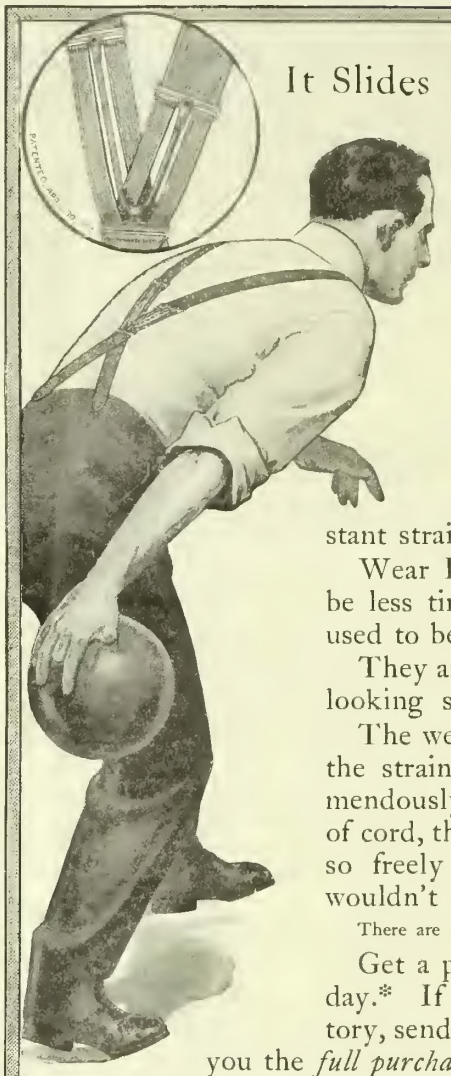
"Two frame buildings," the man replied; "barber-shop in one and the new stock exchange in the other."

"Ah," said Pound casually. His presence as a stranger checked the talk for a moment.

Then a stumpy man who was slowly twisting a chin whisker and chewing tobacco observed knowingly: "Looks to me like it was spontaneous combustion—the two-legged kind." Evidently he wished to make an impression upon the stranger and unfold his theories anew. But Pound turned calmly to the hotel door.

As he stepped forward his eyes fell upon a man at the side of the doorway, leaning against the wall of the building—a very slouchy, lank sort of man, with a stubble of sandy beard over his hungry-looking face. The man was chewing tobacco and whittling a stick. As their eyes met, Pound experienced a subtle, indefinable sort of shock. The man's look was so intent, so personal and so hungry that it vaguely reminded Pound of a wolf just ready to bite; also, it occurred to him vaguely that standing aloof and whittling a stick indicated some mental disturbance. The impression did not go deep, however. Pound stepped by and entered the hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



It Slides

Plexo Suspenders

for the Man of Action

Look Well—Wear Well and *as* "*easy*" *as none* at all. 50c

YOUR shoulders move unequally with your every action.

With old fashioned suspenders you were under a constant strain—slight perhaps—but tiring.

Wear Plexo Suspenders and you will be less tired at the day's end than you used to be at noon.

They are just the lightest, neatest, best looking suspenders that can be made.

The webbing is split at the back; all the strain is taken up by a small, tremendously strong, perfectly smooth bit of cord, that scarce shows at all, and runs so freely in its little pulley that you wouldn't know you had suspenders on.

There are many quiet colors—two widths and two lengths.

Get a pair from your haberdasher today.* If you don't find them satisfactory, send them to us, and we will refund you the *full purchase price* and the postage.

KNOTHE BROTHERS, 124 Fifth Avenue, New York

*If your dealer does not carry them, we will send them postpaid on receipt of price, 50c.

This 25c tube of Zodenta and Family Tooth Brush Holder both for 10 cents.

We Will Give you a Full Sized Tube of Zodenta for 10 cents and a Family Tooth Brush Holder Free

We want you to know and appreciate the tooth saving value of Zodenta. We want to make it the best known and best liked dentifrice in America.

That's why we make this offer. Our profit will come on future sales.

Just cut out the coupon below, fill in the blanks and mail to us together with 10 cents (stamps will do) and we will have the druggist whose name you give us, deliver you a 25 cent tube of Zodenta and an aluminum tooth brush holder (for 4 brushes) without any further cost to you.

ZODENTA is a tooth preservative, entirely different from ordinary pastes because the ingredients are blended together by intense heat—cooked in fact—not just mixed together.

Zodenta prevents the formation of tartar, that substance which eats the enamel and destroys the teeth, because it dissolves all injurious deposits and hardens the delicate enamel so that foreign substances have no effect upon it. Zodenta keeps the teeth white, is strongly antiseptic, destroys all poisons and disease germs and leaves a clean, wholesome taste in the mouth and a fragrant odor on the breath.

F. F. INGRAM CO., Detroit, Mich.
Windsor, Canada
Manufacturers of MILKWEED CREAM for the Complexion

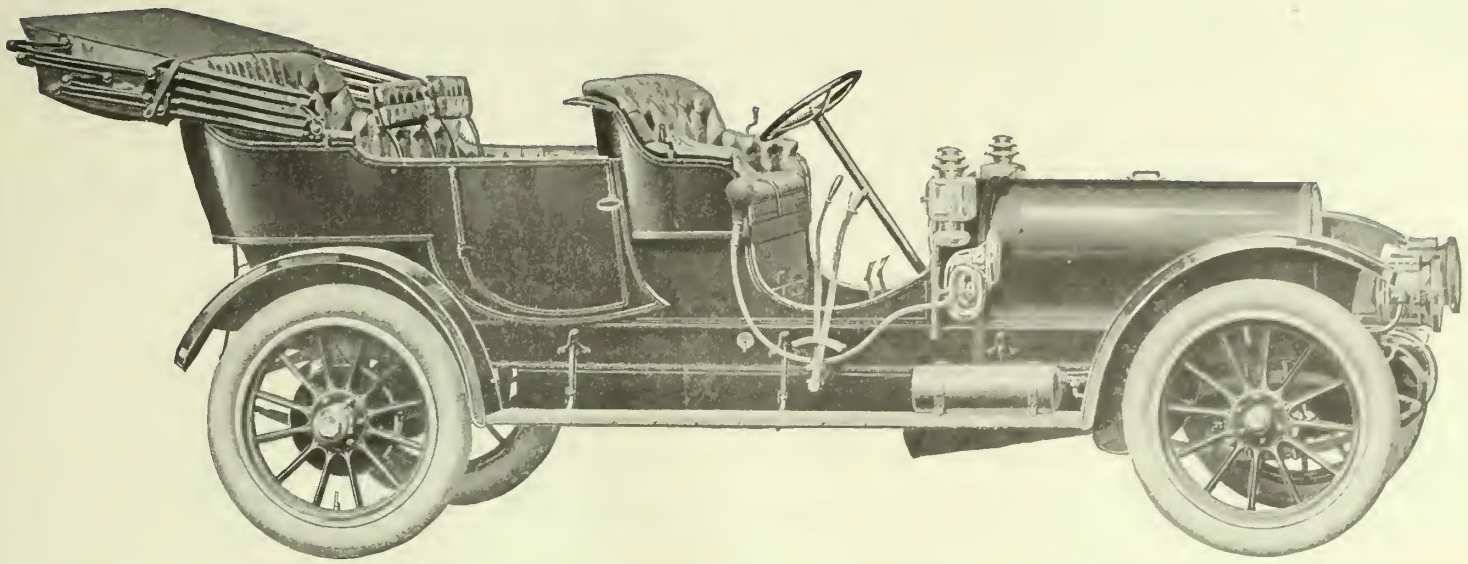
Here is the coupon. Cut it out now.

F. F. INGRAM CO., Detroit, Mich. S. E. P.

Please deliver through _____
(Write your druggist's name here)
one tube of Zodenta (for the teeth) and one Family Tooth Brush Holder for which I enclose 10 cents.

Name _____

Address _____
(Give full address—street number, town and state)



Franklin 1910 automobiles will average 2500 miles without tire puncture. It is not necessary to carry extra tires.

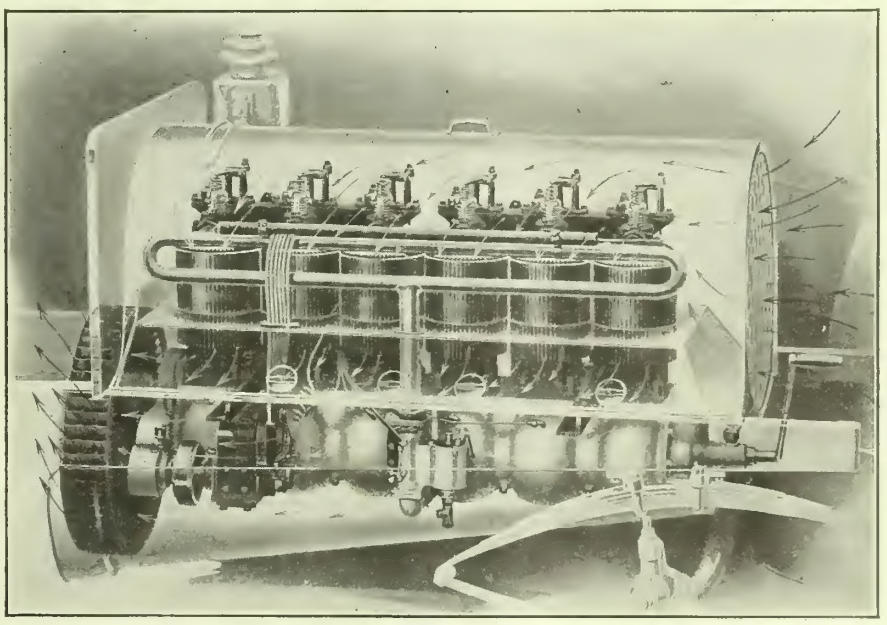
Do you realize that only one per cent of the roads in this country is macadam; that the rest are ordinary dirt roads?

Do you want an automobile that is comfortable only on macadam roads or on all roads?

Franklins with their four full-elliptic springs and laminated-wood chassis frame are always comfortable. And because of their light weight and easy riding they make better time than automobiles of even greater horse-power.

Franklins are easy on tires. Besides, we use extra large tires—larger than are used on water-cooled automobiles of much greater weight. On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4½ inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4½ inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches.

The tires are so large in proportion to the weight of the automobile that the usual tire troubles are avoided. It is almost impossible to get stone bruises as the tires cannot be driven against the rims. With ordinary use they will give 8,000 to 10,000 miles' service. Large tires on light-weight automobiles are the practical solution of the tire question.



Franklins are quiet running and powerful. The 1910 models are unsurpassed for elegance of design and perfection of detail.

The simplicity and efficiency of our cooling system are shown in the x-ray picture of the engine. The darts indicate the course of the cooling air which enters the front of the hood, then down the air jackets around the cylinders and out through the suction fan fly-wheel.

Each cylinder is individually cooled. Air passing one cylinder does not pass any other cylinder. Therefore each cylinder receives fresh cool air. All cylinders are equally cooled and cooled equally around their entire circumference, cooling air reaching every part of every cylinder in equal quantity.

The engine illustration shows the character of the suction fan fly-wheel. This fan is a recent development and is far more efficient than any previous type. The fly-wheel is the only moving part in the cooling system and since a fly-wheel is necessary on any gas engine it is evident that our cooling system is the limit of simplicity. It is also superior in every way to any water-cooling system.

Illustration of the engine also shows our new suction yoke. It is the first perfect six-cylinder suction yoke to be made and it is one of the reasons why our six-cylinder engine runs so much better than others of that type. The inertia effects of the liquid gasoline are eliminated, giving perfect distribution of gas.

Hundreds of 1910 Franklins are in use. Deliveries, which began in June, are on a fixed schedule.

Franklin automobiles are built in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with sixteen different body styles, embracing touring, two-, three- and four-passenger runabouts, close-coupled-bodies, limousines, landaulet, town-car and taxicab.

PRICES 1910 MODELS

Model H. Six-cylinder, 42 horse-power

Seven-passenger touring-car	$3750
Close-coupled-body car	3750
Double-rumble-seat runabout	3600
Limousine	5000

Model D. Four-cylinder, 28 horse-power

Five-passenger touring-car	$2800
Close-coupled-body car	2800
Double-rumble-seat runabout	2700
Limousine	4000
Landaulet	4000

Model G. Four-cylinder, 18 horse-power

Four-passenger touring-car	$1850
Double-rumble-seat runabout	1800
Single-rumble-seat runabout	1800
Runabout with hamper	1750

Model K. Four-cylinder, 18 horse-power

Limousine	$3850
Town-car	3200
Taxicab	2850

WRITE FOR OUR SPECIAL EDITION CATALOGUE DE LUXE

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Oldsmobile

12TH YEAR

COMFORT, next to reliability, is the supremely desirable quality in a motor car. It is built into the Oldsmobile,—spring suspension, length of frame, size of wheels and the smooth-running, silent engine—all are important factors. The result is perfect enjoyment without fatigue—on city pavements or country roads.

The picture reveals the roomy tonneau and handsome lines of the 4-cylinder seven passenger Oldsmobile for 1910. Roadster, limousine and close-coupled bodies also on this chassis. Prices and demonstrations of these cars and of the "Oldsmobile Limited," six-cylinder with 42 inch wheels, by our representatives in all cities.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICHIGAN